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SIR THOMAS MUNRO AND HIS TIMES.

(Concluded from page 145.)

The crisis Munro had long foretold, came at length to a very palpable head. Of all the remarkable traits in Tippoo's character a deep hatred to the British name was the one paramount feeling which from his earliest boyhood he had learned to cherish and mature, as earnestly as Hannibal did the similar feeling he had sworn to bear for the countrymen of those who triumphed at Ægusa. It was a feeling which gathered strength with every circumstance of his kingly career, with the development of every passion which peculiarly marked his progress as a man. It was a feeling for whose admission he seemed to the nature made; a feeling which his education was eminently fitted to encourage, and which adversity could only render the more fierce and inextinguishable. Cheered by that feeling he had consented to sign his name to the treaty which deprived him of half his kingdom at a blow. That feeling had since become the main-stay, as it was ever to prove the bane, of his self-tortured existence. But for that, his proud heart would have fretted the life out of him long before the day of his final reckoning. The hatred he had hitherto borne us was a trifle to the hatred which kept smouldering within him after the great disaster of 1792. Wrath deep, reckless, unappeasable, for the shame involved in his actual loss—fanned and fed the fierceness of a sentiment which should rather, one thinks, have cowed down and fluttered low at the sight of all he had actually been permitted to retain. From that time his every thought lent new force and coloring to the one idea which overtopped them all; his whole existence narrowed into one vague but passionate prayer for vengeance on the foes who had conquered only to spare him. That very circumstance hastened his fall. Living only for revenge

Tippoo forgot or disdained thenceforward to exercise that worldly wisdom which alone could furnish him with the ways and means of carrying his revengeful purpose to any prosperous issue. His bad fortune had done for Tippoo what good fortune does for men in general. It cast a film upon his eyes through which he saw nothing but the consummation he most longed to see. Drunk with rage and disappointment he deciphered passing events by the light of his own disordered fancies. The Nizam was deserted by his English friends. Tippoo began intriguing to draw him into partnership with his ancient enemy for the subversion of his former allies. The young Mahratta Peshwah killed himself through sheer disgust at the indignities heaped upon him by his all-powerful minister. In the strife of parties which ensued thereon Tippoo labored with some success to engage the party of Scindiah and his puppet monarch in a conspiracy for crushing their common rival. The Captain of a French privateer assured him of support from France on a scale of unusual grandeur and efficiency. Tippoo received the impostor with open arms, and lavished the wildest tokens of regard and pleasure upon the motley crew of adventurers sent forth from the Isle of France as a first instalment of the army which was about to follow. His own counsellors took care to encourage his worst extravagances. Sir John Shore's peaceful do-nothing policy was construed, as such policy has often since been construed into a standing confession of our political weakness. The British were evidently afraid to attack an enemy whose designs they must have detected long ago. Tippoo and the Mahrattas, with certain help from France, could easily crush a power which seemed so eager to conciliate the one and confide in the hollow promises once extorted from the other. It was quite forgotten how invariably a sterner policy had redounded to the loss of all who came in contact with the British arms; how easily Tippoo's former conquerors might again resort to that mode of reckoning which had twice already been applied with results so fatal to Tippoo's hopes.

While Hyder's successor was feeding his mad desires with such airy fallacies, events were preparing to jog his memory in rather a terrible way. In the summer of 1798 Lord Mornington took his seat in the Supreme Council of India as successor to Sir John Shore. Landing at Calcutta with the most pacific intentions, he was ere long to enter on a career of conquest such as British India had never seen before and was never likely to see again. Commanded strictly to follow in his predecessor's footsteps, he managed to hand over to Lord Cornwallis an empire many times larger than that he had himself received. Determined to reign at peace with all his neighbours, he ended by leaving them all helpless subjects or just as helpless allies of the great neighbour whose wrath they had dared so lightly to provoke. His first experience of local politics tended to upset all his past conclusions as to the line of policy it best behoved him to follow. Among the first news that greeted his arrival was the fact of Tippoo's open fraternisation with

his Jacobin followers from the Mauritius. To his thinking this alone was tantamount to a declaration of war by Tippoo against a power already at open variance with the countrymen of his Jacobin friends. Other evidences of Mysorean intrigue were not wanting to furnish him with strong cause for at once adopting a sterner policy towards our compulsory ally. If Tippoo had as yet committed no act of overt hostility, the proofs at least of his intention to do so at the earliest feasible date were morally enough to justify the measures which Lord Mornington decided to pursue with equal promptness and ability. The former was clearly bent on deferring to a fitter moment the struggle which it clearly behoved the latter to bring at once to a fair and decisive issue. To waste further courtesies on a foe of Tippoo's parts, influence, and known ferocity seemed to his Lordship's thinking about as reckless a piece of ill-timed trifling, as the sportsman might be guilty of who should forget to load his rifle until the tiger had gathered up his limbs for the fatal spring. The mere instinct of self-defence, the necessity of fore-arming against self-evident dangers, supplied him at once with the strongest reason and truest apology for a course which many of his admirers even at the present day are much more ready to palliate than to defend.

There was time yet for repentance, had thoughts of repentance then seriously entered into Tippoo's head. A few months of grace were allowed him to think over the terms which his Lordship was willing to offer by way of forestalling the harsher consequences of an appeal to arms. The royal culprit was urged again and again to acknowledge his faults and accept the qualified pardon his judges yet had it in their power to give. The error of his ways was pointed out to him in a tone of grave but courteous rebuke. The penance demanded in token of future good conduct was light enough, compared with the character of his past offences. It was hoped that the sound of warlike preparations would frighten the graceless monarch into something like a rational view of the danger entailed in the rejection of demands so meaningly chorused. But the graceless monarch would not be saved. Threats, prayers, remonstrances fell unheeded on the ear which was listening for sounds of pleasanter import from the camp of him, who had just renewed in sight of the Egyptian Pyramids the career he had begun so famously below the Italian Alps. Tippoo's eyes continued obstinately shut to the danger which was closing round him. He scouted the notion of a compromise with his English neighbours as long as he could reckon with any certainty upon aid from their French antagonists. The latter never came; and when he began to think of accepting the former, the time for thinking had already past. Tippoo's repentance came too late. The notes of war had already sounded in earnest. General Harris was already marching on Seringapatam. The Sultan's blinding confidence, or perhaps his kingly pride, had fairly sealed his doom. A few weeks later, and Tippoo's lifeless body was to be dragged forth from the heap of slain which choked up

one of the gateways of his conquered capital. The memorable Fourth of May, 1799, saw Hyder's kingdom utterly destroyed, and Tippoo's earthly schemes for ever shipwrecked by the triumph of that hateful English power, the shadow of whose rising greatness they had each in his own way striven so long and so successfully to turn back from its inevitable course.

In the closing scenes of that chequered life-drama Munro was not destined to bear a very active part. Sickness had at length assailed that iron frame of his just before the army began its march on Tippoo's capital. Hard work and rash exposure had at length resulted in rather a severe attack of fever, the effects of which clung to him more or less painfully for several weeks. He was still ready however for such work as he might have strength to undergo. Captain, now Colonel, Read had been appointed to command a corps on special service during the campaign which was to follow. To this corps Munro was attached; and his duties for the next few weeks were divided between levying supplies for the main army, helping to capture some of Tippoo's forts, and looking after the revenues of the conquered districts. They were not the duties he would have liked best to engage in at such a time; but his 'Baramahl constitution' needed recruiting, and Munro preferred doing his best in any capacity to sitting idle while there was work of any sort to be done. He consoled himself with the prospect of soon resuming his Baramahl duties, no longer as a mere subordinate, but as rightful successor to the post which his old superior, Read, was about to resign.

But Munro's services were to be wanted elsewhere. Whether the time-old jealousy of 'Military Collectors' had aught to do with his removal elsewhere, or whether that removal was purely dictated by a just sense of Munro's peculiar abilities, we cannot venture to say. All we know is, that he was ordered to take charge of the district of Canara which had fallen to our share in the final partition of Tippoo's kingdom, and that he himself took the transfer very far from kindly. He had come from long acquaintance to look on the Baramahl as his Indian home. It was the place in which seven of the happiest as well as the usefullest years of his life had been passed. It was the place which he himself had done so much to raise from comparative barrenness and disorder into one of the loveliest and most flourishing portions of the Madras presidency. It was a place endeared to him by associations of pleasure and sadness such as he could never replace in the wilderness to which he was going now. He had come to take a sort of brotherly interest in the people among whom he had lived so long, with whom he had conversed so freely, for whose welfare he had toiled with such success. It was hard to exchange such scenes and such a prospect for the work he was now invited to do in one of the bleakest regions and most unsettled collectorates of Southern India. His Baramahl constitution warned him against encountering at his present years a task yet harder than that which he had been so ready to encounter seven years before.

With increased labors there was to be no corresponding increase of salary in the field he was now to enter. The prospect was not flattering for one who had good reason to expect a better. It was a prospect which even Munro could hardly make up his mind to enter on. For a time he hesitated to accept so questionable a mark of public approval. But the old sense of public duty still burned within him as truly as ever. After a short but trying struggle he agreed to sacrifice private antipathies to the public need, and proceeded with due composure to take charge of the post which none other was judged so worthy to fill.

It was in July of that year that Munro commenced business among those rugged plains of Canara. The work before him was not inviting. The country was naturally poor, and rents were difficult to extract from a people whose natural poverty was not improved by the losses they were daily suffering from the incursions of Tippoo's soldiery. Lands from which some little produce had once been raised, were lying waste in every direction. Villages which had figured largely in former assessments were now in ruins, or tenanted by families on the verge of ruin. Of those who still had property to lose the greater part were impelled by fear of new exactions to conceal the amount of it from the agents of their new masters. To mould such stubborn materials into any practicable shape seemed a problem about as easy to solve as would have been the task of tranquillising the Scottish Border in the good old days of feudal anarchy. Munro however was bent on solving it if he could. He had able assistants to work under him. He had the results of former experience to guide him in the attainment of his present purpose. He had his own unfailing energy and steady courage to back him in the course dictated by those results. With such auxiliaries he soon succeeded in passing the worst stages of his difficult journey. Within a twelvemonth his unhappy district had undergone a marvellous change for the better. The howling wilderness promised ere long to become a smiling garden. Empty villages were fast refilling: waste places were teeming again under the cheering auspices of the plough and the spade. The men of war and rapine had been hunted down or frightened into habits less at variance with the stern necessities of British rule. Happy and hopeful under the new regime the people no longer mistrusted the sight of an English Collector, or pleaded the nakedness of the land as a reason for shirking the lawful claims of its English masters. Munro's kindly bearing and patient zeal had won the hearts of all who came under their influence to something like a due sense of the objects he had really set himself to carry out. They had come to see and appreciate the real difference between the heavy hand of a rude military despotism and the strong arm of a fixed all-ruling system of constitutional law. They had come to feel that peace and protection were cheaply purchased at the price demanded by their present lords. Thanks to their new Commissioner the burdens they had now to bear were infinitely lighter than any which the oldest among them could re-

member to have borne before. A few months later, and Munro could boast of having left behind him a people as contented, peaceful, and well to do as the people of almost any province under the British rule.

It was during this busy period that Munro and Colonel Wellesley first struck up a friendship which similar tastes and modes of thinking were well calculated to foster and mature. The letters which passed between these able men prove how clearly each could appreciate the other's talents, how truly each could sympathise with the other's views. The hero of Waterloo was then laying the foundations of his future fame as a great statesman no less than a great soldier. Commissioned to watch the course of events on our Mahratta frontier he had also to regulate the affairs of a district even wilder and more unsettled than that which his friend Munro was 'cursing daily.' The scene of his new command was also the head-quarters of those plundering bands whose ravages had told so fatally on the country which formed the scene of Munro's difficulties. What the Scottish Lowlands were to the Highlanders of former days, the plains of Canara were in some measure to the gentry whom Colonel Wellesley had been sent to keep in order. Issuing from those rugged ghauts which divided Wellesley's province from that of Munro, bands of Tippoo's soldiery were pursuing on their own account the trade they had found so profitable under their old master. Some of the restless spirits in Canara began a similar game. The latter Munro himself contrived to put down with little trouble and no better aid than that of their own countrymen. The former, combining under the notorious Dhoondee, took somewhat longer time to settle. They little knew that such a man as Wellesley was after them with his bold dragoons and a strong body of native horse. After two months of hard marching in quest of his nimble enemy Wellesley succeeded in bringing him to bay on the Tenth of September 1800; and the death of Dhoondee at once crowned the rout of Yepulpurry and terminated a campaign as brilliant in its way as any its hero was afterwards to conduct on a scale considerably larger. Among the first to whom he announced his good fortune was the friend whose efforts to keep him supplied with the sinews of war had contributed not a little to the result attained. Among those who congratulated him on such a result, none could have written more honestly or with sounder judgment than his friend and fellow worker, Captain Munro.

Thinking that he had done enough for Canara, Munro now sought and obtained employment in a field more suited to his tastes and the hopes derived from his past services. Once again the ground marked out for him was ground as yet unbroken by European hands. As a party to our disputes with Tippoo, and in recompense for what he had suffered, rather than for aught he had done, in the common cause, the Nizam had twice come in for a handsome slice of Tippoo's confiscated property. But the new power he had thus acquired was soon to create a feeling of nervous anxiety in the minds of

those English neighbours through whom it had been acquired. Dreading to see it some day turned against them, those neighbours determined to take into their own keeping an engine which could hardly have been turned against them with any serious result. In a tone of courtesy which took no denial the Nizam was requested to give up his new dominions, on certain conditions which served by a curious accident to sink him yet deeper in the mire of British diplomacy. Resistance was fruitless. The Cis-Toombuddra Provinces were added to the British name; and, under cover of an equivalent for the gift, a strong British force, kept up by British money and moveable only at the will of British agents, reduced the Nizam to a state of political vassalage nearly as complete as the state to which Scindiah had reduced the nominal heir to the possessions of the house of Sevajee.

As Superintendent of the ceded districts Major Munro entered on a charge involving larger powers and a higher salary than he had hitherto enjoyed.

With none of the regret he had felt at leaving the Baramahl he turned his back upon Canara towards the close of 1800. His sojourn in a land so bare of scenic beauties and social attractions had been peculiarly distasteful to one so conversant with the noble forests and pleasant society of the Baramahl. The solitude of Canara had been too much for him. He sighed for the presence of an English face, and the sound of a friendly English voice. For all his love of business and neglect of conventional suavities he liked to have his hours of social relaxation and to mingle in the banquets as well as the bivouacs of life. A course of mere monastic drudgery was the reverse of agreeable to one whose passion for bodily sports kept pace with his zeal for mental exercises. Munro's holidays were not many; but when he took them he took them out. His very idleness was active. There was a sensuousness about the man which enabled him to compress into a single day as much enjoyment as many another would hardly get through in a whole twelvemonth. To such a man the life he had been leading in Canara seemed rather profitless on the whole. It had been but a maimed sort of existence at the best; a piece recast for a particular occasion, with some of the best speeches cut out of it. It was a comfort to turn from such a stage even to that whither he was going now.

What he did or got done in those ceded districts during the next seven years was the counterpart of what he had been doing so bravely elsewhere for some years past. As usual the affairs of his new province were just in that crude unsettled state which argues the mad carousal of vice and violence over the ruins of a social fabric already wasted by the ravages of intestine war. Things were fast coming to that pass when every man should do that which was right in his own eyes. The rebel chiefs who regretted the old regime defied their new masters, and gave employment to our troops for several years. The fractious Poligars, those Bois-Guilberts of a later age, defied the authority of the new Collectors, and continued to vex their poorer neighbours as mercilessly as of old. Munro and his four assistants had enough

to do without reckoning the additional hindrances their own government were inclined to throw in their way. The latter had their own ideas on a subject which Munro conceived himself at liberty to handle in accordance with the principles he had followed elsewhere. Those principles he determined to follow now to the same results which had marked their application heretofore. He was not for applying wholesale the results of a particular theory to the circumstances of every clime and national condition alike. He was not for forcing on India the social institutions which had answered so well in England. To prescribe for a nation comparatively barbarous the political treatment followed by a nation remarkably civilised, without reference to all those points of original or accidental contrast which made most strongly against the adoption of a reform so sweeping, appeared to his view about as wise a procedure as the attempting to cure a consumptive patient by the regimen best suited to a person in the rudest health. Munro had no faith in universal nostrums. He took the patient as he found him, and sought to lighten his present sufferings by a course of treatment answering to the character of his former habits. Eliminating the worse features of the old system, he took the bulk of the old system as the groundwork of that which he was to apply thenceforward. Strengthening the weaker points and improving on the crude details, he was careful to leave untouched the general outline of the scheme submitted for his revisal. Prescriptive rights, time-old institutions, customs harmless in themselves or endeared by old religious sanctions were, as far as possible, faithfully preserved, or touched with a hand so gentle that none of their former sanctity was really lost. In so doing Munro was certainly opposed to the fashionable doctrines which the Madras legislature catching the infection from Bengal, was now beginning to enforce. But the practical results he accomplished by so doing, compared with the results achieved by the system pursued in Bengal, were such as tended to settle the question of practical soundess entirely in favor of the principles which Munro had carried to so desirable an issue.

Meanwhile stirring events were going on, events which Munro was only allowed to witness from a distance. In 1803 the Mahratta war so long foreseen, so often deprecated, broke out at last in two opposite quarters. The annals of British India record no campaigns more memorable than those which followed. The armies of British India were never led by two abler Generals than those to whom Lord Wellesley entrusted the work those armies were to carry out. Forces so well equipped, so ably handled, as those which Scindiah and Holkar after him brought into the field, it had never been our lot to cope with before. Never were such forces so signally beaten. Scindiah's two-fold array was soon to be melting apace under the daring onsets and hot pursuits of General Lake on the one side and General Wellesley on the other. In less than a twelvemonth his strength was utterly broken. The next year's campaign sent

Holkar flying for refuge to the territories of Runjeet Singh. In less than two years the British arms had been carried beyond Delhi to the foot of the Himalayas. The days of the Mahratta dynasty were nearly numbered. But its last hour was not to come yet. A change in the spirit of Anglo-Indian policy marred the completion of Wellesley's schemes and threw away the best fruits of our recent victories. The greatest of India's viceroys was replaced by a ruler after the Company's heart. His Mahratta antagonists were allowed to make their peace on terms as damaging to our worldly interests as they were creditable to our character for Christian forbearance. The kiss of friendship was sealed by the sacrifice of some lesser chiefs who had done us good service in the late contest. Once more the peaceful policy was put in practice; and Indian statesmen began with seeming complacency to talk of developing the resources and promoting the social welfare of an empire which had done growing, it was hoped, for ever.

Munro's interest in these events was not quite the interest of a mere spectator. On the movements of one distinguished actor in the foregoing drama his eye rested with the sympathy of a warm friend. With the conqueror of Assaye he exchanged a correspondence which pleasantly attests the lastingness of their former friendship under circumstances which might have foreboded its decay. Absence had evidently failed to weaken the acquaintance so happily renewed. The merit of that renewal belongs especially to Wellesley. There is a bluntness in the tone, a freedom in the language of his friend's epistles, at which a mind more sensitive or less candid than his would certainly have been apt to take offence. But Wellesley was not the man to take offence without just cause. Fond of plain dealing himself and alive to the honest strength of Munro's character, he regarded as evidences of true friendship what many men would have deemed at best a flat breach of personal decorum. He could see nothing in his friend's language but the utterance of a warm heart and a powerful intellect. Grateful for Munro's praises he took as kindly the advice or criticism with which they were sometimes varied. Often the advice was promptly followed while the criticism never failed to elicit a pertinent but cordial reply. To the curious in private views of great personages it is quite a treat to hear the two friends discussing the circumstances of the battle of Assaye: the one insisting that it should never have been fought until the morrow; the other urging the reasons which induced him to fight it out at once rather than wait for a morrow which might have come less favorably, or not have come at all.

In the Ceded Districts things were now getting into a train so smooth and settled, that Munro at length bethought him of realising the scheme which had lain next his heart for many anxious years. In all the changes and chances of that busy life-struggle, amidst strange scenes of bodily suffering and mental toil, through cheerless bivouacs or solitary day-vigils, his thoughts kept ever wandering to

the home his exertions had helped to make so comfortable, to the parents his filial love had shielded in their old age from the hard consequences of their early misfortunes. But the hope of seeing them again if only for a moment was never to be completely realised. An awkward contretemps which sent Madras for a time into a mad whirl of fears and perplexities kept Munro at his post a little longer. The mutiny of Vellore, as terribly suppressed as its first explosion had been terribly announced, continued to harass men's minds with vague suspicions of mischief yet lurking in quarters far removed from the scene of actual danger. In those suspicions Munro was far from sharing. He had seen too much of sepoy fidelity to dread the chance of its being seriously shaken by the momentary enforcement of a silly order to shave off the beard, and wear shakos made of cow-skin. The power for mischief possessed by Tippoo's intriguing family he was inclined to rate at some very infinitesimal value. But the Government had taken fright, and he felt himself bound to satisfy them by staying a little longer. Disappointments seldom come singly. A few months after the Vellore outbreak a post from Scotland shocked him with the news of a calamity fatal to one at least of his dearest wishes. The mother whose face he had chiefly yearned to look upon was dead. The great pleasure he had looked so steadily to enjoy was snatched away from him at the last moment. After all the hopes which had cheered his efforts to get away, he left India at last with some regret to visit a home which had been thus despoiled of one of its dearest associations.

After a voyage of the usual length under the sheltering auspices of a British convoy Munro landed at Deal in April 1808. His first care was to visit his family, and renew among the scenes of his boyhood the acquaintance of such early friends as the lapse of twenty-eight years would permit him to meet again. In due time he had embraced his aged parent, had rambled as of old among the woods of dear old Northside, had stood looking at the water which rushed as gaily as ever over Jackson's Dam. But the feelings with which the man regarded those cynosures of his youthful affection were very different from the feelings with which he had so often regarded them in the day-dreams of his Indian career. For him too the past had found a sting to poison the flow of his present happiness. In recalling the picture of his youthful experiences he had to mourn anew the absence of those who had filled the largest part in that picture. A cloud had come over that joyous heart of his, which the sight of his invalid father was little calculated to dispel. His restless spirit soon led him away to scenes less pregnant with food for melancholy musings. In Edinburgh and afterwards in London he found the means at once of banishing care and gratifying his natural craving for active work and social recreation. To a man of Munro's practical energy and fine discernment what he saw of life in the modern Babylon must have been fraught with interest of the deepest and most varied sort. The busy thoroughfares, the gay shops, the

crowded marts, the multitudinous sights and social phases of the great Metropolis must have steeped him for the nonce in an atmosphere of sensuous excitement such as he had never been in the position to feel before. But even in London Munro was not thoroughly himself again. Something of the old sorrow, displaying itself in a restlessness beyond his wont, clung to him even there. The charms of social intercourse began to pall upon him. He got tired of studying Political Economy and listening to the speeches in the House of Lords. He wanted to go and serve in the Peninsula under his old friend Sir Arthur Wellesley. But the Government apparently would not accept his offer. His next application was attended with better success. He was allowed to accompany Sir John Hope in the luckless expedition to the Scheldt; and shared in the few successes which redeemed from utter disgrace an enterprise on which so much had been expended and from which so little was to come.

Munro's return from Walcheren was soon followed by a summons to engage in work of a more profitable sort. The question of renewing the Indian Charter had come upon the legislative boards, and the Commons had appointed their usual committee to conduct the inquiries on which the settlement of that question would ultimately depend. It was rather a critical time for the monopolists of Leadenhall Street. The true principles of commercial progress had become the watchword of other classes than the commercial alone. Public opinion was setting strongly against the renewal of privileges which secured to a few British merchants the entire use and possession of one of the richest provinces in the whole British empire. Nothing less was urged upon the Legislature than a full and final resumption of the power which our forefathers had so ignorantly given away. Happily for the great company, circumstances were working from below the surface to mitigate the doom foreshadowed to it in the outgoings of the popular mind. The questions arising out of its political pretensions were all but forgotten in the outcry raised against its commercial polity. There was a mass of topics to be discussed, but there was little time for discussing the half of them with any practical effect. As usual the legislature halted between two opinions and ended by adopting neither. The Company's political prerogatives were left almost untouched, and the abatement made in its commercial privileges was hampered with conditions as unfair to the India House potentates as they were contrary to the views obtaining among the gentlemen who thronged the exchange. Among those who were least satisfied with the result was Munro himself. To his thinking the reform adopted went too far or else not far enough. He was either for opening at once without reserve the entire trade between India and England, or for guarding the Company against present loss by limiting the first trial of the new system to the trade between India and the Port of London. His reasons for preferring the latter course were put forward with his usual clearness and plausibility in a minute, which, embodying the views propounded by his honorable mas-

ters, fairly exhausts the question as it really lay between those masters and the British Government. On the question as it really lay between the Company and the British nation, Munro was too candid to advance opinions in support of a principle, which his own good sense and practical philosophy had taught him strenuously to condemn.

While Munro was serving the Company with his pen, the evidence he gave before the Indian Committee led along with other circumstances to his employment on a task he was better qualified than disposed to take in hand. The administrative system which Lord Cornwallis had first set working in Bengal had since been gradually adopted throughout the Southern Presidency Its advantages were doubtful enough at best: the practical demerits of it were soon to shew themselves in no doubtful way. The boasted remedy for all political disorders turned out with regard to India worse than the disorders it was meant to cure. Its application to Madras was fast entailing results more or less identical with those which had long been marking its application to Bengal. The fair tree of British polity had become the poisonous exotic of a sunnier clime. Its deadly influence had already produced a lasting change for the worse in the social prospects of Bengal. The wealthier classes were sinking into comparative poverty: the poorer were sinking into downright pauperdom. Lands which had lately felt the plough were returning to their former barrenness. The arrears of judicial business kept accumulating at a pace which the zillah Judges in vain tried their utmost to outstrip. Not less alarming was the amount of fiscal arrears which the Collector was yearly obliged to deduct from the amount of his yearly expectations. In the sister Presidency similar evils were beginning to flow from similar causes. Such a state of things could not long continue without attracting the notice of the authorities at home. A report of the Indian Committee in which the subject was more than glanced at, quickened their natural desire to probe the sore which was eating so deep into the fairest portions of their Eastern heritage. There was yet time to remedy the mischief their own carelessness had brought to so sad a pass. On the Madras side, where its course was more restricted, the means of checking it were not far to seek. A commission armed with full working powers for three years was ordered to investigate the matter upon the spot, while a committee of the Directors entered on a similar process at home At the head of the former Colonel Munro with one consent was placed.

Meanwhile the object of his master's favor had become entangled in the snare he had hitherto avoided with such success. The confirmed bachelor was become an aged Benedick. The man of business who had looked on love-making as the pursuit of idlers alone, was conquered in his busy moments by the charms he had so often scouted in his waking fancies. Munro had fallen an easy victim to the beauty and accomplishments of a lady well qualified to enthral so stern a Hercules. His marriage with Miss Campbell of Craigie in Ayrshire took place in the month of March

1814; and the occupation of France by the allies enabled the happy couple to spend some of the first weeks of their wedded pilgrimage amidst the thousand and one enchantments of the gayest and then most brilliant capital in Europe. Their return from the city of fêtes and émeutes was followed, too closely to please Munro, by their joint departure from England on a mission from which Munro foresaw much annoyance and foreboded little success.

They reached Madras in the September of that year. After a short interval of social relaxation Munro applied himself with his usual zeal to a task of more than usual difficulty. His actual progress was not speedy. There was much to thwart him even at the outset of his new labors. The very terms on which the commission should proceed to active business took several months to settle. His fellow servants seemed to take special delight in embarrassing his movements on the very slightest grounds. Endless references on matters the most trivial, on questions the least arguable, had to be made from the Madras authorities to the Bengal Government, to the Court of Directors, to their own subordinates. Hampered by the demands and restrictions of its India House patrons, his schemes of administrative reform had to wrestle step by step with the hostility silent or avowed of all who disliked their principle, doubted their efficacy, or saw reason to fear their results. An array of names which included the Government itself, the whole Sudder Adawlut, and nearly every member of the Board of Revenue, besides a whole 'gulf' of lesser personages, would have driven weaker minds to abate their efforts or fly in utter despair from a task so thankless. On Munro its effect was merely to spur him forwards with heightened energy to the goal he was resolved to win if he possibly could. Having once put hand upon the plough, he had no thought of taking it away as long as the work appointed him remained undone. The "civium ardor prava jubentium," gave him little concern as long as it reduced, not annihilated, the chances of his ultimate success. He had been empowered within certain limits to counteract as well as to expose the errors of a system which had worked so ill; and the resistance of those who upheld that system or misdoubted the tendency of his proposed reforms, served only to bring out in nobler relief the calm courage and patient combativeness of him who championed a cause so unpopular and so little understood. Against such a Gulliver those men of Lilliput might rage and scheme their worst. There was little to daunt, whatever there might be to distress, a mind of Munro's calibre in the proofs he daily experienced of that antagonism which he had laid his account beforehand to repel. That he was not the happier for such experience, his letters at this time continually shew. But happiness was not the object of his present mission. He had come to do his duty, and he was determined to do it without flinching from the results.

But the work he had thus begun was to be finished after all by other hands. More than a year of service was still to run, when the course of external events

led to his removal from a scene of comparative order to one of actual disturbance and incipient strife. Early in 1817 a great British army was advancing from different quarters upon the province of Malwah to hem in the motley array of those thievish warriors who, under the general name of Pindarrees, had lately organised a military power which threatened the peaceful plains of British India with evils similar to those inflicted by the Condottieri of an earlier day upon the territories of their whilom patrons and allies. Sprung out of the corruption caused by long years of war, anarchy, and revolution, owning no common birth-place or fixed home, powerful merely in their pursuit of one common object, this brotherhood of thieves and bandits had already left some marks of their desolating handiwork on more than one of the provinces under our rule. They had already gained the countenance or support of several native chiefs in whose territories they found an asylum in time of need. It was known that they enjoyed the sympathy, it was strongly suspected that they might shortly reckon on the aid, of all the great leaders in the Mahratta confederacy. To forestal the future by crushing the present foe was not the least urgent of the motives alleged for Lord Hastings' imposing march upon the Nerbudda. By way of further precaution fresh treaties were concluded with the courts of Poonah and Gwalior on terms which seemed to assure us the aid of their forced neutrality during the campaign which was to follow. The sounds of approaching conflict thrilled once again the heart of our veteran Commissioner with the yearnings they had roused so often before. For all his years and the brightness of his civilian's prospects Munro could never forget his real profession and earlier deeds. He could not bear to be sitting peacefully in the Carnatic while his comrades were earning elsewhere the laurels he should have striven at least to share. Like Job's war horse he smelled the battle from afar and snorted to be in the thick of it. He applied for the command to which his Military standing entitled him to aspire. His application met with no success. But the service he was ere long pressed to undertake was one which more than repaid him in the issue for the refusal of that which cost him at the time so hard a struggle to forego.

What followed the opening of the Pindarree campaign ; how its earlier progress was arrested by the ravages of that singular disease which has since extended its periodical visits to the furthest corners of Europe, and is even now threatening England with a renewal of the terrors enacted but a few years ago ; how the Pindarrees managed for a time to elude our strictest vigilance, only to find themselves at last entangled the more deeply in our toils ; how the scene of conflict and intrigue shifted in course of time from Malwah to Indore and thence to Poonah ; how the chastisement of one enemy led to the overthrow of a dozen more ; how nobly our troops sustained their character for disciplined courage under circumstances which tried it to the utmost — are all facts sufficiently familiar to the reader of Indian history. With the confused mass of minor details, the obscure

intrigues, the petty movements, the endless changes of scene which form the usual underplot of an Indian drama, we have little concern in the present instance. But there are circumstances connected with the general narrative of this period which, however small they look to a casual observer, are better worth recording in the present instance than the events which loom largest in the general narrative. They are circumstances which cannot be omitted from any review of Munro's life-drama, any more than his name could have been omitted from Mr. Canning's eloquent tribute to the services of the leading actors in the scene he had to bring under the approving notice of his parliamentary brethren.

Among the articles of the Poonah treaty was one which left the English in nominal possession of certain provinces which lay south of the Kistnah, at a convenient distance from Poonah and rather an inconvenient distance from Madras. These were the provinces whose settlement Munro was commissioned to take in hand at the outbreak of the Pindarree War. Their transfer had not been agreed to by our Mahratta ally quite as readily as his good friends would have desired. His adherence to the bargain was more than doubtful. Munro's reception might prove too warm to be quite agreeable. A strong brigade was placed at his disposal, and the messenger of peace and order went forth to carry his purpose if need were at the sword's point. The need however was wanting, perhaps was averted by the very measures taken to guard against its coming. With more of surprise than sorrow Munro found himself welcomed within the walls of Durwar, the chief town of his new collectorate, with all the cheerfulness and deference due to the recognised agent of a lawful master.

But the peaceful opening of his new labors was destined to be the prelude to a very warlike close. The Peshwah had not come to his senses, though Durwar was ours. He was merely biding his time for forcing an open rupture with his hated allies. It was Bajee Rao's misfortune to see only the weaker side of the power he was preparing to defy. He recognised its aggressive tendency without appreciating its resistless might. The thraldom from which he had been rescued seemed to him less intolerable than the moral vassalage into which he was sinking now. To his thinking the East India Company's little finger had proved heavier than the loins of Scindiah. To rid himself from such an incubus was the thought he longed most ardently and intrigued most steadily to realise. The time for doing so seemed to have come at last. While the British were fighting elsewhere, he might succeed in annihilating by a sudden blow the power they had left behind them at Poonah. Early in November he felt strong enough to throw off the mask which Elphinstone had vainly tried but a short time since to expose in its real hollowness before the cloudier judgment of Sir John Malcolm. A sudden attack upon the Residency, from which Elphinstone had barely time to escape, was the signal for an outbreak which, but for the daring courage of the few troops cantoned at Poonah, might have led to a catastrophe

like that which was afterwards to happen at Caubul. About the same time Munro's district became the scene of a partisan warfare which threatened to undo what good he had already achieved. The manner in which he met the evil was worthy of Wellington himself. Anything more brilliant or soldier-like than the scheme he put in practice, could hardly be conceived. Munro had just received a Brigadier's commission which gave him the command of a corps attached to the force under Sir Thomas Hislop. His new corps was on one side of the Peshwah's territories; its new Commander was on the other. The gulf of hostile country lying between them was well nigh impassable. But the gallant old soldier got over the difficulty in rather an astonishing way. While the army was moving downwards into the Peshwah's territory he began his march upwards to meet it. His new commission was made to answer the two-fold purpose of quelling the outbreak within his borders and carrying the war into the enemy's country. For the means of doing all this he had nothing to shew at the outset but a few companies of Native Infantry, a squadron of Cavalry, and two guns of rather light calibre. Yet round a nucleus no better than this he had ere long gathered an army which was to conquer every thing it came across. From the day of his quitting Durwar to the day he turned his back upon Belgaum his progress was one continued triumph. The peasantry of his own district cheerfully obeyed the call to rally round so brave a leader. His little band grew daily larger. A few more guns made up a little later the whole strength of his modest battering train. What followed smacks almost of mere romance. In a few weeks Munro's own district was cleared of its erewhile invaders to a man. In a few more he had carried his arms without a single reverse over a large tract of country difficult in itself, studded with forts and strong places innumerable, and held out to the last by chieftains attached to the Peshwah's interest through their common hatred of the Feringhees. His brave army did its duty well. The arrival of a few more regular troops encouraged its leader to yet bolder efforts. At Sholapore and elsewhere terrible battles were won against heavy odds. Fort after fort was carried by the skill of his few artillerymen, or surrendered to the terror of his name alone. One after another his opponents were driven to sue for mercy or seek their fortunes in some other land. With the work of conquest went on at equal paces the work of settling the conquered districts. With one hand Munro commenced rebuilding from a fairer base the structure he was toppling down with the other. In the space of four months the statesman had brought to its happiest and most perfect issue a revolution which the soldier might justly have deemed impracticable four months ago.

Events like these would have formed a separate chapter in the history of a European campaign. As it was they raised Munro to that place in the public favor which services quite as useful but less brilliant would never have secured him. He became a

once the great Indian celebrity of his day. In the House of Commons his exploits formed the theme of one of Canning's most eloquent speeches. Not content with praising him in the set terms of an official manifesto, the Governor General recorded in a private letter his sense of the achievements which had elicited such flattering marks of public approval. Writing to Mr. Secretary Adam, Sir John Malcolm congratulates himself on the eagerness with which he had pressed the services of so brilliant a "master-workman" upon the notice of the supreme authorities. In the letters of those who had served under him similar praises of their great leader were accompanied with warm tributes to his varied merits as a man. The successful soldier had gotten to himself a name which might lead him anywhither in the road to future greatness. But he had also gotten to himself a malady which warned him to go no farther than his conscience would allow. His health was weakened, his eyesight was seriously endamaged by what he had lately undergone. The duties of a service which required the best possible eyes and pretty vigorous health seemed incompatible with the state in which he found himself in both those respects. It was in vain that Lord Hastings pressed him with offers of high employment, with a commission to join his friend Elphinstone in settling the territories conquered from the fallen Peshwah, with any appointment his health might render eligible. The Madras authorities invited him to finish the business from which he had been called away to do such good service elsewhere. Their offers were respectfully but firmly declined. All that Munro wanted was permission to recruit his health by leaving India. With much reluctance the permission was granted; and after a parting letter of useful advice to Lord Hastings, Munro set sail with his wife from Madras at the beginning of 1819.

It was his firm intention never to return. But Munro's destiny seemed ever to be driving him towards a line of duty directly at variance with his personal intentions. He had hardly landed in England when the project of sending him elsewhere began to be mooted. He went off to Scotland to see his old father, and leave him to enjoy his wife's society while he himself indulged in a short tour through the Highlands. But he had not been many weeks in the North when tidings of his election for the Government of Madras recalled him to London. It was an honor which Munro was sorely tempted to decline. He was getting old; his health was infirm: his worldly affairs were prosperous enough. As soldier and civilian he had served his masters the best part of the last forty years in one of the worst climates in the world. He was anxious to see something more of life in Europe after all the years he had spent in India. But the Court of Directors voted otherwise, and the public opinion seemed to confirm the wisdom of their choice. So, sped by abundant tokens of personal friendship and official regard, Sir Thomas Munro—he had just been knighted—found himself once again upon his way, with his wife and infant child, to the land from which he was nevermore to return.

On the eighth of June 1820 the new Governor landed once more at Madras. Forty years had passed away since the day when he first set foot on the scene of his present command. The change those years had made in his own circumstances was great enough; but the change they had made in the condition of things around him was far greater. During that long interval the shadow of a mysterious destiny had been advancing more and more significantly across the wide plains of Hindostan. Mighty kingdoms had fallen to pieces or dwindled into the ghosts of what they had erewhile been. An ancient empire had utterly passed away into "the dream of things that were." A great national confederacy had been for ever dissolved. One power alone had flourished amid the general decay, had thriven and waxed mighty upon the ruins of its more venerable neighbours. The despised Feringhees whom Hyder had driven to the verge of despair had become the masters of an empire which could have crushed the power of Hyder at a blow. From a body struggling for their very existence the British had at length succeeded the house of Timour as Lords Paramount of the great Indian nation. The growth of Republican Rome had been but slow and doubtful, compared with the swift and certain steps which marked the extension of British supremacy over nearly the whole length and breadth of the great Indian Peninsula. Forty years had served, if not exactly to raise from its foundations, at least to widen and consolidate a fabric which promised in all human likelihood to last for as many centuries. Forty years of perpetual strife and ferment had evolved from the debris of disorganised systems a government unsound perhaps and strangely anomalous, but infinitely stronger and more enlightened than all those which had passed away. One after another the great native powers had been lured onwards to their final undoing by the same mysterious charm which kept dragging the great English Company in its own despite towards the empire it still shrank from making finally its own. Sheer necessity had just driven Lord Hastings to complete the work which Lord Wellesley had been forced by his master's ill-timed fears and scruples to leave undone. For weal or woe, by many strange and some equivocal courses, had Clive's hardy sapling shot up into a mighty tree whose roots were already striking far and wide into the neighbouring soil, and beneath whose spreading branches the war-worn peoples and princes of that Eastern land were already beginning to enjoy such shelter and repose as they had never found, if ever they had dreamed of finding, under the shadow of any former power.

In nearly all the leading events of those forty years Munro had taken no trifling share as an actor. As a spectator he had studied all of them with a carefulness and depth of logic which few of his cotemporaries had discovered to a like extent. Of many of them he had foretold an issue identical with that which ultimately happened, but the reverse of that which his masters worked so vainly to bring about. He had seen the folly and deplored the injus-

tice of those subsidiary alliances, which oppressed the peoples without conciliating the rulers of the states on which they were imposed. He had seen the defects and decried the abuses which marked our own system of internal administration in the countries already subject to our rule. He had ever raised his voice against the policy which sought to advance the welfare of the native millions by throwing the entire charge of their political concerns into the hands of a few Europeans. He had watched with no friendly eye the growth of a system which endeavored to force the national mind of India into sudden and exact accordance with the institutions which had developed the national mind of England. Of those who were now governing the three great divisions of British India at the close of those forty years, there was none so thoroughly qualified for such a duty as the new Governor of Madras. Both his colleagues were able men, but neither of them quite reached the mark of Munro's ability. His experience was more varied than that of Elphinstone: his mental calibre was heavier by many degrees than that of Lord Hastings. Neither of his colleagues displayed in such perfection that happy union of sound sense, far-seeing intellect, and straightforward purpose which peculiarly distinguished Munro. Neither of them possessed that singular aptitude alike for bold design and careful execution which threw such strength and roundness into the performances of Malcolm's "master-workman."

That Munro applied himself to his new duties with the energy and success which marked all his former labors, can easily be conceived. Armed with the approval of the home authorities he proceeded to follow out or carry into effect the measures of administrative reform which he had himself suggested a few years before. The welfare of the natives was a fact which he strove to realise as far as in him lay. His legislation for that purpose was not confined to empty speeches or orders never meant to be carried out. He sought to raise and develop the native character by removing as far as he could the conditions which tended to dwarf and debase it. He encouraged the establishment of native schools, raised the pay of native functionaries, and allotted an annual sum for the education of native aspirants to places of public trust. Without truckling to native prejudices he taught his European subordinates the wisdom of avoiding all needless collision with native usages, and of shewing a kindly interest in the concerns, a careful deference to the feelings, of all with whom they happened to come in contact. The same care for native interests led him to exact a certain limit of apprenticeship to fiscal duties from those who aspired to enter the judicial department. Not that he deemed a knowledge of fiscal duties essential to the making of a perfect judge. But he felt that ignorance of native habits was fatal to the making of a perfect judge; and it was only by serving as a Collector that the knowledge essential to the making of even a passable judge could ever be acquired. Here, as elsewhere, Munro's eminently practical spirit carried him safely over the real and hypothetical dan-

gers of a course which sounds so startling to mere English ears. By these and such like measures Munro succeeded erelong in soothing his Indian subjects into a calm and hopeful acquiescence in the system which had given them so good a ruler and held out so fair a prospect of blessings long unknown.

With one exception the new Governor's political creed was in fair keeping with the views and tendencies of his past career. For that exception, strange as it seems at first and blameable as we must regard it in the case of such a man, some excuse may be found in the general public opinion of his day. The phantom which drove Mr. Secretary Adam into acts of oppression consonant with souls of his petty calibre, could also frighten many of his wiser cotemporaries into defending the policy from which such acts derived their only sanction and their cruelest sting. Munro's usual foresight and sturdy sense were for once at fault. He deliberately set his face against the lessening of those burdens which a greater than he was afterwards to remove entirely from the back of the Indian Press. In so doing he suffered the ghost of a seeming exigency to turn him for once aside from the course his natural predilections should have urged him there as elsewhere to follow boldly out. For so doing his reasons were ably put, as we feel them to have been conscientiously formed. No one could have argued better than he did from the assumptions with which he started. But the assumptions themselves were as contrary to actual facts, as the conclusions he drew from the consideration of an opposite course were contrary to the results which have thus far followed from the actual adoption of an opposite course. His great error lay in the undue regard he paid to circumstances making for a departure from established rule, and the unwonted blindness he displayed to the circumstances which should have pleaded most strongly for the maintenance there as elsewhere of established rule. The same error without the same excuse for it is being daily perpetrated anew by numbers among us, who have lived to witness the evergrowing significance of an event which Munro, were he living now, would be as ready to glorify, as he was once most earnest in deprecating.

Meanwhile the fair prospect was clouded for a time by a calamity which the best of rulers could not have averted. Early in 1824 one of those famines which usually follow on a period of unusual drought spread its ravages over the Madras Presidency. A scene of horror and distress like that which occurred in these provinces a few years later was the natural consequence. The evil was one which nothing could remedy, whatever might be done to palliate it. Munro did all he could under the circumstances in aid of the latter object, and his measures saved thousands of suffering wretches from death by hunger, or the diseases engendered by a tainted atmosphere and the want of wholesome food. But the dreadful visitation ran its course with a virulence sufficiently fatal as it was. Nothing but a miracle could have turned aside the fearful rush of an enemy whom nothing but a miracle could have kept from breaking loose at the first. Of all who witnessed the horrors of that mournful season

we are bold to say that none could have been more painfully affected by such a spectacle than Munro himself.

The storm had hardly blown over when Munro was busying himself with the work of preparing an armament in aid of the force which Lord Amherst was to send from Bengal for the invasion of Burmah. That nobleman's request for troops from Madras had been promptly answered, and the troops required were soon placed at his Lordship's disposal. With the war which followed Munro had little to do, beyond supplying occasional reinforcements, and writing occasional letters of advice to the Governor General. Unhappily his Lordship had other counsellors nearer Calcutta, and Munro's suggestions failed of their proper effect. The war was marked by a series of blundering movements with which Munro was peculiarly disgusted. He was better pleased with the manner of its conclusion, though he misliked the notion of leaving Pegu in Burmese hands, and saw little to be gained by the possession of Tenasserim. The annoyance taken at the India House while the war was still pending led to the discussion of a project against which Munro had the candour to set his face. It was proposed to recall Lord Amherst and send the Governor of Madras to fill his place. Munro steadily declined the honor for himself and pleaded hard for his unlucky superior. His own wish, after the war was fairly over, was to throw up his Indian command and settle quietly for the rest of his days in the land of his birth and boyhood. He longed to follow his wife and children with all speed to their proper home. He could leave his government now without the reproach of having left it in difficulties. The troops had returned from Burmah: the outbreak at Kittore had been promptly and thoroughly put down: everything in Madras was perfectly quiet. The baronetcy he had just received would enable him to retire with some éclat. His fitness for the work of government grew to his thinking more and more doubtful every day. He felt himself "like an overworked horse, requiring a little rest." On the sixth of September, 1826, his application for a successor was laid before the Court of Directors. Seven months elapsed before the name of that successor was publicly known. While Mr. Lushington was making his way leisurely to Madras, Thomas Munro was dying of cholera at a little village in those ceded districts which he had gone to explore for the last time before taking his last leave of India. In a few hours the strange distemper had done its work. Of all who breakfasted at the Governor's table on the morning of July the sixth 1827 none seemed so thoroughly hale and hearty as the Governor himself. Long before sunrise of the next day "his children were fatherless and his wife a widow." A few hours later a small group of sincere mourners was following his body to its last resting-place in the quiet churchyard of the neighbouring station of Gooty.

The tidings of his sudden death filled all Madras with mourning. The loss of such a man was regarded as a national misfortune by men of all parties and all creeds. His own countrymen had learnt to value as a friend the man whose

public services reflected so pure a lustre on the British name. His native subjects revered as a father the man who had striven so well to promote their welfare, and whose kindly nature had ever shewn itself in the words of friendly greeting which he loved to exchange with the humblest of those who met him in his daily walks and periodical journeys. Englishmen and natives alike pressed forward to offer their farewell tribute to the man whose public character awakened feelings of proud regret and painful satisfaction in the hearts of the one, and whose deeds had earned him a lasting place in the grateful memories of the other. One of Chantry's master-pieces perpetuates on the scene of his latest services the shape and features of him whose real worth was better typified in the humble 'choultry' which native sorrow consecrated to his name at Gooty. In Madras the Government voted to erect a fitting monument over his grave at the public expense. In England the Court of Directors recorded their sense of the loss their service had sustained in the death of such a Governor, in terms as sincere as if that service would have gained aught of further benefit from his continuing to live. How deeply his personal friends must have bewailed the loss of such a *man* may be gathered from what we know of a character peculiarly formed for friendships of no common sort. But on sorrow of this description it is not meet for us to dwell.

To attempt a set review of Munro's character would be a superfluous task. The subject has been pretty well exhausted in the foregoing pages. It were idle to present anew the picture so clearly shadowed in the development of such a life-drama. Munro's biography contains at once the record of his deeds and the epitaph which best befits them. A few smart antitheses would convey but a sorry notion of a character remarkably free from points of striking contrast or unequal prominence. There are some characters which, like Turner's pictures, look better in the engraving than they did in the original sketch. Of Munro's character we should rather say the reverse. It is one which must be studied in its own original shape. Its general effect is not to be taken off in a few words. It is a character which men can feel more vividly than they can ever describe; a character whose harmonious beauty grows upon the mental as steadily as the unique proportions of the Taj at Agra grow upon the visual eye. It is a character simple and grand as that of Wellington, sternly beautiful as that of old Cato or older Aristides. It is in effect a character such as the glory-mongers of France invariably depreciate, but which every true-hearted Englishman must rank, in all the essentials of true greatness, far above "those Pagod things of sabre sway" whom Frenchmen are wont to place on the summits of their heroic Olympus. For a dozen of the "mute inglorious" humanities whom circumstances might have developed into a Napoleon or an Alexander, Nature shall hardly furnish the rough draft of a single Wellington or even a less distinguished Munro.

CHRISTMAS IN INDIA.

Now let the song of joy arise, for once again is here
The festival of festivals — the jocund time of year!
The time when friends are flocking from every side to share
The cordial Christmas greeting, and the dainty Christmas fare;
When grave old folks grow young again, in honor of the day,
And join the gleesome children in their artless merry play;
When the matron looks around her, with a deeper-souled delight,
And maids find lovers' smiles more sweet, and lovers' eyes more bright!
When though the wind be keen without, and fast the snow may fall,
The crackling log and roaring blaze give warmth within the hall;
And if the shivering mendicant should seek the friendly door,
He'll find the heartier welcome because he's old and poor!
Hail to the song, the game, the dance! hail to the happy jest
That sets the jovial joker a-laughing with the rest!
Now under holly branches, and boughs of mistletoe,
Our romping band of boys and girls in guileless mirth shall go;
Now frowns shall be all banished, and cares shall pass away,
For what have cares, and what have frowns, to do with Christmas day?
And as the cold long night draws on, a circle round the fire
Shall list to fine old stories from some beloved grandsire—
Stories of bold adventure in lands beyond the sea—
Of perils strange and wild which all but heroes wish to flee—
Of chase, and flight, and rescue—of voyage, and storm, and wreck—
Of life on desert island, in ocean like a speck!
And awful tales shall too be told of goblin and of ghost
That scare the midnight watcher upon his lonely post—
And when faint hearts grow frightened, and manifest their dread,
The signal straightway shall be given—to bed! good folks, to bed!

Alas! 'tis but a pleasant dream—this glimpse of Christmas joys;
A glance around our Indian home the picture quick destroys.
We look in vain for wintry skies, and ice, and sleet, and snow—
We seek in vain the huge log fire with bright and genial glow—
Here fervent is the noon-tide heat, the hills and trees are green,
And Nature wears the same bright smile that decks a summer scene;
Through sunny streets, in various dress, the dusky thousands crowd,
Some hurrying silent onward, some talking fast and loud,—
The Moslem sleek, the stout Parsee, the shrewd Hindoo, are there,—
The squalid son of Portugal, and Jew with children fair;
There walks a keen Mahratta; there stands an Affghan tall;
And there a wild-eyed Faqueer is crouching 'gainst a wall;
By yonder well a laughing group of Eastern women stand,
The new-filled chatty on the ground—the lotah in the hand—

Admire you not the symmetry their graceful forms display,
Draped in those silks of fabric thin, and colors bright and gay?

* * * *

At eve full soon the darkness comes (for twilight never reigns
For longing lovers' fond behoof o'er India's arid plains,)
And for an hour or more ere yet the moon's bright face appears,
The bats fly forth, the fire-flies shine, the crickets stun the ears.
The chumpa and the mogree perfume the grateful air,
That cools the languid lady's cheek, and fans her bosom fair.
The story-teller chaunts his tale—it is no legend rare
Of bold Crusader, frightsome ghost, or maid with golden hair;—
The sound of voices swells the breeze—some girls are blithely singing,
But 'tis no joyful carol now that in the ear is ringing.
And lo! a marriage gathering, with music's deafening sound,
And horses decked with silver, and people dancing round;
The bride and bridegroom, children both, sit quietly as they go,
And stare with large black eyes upon the merriment below.

* * * *

Friends cluster not around us, as in that cheerful time
When we spent our Christmas holiday in our own native clime.
Where are the snow-white locks of age, where is the reverend brow—
Where are the dim yet loving eyes?—they are not with us now!
Where are the rosy cheeks of youth—the happy laughing faces,
So guileless in their mirthfulness—so artless in their graces!
Alas! 'tis seldom old or young may share our Indian lot,
For frames grow weak, and faces pale, e'en in the fairest spot,
And if we'd see dear lives prolonged, and youth gain strength and bloom,
We must not make them exiles too from England and from home.

* * * *

There's nothing to remind us of the season or the day,—
But memory faintly may restore what Time hath torn away:
Can we not speak, and think, and dream of joys that once we knew,
When life was in its morning, and every friend seemed true—
When Age seemed always reverend, and Youth seemed always pure,
And happiness, once grasped, appeared as 'twould for aye endure—
When Hope spread out bright pinions and bore the soul aloft,
Or nestled it, in sweeter bliss, upon some bosom soft,—
When we could welcome Christmas without a sigh or tear—
The Festival of Festivals -- the jocund time of year!

S.

Bombay, December, 1852.

INDIAN ARMY REFORM.

The Duke of Wellington, whose name has become the cherished theme of the fathers and children of Britain, who, at once the Marius and Marcellus of his country, displayed the protecting shield of his surpassing Generalship at Torres Vedras and Waterloo, and the unwavering sword of the daring and skilful leader at Salamanca, Vittoria, Sebastian and the Pyrenees, has been gathered to his fathers, crowned with laurels and burdened with years. He leaves a blank in history which ages will scarcely fill, but it is truly beyond our power to do justice to his character or his merits; it is simply our intention in these pages to treat as succinctly as we can, on the changes and improvements likely to ensue on the departure of a Chief, who was eminently distinguished for his stern resistance to all Military innovations and reform. It has been confidently declared by many of the English papers, that the appointment of Lord Hardinge will be hailed with general satisfaction, but we are inclined, on many grounds, to doubt this; more especially because he failed to gain the confidence or the good will of the Army in India. And, this feeling has, doubtless, been disseminated over a large portion of the Royal Army, many of whom served under him in this country, but who now are scattered over the various colonies who own allegiance to our Queen. It is not our wish to canvass the tenor of his government in India, but we will preface our discussion of several Military questions, by remarking that no Commander-in-Chief ever entered the Horse Guards with more opportunities for benefiting both the Royal and Company's Armies than His Lordship. It will be seen in time whether he will avail himself of the powers and influence which his exalted position will afford him, of working out changes which the march of civilization has made so imperative. Although a Statesman or a General may not be popular with the mass, or with those under his immediate command, yet, he may be called on by those swaying the interests and opinions of the community, to give his advice respecting matters which may materially affect the welfare and gradual prosperity of that community; thus, as Commander-in-Chief he will be constantly summoned to the counsels of his Sovereign, to whom, on subjects connected with his profession, his judgment will be paramount: having served the Court of Directors in the highest office they possessed, in times of danger and difficulty, they will naturally be biassed in favor of any suggestion, however dogmatical, he may advance in support of objects which may be under consideration. That there is much room for improvement in our Army will not be denied—although we may be said to beg the question—for let a system be as perfect as man can frame it, when first constituted, yet, as time progresses, it will invariably become defective in many branches, and

will require purifying and remodelling to keep pace with the strides of cotemporary systems. When we read, day after day, of the inventive powers of foreign mechanics brought into play for the purpose of making the forces of their country more effective than those of their neighbours, and of the struggle between continental powers, lest one should gain a step in advance of another, we are astonished to observe how trifling has been the attention, how meagre the interest expended on a subject pregnant with importance to the Commonwealth. Although the Americans taught us long since the value of the rifle, yet we are but now at the eleventh hour cautiously and timidly introducing it as a general arm? There is no reason why the Indian Army should have been tied down for so long a period to antiquated maxims governing the Horse Guards, nor why the Company should not of themselves have held their ground with foreign nations in arming and modelling their troops. And this from the fact, that scarcely a year passes, but a campaign is fought, during which could be tested the advantages of superior weapons. Had Rifle Corps been thrown out in skirmishing order to cover our advance on the Seikh batteries during the Sutledge and Punjab campaigns, how many lives might have been preserved. An advance on a fortress is invariably covered by sharp shooters, and wherefore not against batteries—the tacticians of the old school may retort, that in olden times, the English Armies did not thus win their battles, but it is well known that the Duke of Wellington, as far as time permitted him, was extremely anxious to make his men good skirmishers, and even gave the Germans the highest praise for their skill in this particular: indeed, it was from them that he, in a great measure, learned our present system, the "old 95th or Germans" being formed into our present fine rifle brigade—but from a dislike to all innovations, as we before said, he did not permit the general introduction of the rifle into the service. From our knowledge of the sepoy, we should say that he is well adapted for a rifleman, and we have known a rifle company of sepoys, in charge of an officer who had a penchant for that weapon, fire with an accuracy of aim, and skirmish with a celerity and steadiness which would have entitled them to rank with a company of the rifle brigade, albeit *they* are considered unsurpassed.

And yet in foreign armies, comparatively, there are 100 rifles to our one—the Company do not approve of rifle regiments, because, forsooth, the Horse Guards hesitated to form more than two. Then, again, we ask, does pipeclay tend to make a man a better soldier? Do not the white cross belts rather form an excellent mark for the enemy's bullet? Both these are rapidly disappearing from Continental armies, from a consciousness entertained by experienced leaders, of their utter inutility. Does it follow because a coat is red that the belt must be white? But the eye does not readily accommodate itself to a change, and therefore black is considered by our Martinets as outré and unbecoming. When the brightly burnished musquet was permitted to be "browned,"

the discussion at that period was carried on in nearly the same terms; it was thought by many that the soldier would fall into habits of idleness if any portion of his arms or accoutrements were not cleaned daily by himself, as it is now argued that the soldier will not have sufficient occupation if there are no belts to pipe-clay. We suggest as an improvement, a black leather belt for the pouch box, a waist belt for the bayonet and cap pouch, and the knapsack slings also black; there should not be a particle of frippery in the shape of lace, which now disfigures the uniform of our sepoys, and makes them look like band-boys of the Foot Guards. The wings worn by our flank companies are truly ridiculous, standing up from the shoulder at an angle instead of sloping down slightly, and thus giving an appearance of breadth to the shoulders.

It is with much diffidence and caution that we record our opinion of the particular merits of regular and irregular cavalry, because, we have been led to reflect that the controversy on this subject was ill judged and indiscreet, tending to no possible utility, but productive of much heart-burning and jealousy between two branches of the same gallant and distinguished service. What must have been the surprise of the spectators of the fray; Officers of H. M.'s service, among whom such a controversy could not have arisen? In the Peninsula, when Portuguese regiments of infantry and cavalry were raised and disciplined by English officers taken from the line, there was not a whisper against the fair fame of those regiments, although on more occasions than one they were defeated by the French. Allowances were made, sympathy freely expressed, and praise unlimited given to the officers for the excellent state into which they brought their corps. And so likewise are the officers of the regular cavalry deserving of praise for the soldier-like appearance, the steadiness and correctness of drill which their regiments display, far more so than the officers of the Portuguese, considering the dress and habits of the two nations. What man of common sense ever doubted the gallantry of the officers of either branch, regular or irregular? They have both done their duty when occasion required, and what more can be expected from a soldier? If the Hon'ble Company persist in clothing and accoutring their cavalry in a manner likely to hamper their movements, and make them unsteady in their saddles, it is not the fault of the officers, who, on the contrary, evince the greater ability and skill in proportion to the efficiency to which they have raised their men. But we think that the native regular trooper has not fair play, considering the excellence of the Hindostanee light cavalry, which one may say is almost indigenous to the country. Such is the well known activity of their movements, their extraordinary skill in the use of their weapons and in the management of their horses, that it would be preferable to have all our native cavalry on the same footing. The saving of expense would be great, and we must say, we believe they would be more applicable to our purposes in a campaign: there need not be any reduction in the number of officers,

of whom there cannot be a surplus. Is not a regular cavalry regiment sometimes seen with nearly as few officers on parade as an irregular regiment? Is this as it should be?

If the irregulars had the same number of officers as the regulars, there would not be a light cavalry in the world to surpass them. Our light dragoons are not literally light cavalry, since they are actually in most instances as heavy as the heaviest of our Dragoon Guards.

The Hungarian Hussars have always been considered as the perfection of light cavalry, (they were somewhat irregular, and must not be confounded with the British Hussars, who are called by this name simply from adopting a somewhat similar costume, but who are, in reality, Heavy Dragoons,) and have been introduced into all the Continental armies with various modifications.

They are the national cavalry of Hungary and Croatia; their regimentals consist in a rough furred cap—without the bag, surmounted with a cock's feather,—the officers have either an eagle's or a heron's. A waistcoat, with a pair of breeches to which the stockings are fastened, and yellow or red boots. A jacket trimmed with fur, and ornamented with rows of metal buttons; this jacket was not slung on duty as with ours. Their arms are a sabre, carbine, and pistols; they are irregular troops—before the beginning of an attack, they lay themselves so flat on the necks of their horses, that it is difficult to discover their force. On coming within pistol shot of the enemy, they raise themselves with such surprising quickness, and fight with so much vivacity on every side, that unless the enemy is accustomed to their method of engaging, it is very difficult for troops to preserve their order. When a retreat is necessary, their horses have so much blood, and are so indefatigable,—their accoutrements so light, and themselves such excellent horsemen, that no other cavalry can come up with them; they leap ditches, and swim rivers with surprising facility. They never encamp, consequently are not overburthened with any kind of camp equipage, except a kettle and a hatchet to every six men. They always lie in the woods, out-houses or villages in the front of the army: in this description of troops the King of Prussia, Frederick the Great, exceeded all other countries, and the use he made of them, and the superiority he obtained over his enemies by their activity, and the accurate information they afforded him, caused other nations to equip in their own services corps of the same description. We cannot help remarking the similarity between these far-famed Hussars and the irregular cavalry of the Company's service. When we read of the many gallant deeds performed by these irregular troops, we find ourselves acknowledging their superiority over the regular cavalry serving with them. It must not be supposed, because they are termed irregular, that therefore they were not competent to go through manœuvres requiring correctness of drill; by no means, they could form squadrons, troops, and many of the leading necessary movements of regular cavalry. We must caution our

readers against concluding that slack discipline, and a deficiency of co-operative movement necessarily accompany national costume and national accoutrement, or, as we would say in India, native dress, &c. &c. The difference merely consists in the troopers supplying each his own horse and arms, whereas these are supplied to the Continental regular cavalry by the State : this holds good also with the celebrated irregulars of the Russian service, the Cossacks of the Crimea. We cannot withhold from the British dragoon his value in a charge, but how seldom is that required ! And it will readily occur to all who will give themselves a moment's reflection on the subject, that the lightest dragoon regiment in India, averaging 18 stone in the saddle, is not adapted to the duties expected from a light cavalry regiment—taking the word light in its true acceptation. We will say no more on this point except to remark, that late well-founded reports go to show that the studs are a decided failure. The enormous expense consumed on them is in favour of the irregular cavalry, where every rupee is expended on men in the regiment, who are, in fact, their own horse contractors. Let nothing be hinted of the expense of the contracts for accoutrements in the regulars, which do not actually exist in the irregulars. Nor shall any thing be said respecting the superiority of the classes of men taking service in either branch, for considering the contradictory accounts every day received, it is difficult to distinguish the truth.

If there is any one regulation of the service requiring correction and renovation, it is the regulation governing furloughs. How many instances can be adduced of the mischievous consequences to which it gives rise. An officer distinguished for his abilities, in, for instance, the political department, undermines his constitution by his exertions to execute the orders of his superiors, and by intense fatigue and exposure to the sun, sinks under the dire effects of fever and ague. His medical attendant recommends his immediate return to Europe. At great expense he follows their advice ; his family accompany him for the best of all reasons, that their state of health requires the same remedy. Strengthened in frame, and renewed in intellectual power by the climate and by intercourse with the famed and talented minds of his native, or of continental countries, he returns with far greater capability than before, of performing the duties of a Staff or Political Officer, but alas ! for the good of his master's and his own prospects, his appointment has been filled up, and on application for another, he is told that the authorities regret they cannot employ his justly-acknowledged abilities, since there are already the regulated number of officers absent from his regiment on the Staff, and he has to wait perhaps for years, his experience and his value lost to the service. Now we would suggest that an officer should not lose his appointment who leaves through sickness : if he leaves simply to take his furlough, it is to suit his own views, and not through necessity. Five years' service should entitle one to a year in England ; ten years' service to two years : in the former instance the applicant to pay his passage home and on return in the

latter, let it stand as at present. It seems strange that the Company have not in this case, as in most others, assimilated their orders to the standing custom in H. M.'s service, in which officers, after five years' service in the East, can without any difficulty obtain leave to England for two years; from this custom emanates considerable self-denial and practised steadiness on the part of many of the expectants of this leave; keeping this object in view they abstain from debt to a much greater degree than is imagined in the sister service. Many indeed save the amount of their passage-money during that period, for how else would they be able to reach the much-loved chalk cliffs: few of them having a shilling besides their pay. It is true, certainly, that they have not the advantage of free passage after 10 years' service, but then they have had no monthly subscription to pay; their service counts without the deduction of a day, notwithstanding any amount of leave, and they reckon on obtaining their Captaincy almost as a right after 14 or 15 years' service, however low they may be in the list of subalterns of their regiments, and this not by Brevet, but the full pay and rank of Captain in the army, for the Secretary-of-War will not permit officers of a certain standing and age to remain on half pay. After 15 years' service in India, the officer might obtain three years' furlough, provided that he had not taken the furlough after ten years' service. His passage would of course be paid as for the furlough after ten years' service: it would be perhaps expedient that he should not retain his Staff employ if he avails himself of the leave after five years' service, but in all cases when compelled to return to Europe on sick certificate.

There being little doubt that some changes in the furlough regulations will be made in the body of the next Charter, we will not pursue the subject further, but pass on to review the necessity of establishing a Staff corps.

A "Staff" is to the army as the eyes are to the human body: if the eyesight is defective, under what disadvantages the individual labours! Can he fence, ride, or defend himself in any way, equal to one possessing a good sight? He is liable to stumble in his gait, and make most ludicrous mistakes in his movements. In the same manner an army without an experienced well-trained Staff is open to the most serious attacks from the enemy, and flounders and blunders through a campaign, during which, if it is successful and victorious, it owes its conquests more to the courage and determination of its regimental officers and soldiers than to generalship and skilful guidance. An army, indeed, without such a Staff as ought ever to take the field, may well be compared to a line-of-battle ship, which is about to be navigated through an unknown sea, abounding in shoals, without a pilot. It is not so much from the study of victories that the soldier learns the art of war, but from studying the best methods of guarding against defeats and disasters.

Is it not true that the Staff of the army were ignorant of the position of the enemy at Gwalior? that they possessed no correct map of the district, although the fort of Gwalior had previously been

twice captured? That the village of Maharajpore was mistaken for that of Choundiah, thereby giving rise to hapless confusion? That there was but one officer at Cabool capable of conducting the defence of the cantonments, who, when disabled, was carried about in a dhooly to give his orders? Was there not at one time in Scinde but one officer unaided, to take the levels and survey the country? During the Sutledge and Punjab campaigns did not numerous and unaccountable mistakes occur from the inefficiency of the Staff? Has our information been considered correct during any of our campaigns? Have not our so-called politicals been frequently found at fault? Does not the Commissariat call for purification and remodelling? Witness the several Court Martials, descriptions of which at various times afford amusement to the ennui-devoured readers of the daily press. Are the Judge Advocates acquainted with their duties? Do they rightly comprehend the object for which they enter a Court? Do they not tremble in their garments, lest they should not convict, justly or unjustly, the unfortunate prisoner? Do they advise and assist him; or do they rather worry and aggravate? But all this is almost futile: into what department shall we dive for excellence? Why exclaim, "Tell it not at Gath," when it is known to all Israel?

It is not, however, from a heated imagination that we collect these ideas, for many of our readers can give ready and well-founded answers to our queries, and have reason to know and regret the many contretemps and misfortunes which have sprung from the innocent ignorance of Staff Officers of the duties so essentially connected with their various offices. Blame is not to be attached to them, but to the general system of dispensing Staff appointments to those who have not perhaps had opportunities afforded them of making themselves practically acquainted with their particular province.

If all this be true, as we have premised; from what we hear and read day by day, we have reason to conclude that a large majority of our readers will coincide with our view of the subject. Surely there is a crying necessity for some reform in our Staff, both Civil and Military. And therefore it is, that we advocate the institution of a Staff corps. But one of the most important reasons in support of this object is the present state of our native army. In the European officer all confidence is reposed; by him the sepoy is instructed and led on against the enemy; he is looked up to by his followers as a being of a superior, physical and moral, frame and mind. By reducing his numerical strength, you extract, as it were, the marrow from the bones, the muscle from the flesh, and yet, what do we daily witness? Scarcely one officer to a company of a native regiment! This is a lamentable fact, but no less true. It is needless to tell us that all Staff officers rejoin their regiments previous to its going into action, for we must remember that half the corps may probably be unknown to an officer who has been from 10 to 15 years on Staff employ; besides, every tyro can inform us of the amount of rust which accumulates upon the military knowledge of the absentee of even a year from parade and regimental duties. All which,

with many other obvious defects, would be abrogated by the establishment of a Staff corps. It will naturally be intimated to us, why discuss the diagnosis of a disease, without prescribing the manner in which the remedy is to be applied. We answer, if it be decided that a Staff corps is an end worthy to be accomplished, those having the power to carry the means into life, will not find any difficulty in exerting their inventive faculties, but, as far as lies in the scope of our indifferent judgment we would suggest the following sketch.

All officers applying for Staff employ should be noted on the list of applicants; they should have served three complete years with their regiments; should have passed as Interpreters, and also a stated examination at Roorkee, or before certain Boards held at the Presidencies or large stations. These examinations should embrace a portion of mathematics, or at least such as may be likely to be required in practice. A general knowledge, geographical, statistic, and otherwise, of India, —its history, the interior economy and field movements of a regiment and division, English composition from a given Military theme, Military law, Civil law as in force in this country, to be studied by those seeking political duties. Surveying and drafting in all its branches, and such other subjects as may be valuable in the separate department they propose to enter. The candidate selected for the Staff should be struck off the list of his regiment, and entered on that of the Staff corps, according to the date of his commission; a fair average of promotion should be calculated, say twelve years for a company, &c. Having served this period, he should obtain the rank of Captain in the army, with its pay, &c. and so on to the higher grades. Care would be taken that a senior officer should not be employed under a junior, but of this, we imagine, there would be no likelihood; there might, possibly, be some few difficulties at the commencement, but nothing of consequence to interfere with the regular working of so desirable a system. We will conclude our consideration of this subject with a few short extracts from the first writer, on Military operations, of the present day, (Baron Jomini,) whose works are so highly appreciated by Military men who have studied them, that we refrain from recording the eulogy they so truly merit. "A good General Staff, is, above all things, necessary to make a good army; it should be considered as the nursery from which a Commander-in-Chief should select the instrument by which he works, as a selection of Officers whose intelligence should second his own.

"A good Staff has also the advantage of being more durable than the genius of a single man; it may remedy many evils, and we may dare affirm is the best safeguard of an army. Paltry party interests, narrow views, and a misplaced self-love, may rise against this assertion; it will nevertheless remain an incontrovertible truth to every thinking soldier and every enlightened statesman, that a well-constituted Staff is to an army what a skilful ministry is to a monarchy; it will second the efforts of their chief even when he cannot direct every thing himself; it will prevent

faults by supplying him with the best information, and will hinder them when the General is unfit to command. How many great actions, both ancient and modern, which have illustrated the names of men of but middling talent, have been prepared by those who surrounded them!

Touching the advantages likely to arise to the Queen's and Company's armies from an amalgamation of the two services, a subject which has only lately been glanced at by the daily press, there is no doubt that with mutual concessions both parties would be great gainers. It must be first premised, that the bugbear, jealousy, is to our certain knowledge unknown to the enlightened portions of both armies, we mean, to those of the Queen's officers, who have served a sufficient period in this country to learn and appreciate the good qualities of their comrades in the other service, and to those of the Company's, who have associated with Queen's officers, and who have acquired opportunities of discovering that the new-comers and the discontented are the only partizans of the absurd opinion broached by those who, suffering from ill health, disappointment or from vanity, would in any part of the world arrogate to themselves a superiority over other troops serving with them. For instance, it is well known that in the West Indies, officers of this stamp fancy that officers of the West India regiments occupy an inferior position to themselves, since they do not belong to the *regular line.* But we ask, do such persons possess the spirit which ought to guide the feelings of the soldier? This same feeling operates to a certain degree in any of the colonies, where there are Colonial corps, until the two branches of the service amalgamate and acknowledge that good fellowship should form the basis of their respective opinions towards each other.

The Queen's officer may safely concede with good grace many favours to the Company's service, and *vice versâ.*

Officers of all Colonial corps rank with other officers of the British Army in every part of the British dominions, although they are only called on to serve in the colony where their regiment is stationed. Whether they command whites or blacks they are at liberty, if their circumstances should enable them, to exchange into any regiment in England, even into the Guards. All they require is money to effect the exchange. The Horse Guards seldom interfere in arrangements of this kind, which may be beneficial to the interests of both parties.* Now we hold it to be an anomaly unparalelled in any country, that an officer of a Malay regiment should have this privilege, while in the same region, within 12 hours' sail of him, an officer of a sepoy regiment is considered in his own land, and among his own countrymen, as belonging to a foreign service, although holding H. M.'s commission, the same which his brother holds, as aforesaid, in the station in which his regiment is serving. Yet this may be seen any day. A. is a Lieutenant in the Ceylon Rifles, a regiment composed of Malay sepoys; his brother B. is in the 30th M. N. I. on the Malabar Coast, and visits A. serving in H. M.'s corps, in H. M.'s

dominions, and is there (in Ceylon) as much a Queen's officer as A. They both return to England on leave, A. goes to Court as one of H. M.'s service, B. as belonging to a foreign service, whose commission is not recognized on English ground: this is so difficult to explain to strangers, that if mentioned to a Frenchman, he would probably exclaim "Mon Dieu ! que vous etes bizarres vous Anglais."

Officers of the Company's Service should in all justice rank as British officers in every part of the dominions owing allegiance to their Sovereign. The fact that their commissions have effect only eastward of the Cape, is but a remnant of a system long past and gone. Reform is a consequence of Time's advancing strides, with which it is expedient to approach perfection that all systems should keep pace. It is needless to enlarge upon the services rendered to their country by the Indian army, or to describe the extensive field their labours and blood have laid open to the increasing manufactures and produce yearly pouring into Hindostan.

General and Staff officers of distinguished and acknowledged abilities should not be debarred from serving in other colonies, since having gained practical knowledge and great experience in the numerous campaigns to which our peculiar rule in India is unavoidably liable, they are well able to make themselves useful to their country wherever they may be summoned.

After some years' service, the Army becomes in a great measure one's home ; we become wedded to certain habits peculiar to the profession, of which the customs and principles gradually engraft themselves upon our mind, and in few instances can they ever be eradicated. If we put the question to ourselves, 'To what profession could we turn our attention if we left the service ?' with most of us it would be a difficult problem to solve, from the reasons we have before adduced ; but while we possess good health and no private means to enable us to live at home, and enjoy the *otium cum dignitate* of an independant life, we are contented to eke out our existence in India respectably, and withal after a time, contentedly—but, on the other hand, some sad—some hard cases present themselves to our view. A Subaltern of some few years' standing, who, perhaps, has been educated at an expensive Military College—his parents wishing to indulge his natural taste for the army, finds that he can no longer struggle against the influence of the climate, returns to England on sick certificate, loses his service thereby, tries his chance again in India, and finally is compelled to choose between the resignation of the service, in which, from his boyhood, his heart's best wishes have been centred ; and from which he derives his livelihood—or an early lonely grave, far from his home and native land.

To another some stroke of good fortune has happened : he succeeds to an income of an amount sufficiently ample to empower him to live free from the trammels of any profession, but, from what we have already detailed, these so-called trammels are necessary to his happiness ; he loves his profession, its brilliancy, its society, the entrée it affords into the best circles in places, where a man

without a profession is almost a nullity—the chance it affords for the persevering and zealous of gaining a name and standing in the world—but he cannot enjoy his good fortune in India; to use a homely phrase, "he does not get the value of his money;" he is placed "hors de combat," the love of his profession on one side, and the anxiety to enjoy his income to the utmost on the other, embarrass him. If he resigns the service, the value of his money is in some measure lost to him. Of this we have had many opportunities of judging: how many, on accession to a fortune, have resigned, and do resign every day, who, especially in the Queen's service, give vent in frequent and dolorous expressions, to the regret they experience at having nothing to do, wishing, too late, that they were again obliged to attend some *boring* parade. Do any of our readers belong to a Military Club in "Old London?" if they do, they must often have witnessed these ebullitions of discontent.

Now in either of the cases laid before our readers there is a remedy, which we earnestly hope to see introduced by the influence of the present Commander-in-Chief, should that dignitary be disposed to advance the welfare of his old friends, who fought so well and so successfully under his command, and who so materially contributed to win for him that nobility which places him among "the noble Peers of Britain."

Were exchanges permitted between the officers of regiments of the Indian, or the "Queen's army serving in India," and those of the Queen's army serving in England and in the Colonies, the invalided and the enriched subaltern would find a new sphere open to them. The invalid, by exchanging into some line regiment, would recruit his health in some more genial clime, retain his pay, without being a burden to his friends, and thus avoid the humiliation of depending on others for his support: his more fortunate brother would be enabled to enjoy his money to his heart's content in some Dragoon regiment, where quick promotion, comparatively speaking, is reduced to a certainty, and the service in all probability would obtain a member wholly devoted to the duties and honorable responsibilities of the profession. It may be argued that the officers of the Queen's service, willing to take their places, may not be competent to their duties from ignorance of the language and the customs of the natives. We are aware of this objection, and have deeply reflected on the way to meet it; but like many other subjects, which seem difficult to entertain at first sight, this also, when canvassed, resolves itself into simple method. Effect the change, and you will have Queen's officers, without a doubt, prepared to meet the demand for exchanges —officers qualified not only by a knowledge of the language, but by a residence in India, which has enabled them to acquire full as much information as is possessed by the officers of the Hon'ble Company.

With respect to the Military and other Funds, the officers exchanging would of course come to some agreement, so that the one who was to derive a benefit from those Funds should be entitled to, and liable for, all the gratuities, pensions, and subscrip-

tions. This might be effected by the one paying to the other a sum equivalent to the amount of the subscriptions already paid to the Funds.

Let it be remembered, however, that it will be but fair and reasonable that those of H. M.'s service, so qualified, should enjoy in a graduated ratio, the appointments of the Staff now unaccountably closed to them; for we have carefully perused the Charter, and we do not discover any clause precluding Queen's officers from holding Staff appointments, but to this there would seem to be but a trifling opposition, the generally expressed opinion on all sides being, that they are entitled under certain conditions to a due share of the loaves and fishes. There is little to apprehend from the interest or patronage of higher powers influencing such appointments, when the ordeal of, say five years' residence, and of the newly regulated examination, is to be undergone by the dreaded sprigs of nobility and Regent Street loungers.

ALIX MALADE.

Alix Malade, et se sentant presser,
Quequ'un lui dit; " Il faut se confesser;
Voulez-vous pas mettre en répos votre âme?"
" Oui, je le veux," lui répondit la dame,
" Qu'à père André l'on aille de ce pas;
Car il entend d'ordinaire mon cas."
Un messager y court en diligence;
Sonne au couvent de toute sa puissance,
" Qui venez-vous demander?" lui dit-on,
" C'est père André, celui qui d'ordinaire,
Entend Alix dans sa confession."
" Vous demandez, reprit alors un frère,
Le père André, le confesseur d'Alix?
Il est bien loin; helas! le pauvre père
Depuis dix ans confesse en paradis."

NOTE.—In an early number of *Saunders' Magazine* this idea was given as rendered from the original Spanish, and entitled Frequent Confession. We now add an old French version of the same quaint little satire, which is none the worse for being reproduced. the moral is not inapplicable at the present day.

RAJA BUJAWAL AJEET.

CHAPTER I.

When Raja Bujawal Ajeet had arrived at a hundred years of age, every one must allow, that he could no longer be considered a young man; so he thought himself, contrary to the usual custom of old people, who always fancy themselves the younger the older they get; so that if a gentleman ever arrives in these degenerate days at the age of Methusaleh, we expect he will consider himself a candidate for the nursery, looking on himself as so remarkably juvenile. But to return. The Raja thus began to reflect within himself (sitting on his "jarjum," and looking intently at a fly, who might possibly be his relative by a 'former birth'). "I must certainly," said the Raja, have done some very virtuous action in a 'former birth,' of which my long and renowned life is the fruit." Here he smiled slyly at the fly, and continued. "I must now make diligent search and enquiry concerning what those good actions could have been, so that by again acting in the same manner, I may enter another body, and continue to reign and enjoy myself for another hundred years." Having thus reflected, he called together the 'Brahmins,' and told them to explain the various good works he had performed in a former birth. Then the Brahmins, looking at the Raja, and also remarkably wise, began each to give an explanation of what he knew nothing about, but which the Raja was fool enough to suppose he did. But none of their ingenious theories pleased the old boy, so he began to wander (not in his mind) about,—and ask an explanation of this from fuqeers, and astrologers, and beiragees.

It appeared one evening that he met a fuqeer, whom he began questioning on the subject of his monomania.

The fuqeer, a dirty little shrivelled up old fellow, covered with ashes, and wearing a necklace of bones (not like the Ethiopian serenaders), and possessed of one eye—such a piercer!—said, "Oh! Raja, I am perfectly aware of all the good deeds performed by you in a previous existence, but I shall not tell you; and so, if you wish to perform the same works again, I shall not tell you where to begin! It can't be done!"

The Raja looked at him, and opened his eyes in astonishment, and said, "Sir, do you know who I am? Why, I'm a Raja, and possess riches and lands, and power, and so, why won't you tell, and why can't it be done?"

The fuqeer gave an inward democratical kind of chuckle as he said: "True, oh! Raja, you possess all the things you mention, but you don't possess the power of telling when and where those former good actions were done, and what they were."

"Good," said the Raja, "as I do not possess that power, explain to me all about what I did."

The fuqeer immediately sat down on his deer skin, and after keeping

the Raja on the tenter hooks of suspense, (if any one knows what they are) for some time, at last said, "No! I'll not tell; but listen, oh! king. 'About three coss from this, in an eastern direction, is a large hill, on which a snake is living. This individual, every night at the lively hour of 12 o'clock, walks out for his health. Well! you go there, and endeavour to obtain an interview with him; and having done so, state your wants, and he can, if he likes, explain every thing.'" Having said this, the knowing old fuqeer winked his one eye, rose up, put his bed on his back, bowed to the Raja, and stalked off majestically to the jungle.

About 12 o'clock that night the Raja found himself strolling on that hill, and was fortunate enough to meet the snake, and after introducing himself, introduced the subject of his monomania.

The snake rolled his little black eyes, put out and drew back his velvety tongue, and at last casting a very penetrating look on the Raja, said: "A fuqeer sent you to me, and I know the mystery you want explained, but I shan't tell," and he said this in anything but a snake-like manner, but on the contrary was open. The Raja tried to wheedle the snake!—the old ass,—but of course that would never do. At last the snake in an oily tone said: "About two coss from this, a 'bamboo-worker' lives, (here he would have looked at his watch if he'd had one, but as he hadn't, he said), it is now two o'clock; you'll now find him sitting in front of his house, lighted by a lamp, placed on a gurrah; go to him, ask, and he'll tell you all." The Raja immediately set out, and about three o'clock arrived at the bamboo-worker's house, and sure enough there he sat peeling his bamboos. He went near him, but he, the (bamboo-worker) did not shew him the least civility, and didn't even make a salaam (probably he was a liberté egalité and fraternité sort of gentleman); but he sat stock-still on a "mora" of his own making. At last, looking at the Raja, he said, "That snake sent you to me," in a very grumpy manner. The Raja didn't deny it; "and as he didn't want to tell you himself," he continued, "he thought I should, but 'Gungadeen' an't a fool, oh! no"—what a grumpy old bamboo head it was! The Raja introduced the subject of his wanderings, but it would have taken a remarkably early riser to have got over the bamboo gentleman. At last the Raja was glad to see him smile; it was a hard wrinkly kind of smile though! and then he said, "I know all about it, but I shan't tell, but I'll send you to a place where you'll get every information on the shortest notice. The Raja said it was all quite right, and wherever he sent him there would he go. The man of bamboos said: "In your city of Ujjein a certain merchant is living, who rejoices in the name of 'Kalee Churrun Joa.' Well, his son's wife has just now arrived at the age of fifteen years, and being considered old enough to share the joys and sorrows of her husband, has within the last few days been brought to his house. She is very clever, and wise, and beautiful, with a neck like a cuckoo, a nose like a parrot, a colour like the flower chumpa, and a walk graceful as

the goose, and stately as the elephant. Well, make yourself quite happy; go to her, and she will explain to you all the circumstances connected with your former birth." Having communicated this, the "surgeon of wood" retired, not "from the service," but from his work, and the Raja retired to his bed, where, if Mrs. Caudle had been lying, we have no doubt he would have been benefited by a curtain lecture, and had his "latch-key" taken away from him, for not—"coming home till morning."

CHAPTER II.

The Raja arose early in the morning, in fact he only went to bed to rumple the things, and make his servants imagine he had not been out raking—at all events he got up, and bathed, and prayed, and eat his morning meal, when having done all this, and feeling a little better, he went into his durbar, and commenced the business of the day. When one "pyhur" of the day remained, the Raja mounted his horse, and having taken fifteen or twenty sowars with him, proceeded to take the air. He made his horse carracole, and do lumbais, and all sorts of strange things, for he was an active old man, and at last, amidst the gaze of an admiring crowd, who did not shout wah! wah! but remained silent from fear, arrived at the house of the merchant of whom the bamboo-man had been pleased to speak. Well! he didn't rap at the door, you may rely upon it, for he was a Raja, but the door opened as if by the aid of enchantment, and the merchant appeared and joined his hands, and said: "Protector of the poor, and justice and shelter of the world, and asylum of the universe," and salaam'd very low indeed, till one little boy in the crowd thought he'd never be able to lift his head again from the ground, from the quantity of blood that got into it from being kept inclined so long. He then respectfully joined his hands and said, "Why has your Highness visited my humble dwelling. Command! and I obey."

"Why!" said the Raja, and although he knew the customs of the country well, he didn't look a bit bashful, when he said: "Why, I've come to have a little chat with your son's wife."

The merchant said, "Oh great king, be pleased to wait a little, and I will speak to my son's wife.'

"Very good," said the Raja,—"speak to her, and let me know."

Then the merchant went into his house—to his daughter-in-law's apartments, and said: "My dear, here's the Raja come, and wishes to speak with you. What about I don't know—you haven't been looking out of the window lately, have you?"

The young lady smiled a very pretty smile, and said, "Very well, let him come, and whatever he wishes to question me about, I will explain it to him. But you and the people of the house must be present, and stand a little distance off, and keep me in sight; also put some seeds of corn in a brass plate before me, so that I can lower my head and

keep counting them, and then I need not look at the Raja, and in this manner, as I shall not feel ashamed, whatever the Raja may ask of me I will reply to him."—I wonder if she would have been so particular had it been a young Raja!

Then the merchant went and said to the Raja—"Be pleased to step this way," and placed a chair for him, and having put some dry rice and dál on a plate, placed it before his daughter-in-law, and he and all the other people went and stood at a little distance from them.

The Raja having sat down said, "I wish to ask you a few questions."

Then Pudmawuttee, (this was her name,) said: "Oh great king, I am perfectly aware of all you wish to speak to me about. First you met a faqeer; he sent you to a snake. The snake sent you to a bamboo-worker, and the bamboo-worker sent you to me: none of them would give satisfactory replies to you, but never mind, I will now fully explain all, so listen—Oh! great king, in a 'former birth,' this circumstance happened, that there was a great famine over the land, rain ceased to fall, and no corn was produced, and thousands of people died from want of food. At this time three men and one woman from various places were going about begging, and happened to meet, so they determined amongst themselves to remain together, and whatever they could collect to share it equally amongst themselves. In this way they lived and begged for some time. It happened once that in their wanderings they could get nothing, and had fasted in consequence for three days, and were cold, and dying of hunger and thirst, and they'd got no clothes to cover themselves with, having long since parted with all they'd possessed to get a chipatee. It happened that on the fourth night that they were in this wretched state, they arrived about 12 o'clock at the house of a man whose trade it was to parch gram, he was a "Bhurmooja," and having scraped out some fire from the furnace or kiln that was in front of his house, they sat down and began to warm themselves. At this moment the Bhurmooja, who was inside his house, but had seen this out of a small slip of a window, having taken a thick stick in his hand, came out and said: 'You are thieves, where are you wandering to at this time of night; be off, or else I'll give you a taste of this,' and he held up the stick. Then one of the men said: 'Listen friend, we are not thieves but beggars, and for four days we have eaten nothing, in consequence we are hungry and dying of cold, and so seeing this fire, we came and sat down to warm ourselves, and if you permit us we will remain.' Hearing this, the Bhurmooja had pity on them, and told them to remain, and returned into the house, and having taken two or three pounds of flour, and a chuttack of salt, and an earthen pot filled with water, came out again, and placed it before these poor creatures and said, 'Here friends, I am able to give you this, take it and prepare food: you can bake the bread at the furnace, and drink the water, and then you can sleep warm and snug in front of the fire all night, and in the morning proceed on your way.' Having said this he again went into his house, shut

the door, and slept soundly from having done a good action, and so being easy in his mind. When they were alone, the woman who was with them said: 'All of you sit here, I'll take the grain and prepare bread.' So taking the flour she prepared sixteen small loaves or cakes, and having baked them, brought them and gave four to each person, and kept four for herself. Just as they were going to eat them, a poor hungry, starved wretch came upon them, and seeing what they were about said: 'Oh, friends, pray let me join you: give me a portion of your food, for I've tasted nothing for seven days.' Hearing this, two of the men became angry, and said, 'A likely thing I should give to you when I'm dying myself,' and eat up all their bread as fast as they could. But the third man's pity was greater than his hunger, and that was big enough, and he gave the poor fellow all his four cakes, and said, 'Here friend, eat, Bhugwan will provide me with food, then I'll eat.' The woman also gave him two cakes out of her share, though she was hungry enough. And he who had given his 'all' to the beggar remained hungry all the next day and eat nothing, and in the morning the stranger went away with six loaves under his skin, and the four beggars went off together, and after some days more, they, like thousands of other people in that time of want, all went off one after another, that is, they died."

Here Pudmawuttee counted her rice and dal, and having taken breath, continued and said—

"Oh, great king, don't think all this is foreign to what you seek to know, but listen. You are learned, and know that our Poorans and our Shasters all tell us, that after death, we are born again into the form of something else, so listen. Those two men who gave the beggar nothing but abuse, one in the next birth became the snake you saw, the other a worker in bamboos, who directed you to me. But he, who gave his all to the hungry man, and died himself, listen, oh! king, he became 'Raja Bujawal Ajeet' in fact you are he, and you became a Raja from that act of grace! And the woman who gave half her loaves, and died, she in the next birth became the daughter of a millionaire, and married the son of another millionaire; and this is the account of the good actions of a former birth, such as I have related them to you. But if you wish to perform the same good action again, then it is not in your power, for the reason, that such an opportunity will not happen to you again. Even if you gave away your kingdom, and riches, and every thing you possess, even then no action could equal, or bear the least comparison to the giving away of those four loaves, for you did what no one had ever done before. From charity, and trusting in the kindness of Bhugwan, although dying of hunger yourself, you gave all to another, who had fasted longer than you had."

The Raja was very much pleased at hearing this, and said, 'You were my "sister in charity," now I will, in this birth, look on you as such,' and he shewed her much kindness, and at his death left the whole of his wealth to Pudmawuttee.

Moral.

I suppose there is one, but can't make it out, not believing in former births.

THE LOWER EMPIRE.

A SONG FOR THE TIMES.

Up Tricolor and Eagle-flag,
Up bayonet, sword, and lance;
And let the new Napoleon brag,
The stolen crown of France.

If Gauls lack wisdom to live free,
Theirs be a choice of graves,
Or leave, as they have been, to be
Now rebels, and now slaves.

But only let them still beware,
Of England and her men;
Nor let the blatant dung-bird dare,
The Leopard* in his den.

Let them remember, those who won
At Hastings were not Franks,
And every Norman sends a son
To-day, to Britain's ranks;

Remember Cressy and Poitiers,
Remember Agincour,
The footmen's pikes, the horsemen's spears,
The archer's deadly shower.

And equal deeds in later war,
Of red coat and of blue,
At Cape la Hogue, and Trafalgar,
And bloody Waterloo.

Let threats against our island cease—
She broke the might of Spain—
Her marts are full, her fields increase
Their waving wealth of grain;
Spare her the toil—she asks but peace—
Of conquering France again.

H. G. K.

* The Napoleonic idea of the arms of England.

THE PARSEES OF BOMBAY.

Parsees have often been compared to Jews, and in several striking particulars the comparison is just. Like the Jews, the Parsees are exiles from the land of their ancestors; they form a peculiar community wherever they reside; they have maintained their hereditary faith and customs in the countries of their adoption, neither receiving an accession to their ranks, nor merging into the people by whom they are surrounded; and they display, in place of the ancient martial spirit of their race, a strong disposition for traffic, and a keen and successful pursuit of gain, and, it may be added, a not unfrequent desire of eminence in nobler paths than those either of gain or military glory.

The Parsees are known to have made their first appearance in Western India after the conquest, in the seventh century of the Christian Era, of their native country Persia, by the fierce and enthusiastic Moslems of Arabia. The exiles appear to have been received with hospitality by the Hindoo ruler of Gujerat, where they settled in considerable numbers, and whence they have gradually spread along the whole western coast, and, in a smaller degree, into the interior of India, and indeed have found their way into most of the countries of the east. A remnant of the ancient Persians still exist in their native country, but in a depressed state, owing to the heavy taxation imposed upon them by their Mahomedan rulers. Indian Parsees still occasionally make a pilgrimage to the land of their forefathers and the original seat of their religion. In many of the Parsee names of the present day, even as disguised by the current English spelling, and the general complimentary Gujeeratee addition of *jee*, may be recognized appellations of the old Persians, as Shapoor-jee, Rustom-jee, Hormus-jee, Jamset-jee, Ardaseer, Kekoshru, &c. The modern Parsees, although possessing no strictly historical records of their race, have no want of legends and legendary poems on the subject—to say nothing of the information acquired from English sources; and many of them remember with pride the days of their ancient glory, when the sovereigns of Persia possessed the fairest provinces of Asia, encountered successfully the Emperors of the Western World, made themselves masters of Jerusalem, and carried their victorious arms through Egypt up to the site of Carthage. Of this great people of the olden time the Parsee community of Western India are now the most flourishing relic. The present headquarters of the Indian Parsees are Surat and Bombay. In the Island of Bombay, according to the late census of 1851, the Parsee population consists of 69,000 males and 45,000 females, making a total of 1,14,000 persons; but this number is without doubt much higher than the reality, and it is probable that the Parsees of Bombay do not exceed at most 80,000 souls. Although numerically, therefore, much inferior to the Hindoos, and considerably inferior to the Mahome-

dans in the Island, the Parsees are nevertheless the most influential section of the population after the European community. This is owing to the vigor and progressive nature of their character—qualities in which they excel all other natives of India, and perhaps all other Asiatics, and to the commercial enterprize, the wealth and the desire of eminence which have resulted from these qualities. It is also doubtless conducive to their general interest, that they are not trammelled by variety of caste, and very little in the practical concerns of life, by religious superstition, and that their isolated position in this country unites them, to a certain extent, in one common bond of brotherhood.

Physically, the Parsees are larger men than either Hindoos or Mahomedans; and as they advance in years and in the means of indulgence, they generally become very bulky in person, and acquire a peculiar rolling, consequential gait. In countenance they are a handsome race, the features being well cut, the complexion of a pale olive, and the expression manly and intelligent. They wear mustachios and small whiskers, and shave the head. The costume of the Parsees is neither elegant nor picturesque, although well adapted for a hot climate. With the upper classes it consists of a fine muslin shirt confined at the waist by a cord, loose silk trousers, and over all a long white linen, or calico tunic, which, from want of a girdle, flaps loosely and most ungracefully on the person, with English shoes and stockings, a stiff, shapeless, cumbersome combination of cloth, paste-board and colored silk by way of head-dress, and, in cold weather, a Cashmere shawl bundled over the shoulders. The Parsee undress is much handsomer than this, and looks delightfully cool, consisting merely of the aforesaid loose trowsers and long girdled muslin shirt, with a colored skull-cap on the head. This indeed, but of coarser materials, is the ordinary dress of the inferior ranks, and it is that worn in their houses by the upper classes; but the latter completely spoil it, when they appear out of doors, by throwing the loose ungirdled tunic over the muslin shirt, and placing the stiff, ugly paste-board head-piece above the neat skull-cap. There is one Parsee in Bombay, the Editor of a well-known satirical native newspaper, who attires himself, turban and all, in purely Mahomedan costume, which he maintains to be the true dress of the ancient Persians: this gentleman also wears a beard *à la Mussulman.* Priests are distinguished in personal appearance from laymen, by having their head-dress covered with white cloth, and by generally wearing beards. In handsomer fashion than that of their lords and masters the Parsee ladies dress in trowser petticoats of silk, silk vest with short sleeves, and a bright-colored silk or satin *sarree*, which gracefully envelopes the head and upper portion of the person, and falls over the lower limbs: they are also richly adorned with jewels, in the shape of necklaces, ear-rings, bangles, and the hideous nose-ring. This is the full dress of the female members of a rich merchant's family. The poorer women are of course less daintily arrayed, but even

with them the dress is generally of silk. Parsee females are fair in complexion, with pleasing and expressive countenances. Both sexes take a more than ordinary pride and pleasure in their children, who appear abroad on high days and holidays in all the bravery of rich silks, jewels, embroidery, and variegated colors; and with their handsome attire, and smiling intelligent faces, as they sport about, or are driven along in the parental carriage, prettier or more interesting little creatures can nowhere be found.

The Parsees not only possess more of the qualities characteristic of the European than other natives, but they are foremost in the imitation of the European mode of life. The upper classes have adopted many of the conveniences and elegances of the Western World. Their equipages are among the finest that are to be seen on the favorite evening drives of the Esplanade and Breach Candy. Their numerous villas in the suburban districts of the island are handsome and commodious, surrounded by tastefully laid out grounds, and profusely furnished, at least as regards the reception rooms, with chandeliers, mirrors, ottomans, ornamental tables, cabinets, carpets, and the other etceteras of an elegantly decorated English apartment. Here they occasionally give costly entertainments in the Anglo-Indian style to their Civil, Military and Mercantile friends. Their mode of domestic every-day life is nearly as much akin to that of Europeans as of natives. They breakfast at 8 or 9, dinch (or lunch) about one, and sup (or dine) between 8 and 10 in the evening, using tea at breakfast, lunching on simple fare, and making the evening meal the chief meal of the day, having thereat a variety of dishes of fish, flesh, fowl and vegetables, whereto are added wine, beer, brandy and water, or country liquor, according to taste and circumstances. Tables and chairs are used by the upper classes at meals: the lower orders squat on the ground. The ladies of the household take their meals apart from their fathers, husbands and brothers; but a few "Young Bombay" Parsees are beginning to adopt the fashion of civilized men in this matter. Notwithstanding the barbarous exclusion of the fairer sex from the festive board, the Parsees are emphatically a social race. Visiting and entertaining are common among them; they may be frequently seen—and more particularly on Sundays, when the public and mercantile offices are closed—driving out in parties to their country houses, or to the country somewhere; if you go upon a pic-nic to Elephanta, or any other of the charming scenes around Bombay, it is ten to one that you find a party of Parsee clerks or shop-keepers there before you, making merry over a well spread board or cloth, as the case may be, with no want of good liquor among them; and every evening they may be seen in numerous groups on the esplanade; congregated round the band-stand on such nights as the Garrison Band discourses sweet music, or standing at the palings by the road-side to gaze at and criticize the passing equipages and equestrians, or sitting on carpets playing cards—all the while keeping up an incessant chatter,—and they frequently remain long after dark

at their card-playing amusement, which they carry on at that hour by means of lanterns, giving to the esplanade on a dark night a striking appearance, sparkling as it then does with numerous glimmering lights surrounded by clusters of figures clad in white. All occasions of rejoicing are enjoyed by the Parsees to their heart's content. On the celebration of a marriage among them, a series of feasts and entertainments is given by the parents of the bride and bridegroom,—sometimes on a scale and in a style that ill accord with the fortunes of the parties. As for festivals, the Parsees enjoy not only their own, but all the numerous half-religious, half-festive gatherings of the Bombay Hindoos and Mahomedans. They are conspicuous among the varied races that make up the vast assemblage at Cocoanut Fair, which takes place near the close of the monsoon, and at which the Hindoo trading classes offer up cocoanuts and flowers to the sea, in order to propitiate its favor towards those who then begin anew to trust themselves on its waters; and the illuminating festival of the Dewallee (which happens also to be the beginning of the Commercial year), during which Bombay streets at night are one blaze of light, is kept up with great splendour by the Parsees, who are doubtless incited thereto by the circumstance of their being votaries both of Fire and Commerce.

As men of business the Parsees have thoroughly out-stripped their native competitors. Much of the prosperity of Bombay is owing to the enterprize and activity of the Parsees. As merchants and ship-owners they carry on an extensive trade with all the countries of the east, particularly China; they are among the leading shareholders of the Joint-Stock Associations; several of them are partners in European firms; very many are brokers and agents; and they are the principal shop-keepers in Bombay. Certain Parsee families have been famous as ship-builders,—from the time when a Surat shipwright of the race was first appointed by the East India Company to form a ship-building establishment on the spot now occupied by the Bombay Dockyard, down to the present time when the handsome Dockyard appointments of Master Builder, Superintendent of the Steam Factory, and Assistant Builders are filled by descendants of the naval architects who flourished among the Parsees of Surat and Bombay in the beginning of last century. The finest houses in the Island are owned by Parsees, and as landholders in the neighbouring island of Salsette, some of them have manifested both a desire and an aptitude for agricultural improvements. The Government, [illegible], and Mercantile Offices swarm with Parsees. The most expert printers, jewellers, and cabinet-makers in Bombay are to be found among the Parsees. In the more degrading occupation of liquor-sellers they are at least as numerous as Portuguese or Hindoos. Parsees are a good deal employed by Europeans as butlers and coachmen. They have much to do with horses as dealers, trainers, drivers, and keepers of vehicles for hire. It may be thought somewhat strange, considering their general enterprize and energy, that not a single sailor, soldier or policeman is to be

found among them (their non-soldiering however is explained by the repugnance which they entertain to use weapons that require the agency of fire); and there are certain low employments, such as those of barbers, shoe-makers and *coolies*, which Parsees never follow. It may be added that so excellent are the arrangements of the community for the relief of their own poor, that no Parsees ever apply for aid to the public charities to which their richer brethren so liberally contribute, and that a Parsee beggar is a sight never seen in the streets of Bombay. The general internal economy of the Parsee community is managed by a Punchayet composed of their most respectable and influential men.

In the educational movement now going on throughout India, the Parsees have taken the lead, or at all events have run an equal race with the Hindoos, as regards the Bombay Presidency. The number of Parsees that know English colloquially is greater in proportion than that of Hindoos, (as for Mahomedans, they are altogether out of the reach of comparison in educational matters); and Parsee commercial men, and the rising generation of the middle and higher classes, generally read, write and speak English certainly very much better than can be said of civil servants or military interpreters in reference to any Oriental language. The key to the casket of the literary and scientific treasures of Europe being thus obtained, the treasures themselves are speedily laid hold of. Young Parsees, like other young natives, are very apt at receiving instruction. The Elphinstone Institution, with its college and preparatory schools, is to the native youth of Bombay more even than the Hindoo College of Calcutta is to the young Bengalees; and Parsees and Hindoos fully avail themselves of the means of instruction in the various branches of knowledge afforded to them by the Institution, which is a noble establishment upon the whole, although certainly capable of much improvement in the details of its educational system. Both the English and the vernacular languages are used in the Institution, and the class-books range from elementary reading-books up to such profound works as Mill's Logic, Mill's Political Economy, Bacon's Essays, and Treatises on Dynamics, Hydrostatics and Chemistry. According to the report of the Institution for last year, the several *Schools* were attended by 494 Parsees, 276 Hindoos, 15 Mahomedans, and 6 Indo-Portuguese, and the *College* by 21 Parsees, 40 Hindoos, no Mahomedans, and 2 Indo-Portuguese. The greater preponderance of Hindoos in the College Department is doubtless owing to the circumstance of the Parsee young men embarking at an earlier age in the concerns of active life. From the Elphinstone Institution has sprung the Students' Literary and Scientific Society, of which the leading members are Parsees; and the English Essays read by them on such subjects as "European Views regarding Native Education;" "The restoration of Dramatic Representations among the Natives of India;" the "Iniquity of the Opium Trade," and so forth, often display much information, much just reflection, consi-

derable powers of correct reasoning, and an intimate acquaintance *with the English language. Popular scientific Lectures in the* Gujerattee language are also occasionally delivered by them to crowded native audiences. The result of educational progress in Bombay was thus stated by the present learned Chief Justice of the Supreme Court and most active and attentive President of the Board of Education, Sir Erskine Perry, on the occasion of the annual distribution of prizes to native students a few months ago :—

"Of the fourteen hundred youth or so, now assembled in this hall, barely nine hundred belong strictly to what is called the Elphinstone Institution, and are obtaining education in English. The remaining hundreds are preparing themselves in Marathi and Gujrathi schools to acquire sufficient accurate knowledge of their own vernacular tongues, and enough of elementary information, to enable them to undergo the preliminary examination which is necessary for entrance into the Elphinstone College. Such however is the desire to gain admission into the English College, and so fast is a class of well-trained elementary School-masters springing up in this Island, that I believe the time is fast approaching, if it has not already come, when Government may with safety and advantage withdraw from these vernacular schools, and leave them to the healthy stimulus of professional and private competition. * * * Whether in respect of numbers obtaining academical education, or of scholastic attainments either in science or literature, I perceive no inferiority whatever (to the pupils of the best educa*tional institutions of Bengal) on the part of the youth of Bombay;* and in one important particular I place them above those of all India, namely, in the exhibition of some of the best qualities of citizenship,—good sense, good conduct, and a philanthropic and public spirit that leads them to promote the interests of others as well as their own."

Here the eloquent speaker awards only merited praise. The good sense of the Young Bombayites has preserved them from the offensive "Chuckerbutty" aping of the worst points in the European character; and among other instances of their philanthropic spirit, the Students' Society has set on foot several establishments, destined in all probability to work highly important and beneficial changes among the native community, for the young educated Hindoos and Parsees, not content with their own intellectual advancement, have given a vast impulse to the cause of Native Female Education by the Institution and continued superintendence of schools for the instruction of the female children of their respective races. These schools are numerously attended. The last annual report of the Parsee girls' schools states that in January of the present year the number of pupils was 371, (being more than double the number of pupils in the Hindoo girls' schools); and then the report goes on to observe as follows :—

"The irregularity of attendance is still complained of by the masters; owing to the custom of early marriages of children, and their consequently residing in different

localities; to the employment of *poor girls in domestic business; and also to the habit of keeping them at home on trifling pretences.* The studies in the schools have been greatly enlarged by the introduction of the *Dnyan Bodhak* (or Knowledge-Imparter) No. 2, the Gujerati version of Chambers' Moral Class-book, and the Rudiments of Geography. Besides this, additional instruction in some of the leading facts of Natural History has been communicated in connexion with Varty's "Graphic Illustrations of Animals," and "Natural Phenomena with Pictorial Illustrations." The children also chant moral songs in pleasant chorus. The instruction in sewing and in working in Berlin wool has also been much extended. With regard to moral training, the children have had much instruction, and can recite stories with respect to such subjects, as—the danger of loading children with ornaments; unhappiness of children who have been too much indulged in youth; our duties towards God; obligations to parents; duties of mothers; necessity of cleanliness; folly of believing in Bhuts, Gins, and other commonly prevalent superstitions. From the results of the examinations, it would seem that the masters and the superintendents have successfully carried out the plans of the society. On the increase of pupils the society has tried to dispense as much as possible with the services of assistant masters, and in their places, to employ *advanced girls as monitors*, paying them small salaries as encouragement. By this means a slight reduction in expence is effected, and the still more important object gained of training female teachers."

The distribution of prizes a *few months ago to the most advanced of the pupils in these schools* was one of the most interesting sights that could be witnessed in India. On that occasion about 150 Parsee girls were present, of ages ranging from four or five to ten or eleven years, handsomely dressed, pretty in countenance, lively but gentle in demeanour, and not at all abashed into awkwardness or dulness by the presence of the large assemblage of European ladies and gentlemen and native gentlemen, that surrounded them; the girls read aloud, and explained some moral stories in Gujratti, and answered the questions on various subjects put to them through an interpreter, by Sir E. Perry, with a readiness and intelligence fully as great as English children of their age would have shewn, and they received their prizes of books, prints, and work-boxes from the hands of the highest lady at the Presidency, with an air of modest and winning grace. Surely all this will be followed by beneficial consequences. To the young and aspiring natives of Bombay, the Grant Medical College is in Medical Science what the Elphinstone Institution is in Literature and General Science. Parsees and Hindoos run a close race here too. At the examination of the Medical students a few months ago, of eight scholarships competed for, five were awarded to Parsees, two to Hindoos, and one to an Indo-Portuguese; and for the Diploma of Graduate, two Parsees and three Hindoos were successful candidates. In applying the comparisons, above given, it must

be remembered that the Hindoos of Bombay out-number the Parsees three-fold. The educated Parsees fill a fair proportion of such situations as demand some degree of literary ability. Among other instances, several of them are masters in the schools of the Elphinstone Institution; one is an Interpreter in the Supreme Court; several fill Deputy Magistracies and other uncovenanted appointments; one Parsee is the reporter of an English daily newspaper; and several others are Editors of Gujeratti newspapers, in which they deal with public men and public measures in a pungency of style at least equal to that of their European brethren, and in a censoriousness of tone that would have ensured their speedy editorial extinction in the days of Mr. John Adam, and that, even in the eyes of lovers of a Free Press, too often degenerates from liberty to licentiousness. Two converted Parsees are now clergymen of the Free Church of Scotland, and take their share in the teaching and preaching labors of the Missionaries of that Church in Bombay. One Parsee gentleman, formerly a Commissioner of the lately abolished Court of Requests, is a leading Vukeel of the Sudder Adawlut. This gentleman in early life published some English poems which gained him the appellation, half in jest, of "The Byron of the East," on the strength of which he visited Europe, and was received with such distinction there, after the fashion of Englishmen towards those whom they choose to consider Eastern Grandees, that it almost turned the young man's head. Time, however, has sobered down the conceited Parsee Poet into a sensible practical lawyer. He addresses the Sudder Court in English, which he speaks almost as well as one to the language born; and he quite equals an English Barrister (if that is any praise) in the usual modes of winning a client's cause, and, it may be added, in promptitude of resource and acuteness of reasoning. Besides this gentleman, several other Parsees have visited Europe; and two of them connected with the Dockyard of Bombay, who resided for a considerable period in England for the purpose of becoming practically versed in scientific ship-building, have published an interesting narrative of their English experiences. At least, one Parsee of rank also has published vernacular works showing an intimate acquaintance with Eastern Literature. The number of Parsees on the Grand Jury generally exceeds that of Hindoos and Mahomedans put together. The Parsees are taking an active lead in an association just formed in Bombay for the redress of native grievances by the representation to the Indian and Home Authorities of the wants of the people of India, and of the measures calculated to advance their welfare, and are subscribing their cash thereto by hundreds and thousands of Rupees.

Parsee women do not resemble their European sisters as much as their lords and masters do the men of Europe; but they are not, upon the whole, so utterly dis-similar to them as are other native females. There is quite as little concealment about their women among Parsees, as among the

Hindoos of Western India: with both these races, however, it is almost needless to say, women do not occupy the same honorable station as in Europe. Parsee ladies do not enter society; their mode of life is generally very retired; their amusements, if not their principal occupation, consist in female visits and mutual displays of jewellery and fine clothes, in listening to the traditions of story tellers and Priests, and obeying the superstitious behests of the latter, and in doing nothing; they are betrothed when children (although in a few instances this custom has been broken through;) and they are little regarded by their husbands as companions. Still they have repeatedly been introduced at their own houses by their husbands and fathers to European ladies and gentlemen, and some of them of the highest rank have, on one occasion at least, been introduced into mixed European and native company (an example however that has not been followed); many of them can read and write, and a few have even managed the commercial affairs of their deceased husbands. It is only under peculiar circumstances that more than one wife is permitted to a Parsee, and the privilege is one rarely, if ever, taken advantage of. The women of the lower classes appear openly and unreservedly on the streets, while pursuing their common occupation of bearing jars of water from the wells to their houses. Parsee females worship in the Fire Temples; and as has already been stated, numerous Parsee girls of all ranks are now receiving a good education in schools conducted by competent masters. It is, upon the whole, probable that Parsee ladies will take the lead in female advancement in India.

The moral character of the Parsees has not at all improved of late years. It was once a common remark, that they were the Quakers of the East,—inasmuch as their pursuits were invariably peaceful, that their manners were inoffensive, that no beggars existed among them, and that they were seldom seen in the Courts of Justice either as suitors or culprits. In this last respect matters have now woefully changed. Some of the toughest and bitterest lawsuits in the Supreme Court of Bombay consist of Parsee disputes about house-property and commercial transactions. Parsees furnish their due proportion of honorable and dishonorable applicants for "the benefit of the Act;" disreputable characters from among them are brought up at the Police offices just as often as their neighbours, on charges of assaults, drunken squabbles, thefts and gambling; transportation and lengthened periods of imprisonment have been the result of several robberies and forgeries committed of late by Parsees; and three Parsees have met their death on the scaffold of Bombay within the last two years for two distinct and most cold-blooded murders of women for the sake of their ornaments. There are now several Parsee women of bad repute in Bombay: some years ago (if general rumour is to be credited) their career would have been a short one; but the Parsee Punchayet have now apparently relaxed the sternness of its discipline. Notwithstanding all this however, the Parsee community continue to be, upon the whole,

a highly respectable and respected one. It has been remarked that all nations, in a moral point of view, are more nearly on an equality than the vanity of civilization is willing to admit,—the want of certain qualities in a nation being generally compensated by the possession of others of a different nature. A portraiture of the peculiar character of a people is, besides, seldom very faithful or accurate: if their supposed characteristics are broadly set down it generally turns out that they share them in common with other nations; and if details are given, there are so very many exceptions to be included and shades of difference marked that the character as thus modified, can scarcely be said to apply nationally: perhaps the best mode of estimating the character of a particular people is by contrast. Bearing these observations in mind, it may be said that Parsees, in the virtues of domestic life, are superior to the Mahomedans, and perhaps to the Hindoos that surround them, and not much below the average standard of Christendom; in the qualities appertaining to "the great family of Truth," superior to most Asiatics, and in public spirit, in philanthropy, and in desire and capability of progress, not perhaps inferior to any race except the Anglo-Saxon.

One Parsee gentleman stands out prominently from among his brethren.—Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy, the well known Parsee Knight. Sir Jamsetjee is now above seventy years of age; but his mental faculties are still unimpaired; although old age is telling upon his bodily powers, and he has resigned his vast commercial business into the hands of his sons. He has been the sole architect of his own high position and splendid fortunes, his father having been, it is said, an humble dealer in empty bottles, from which circumstance Sir Jamsetjee is known among the Bombay populace by the appellation of the "*Bottleewallah.*" A series of successful commercial speculations chiefly in the China trade, has rendered him the wealthiest among the wealthy merchants of the Parsee community. Never certainly has any man expended the gifts of fortune in a more noble manner. A list of his donations in the cause of humanity would fill a volume. It is Sir Jamsetjee Jeejeebhoy who, wholly or in chief part, has bestowed the means for the construction of the substantial and most useful causeway which connects the Island of Bombay at its North-Western extremity with the adjacent large Island of Salsette,—for the construction of the Bund or Dam across the Moola-Moota river at Poona, and the requisite accompanying works, for the purpose of supplying the capital of the Dekhan with water,—a scarcity of which has been painfully experienced there on several occasions—and for the erection of the magnificent Hospital in Bombay for persons of all races and creeds, and of the adjoining Obstetric Institution; besides having constructed numerous Dhurmsallas, Wells, and Reservoirs throughout the Presidency. In addition to these public works, he has expended vast sums in Parsee sacred and charitable edifices and objects, such as Fire-Temples, Cemeteries, Animal Asylums, the periodical performance of Parsee

rites and ceremonies, the formation of a fund for the funeral expenses of poor Parsees and so on, and for general philanthropic purposes, such as the amicable adjustment of disputes, a fund for the aid of respectable native families in distress, the release of debtors from gaol, and the encouragement and assistance of native students. It was estimated some years ago that his donations for public, charitable, and religious purposes amounted to nearly twenty lakhs of rupees; and as he still pursues his course of philanthropy as vigorously as ever, his expenditure in the cause of humanity must by this time fall little short of thirty lakhs, or £300,000! Few men have deserved so well of their country as this princely Parsee; and it is gratifying to be able to state that his services have not been overlooked. About ten years ago, at the recommendation of the Court of Directors, the honor of Knighthood by letters patent was conferred upon him by the Queen as a mark of Her Majesty's approbation, and as an encouragement to other natives of India to follow his noble example. The Directors themselves have presented him with a gold medal set with diamonds in honor of his munificence and patriotism; and in his splendid mansion in the Fort of Bombay are to be seen several testimonials of the respect and esteem in which he is held by his European and native fellow-citizens. But his most enduring memorials will be found in the numerous noble structures for the public good that owe their origin to him, and with many of which his name is indissolubly connected; and it is not going too far to assert that, generations hence, he will live in the grateful remembrance of the inhabitants of Western India. Meanwhile his life-evening (as the Germans call it) is a happy and an honored one. On the occasion of the late distribution of prizes to the Parsee school girls, which ceremony took place in Sir Jamsetjee's mansion, it was a most pleasing sight to behold the venerable and benevolent looking Parsee Knight, as he sat surrounded by the numerous European and native visitors, surveying with gratified countenance the interesting scene formed by the assembled circle of pretty, nicely-dressed little girls, among whom were several of his own grand-children, as each stepped forward modestly but gracefully to receive the prize to which her proficiency in school had entitled her.

The Parsee community are divided into two sects by a chronological dispute about the computation of the era of Zezdezird, a dispute that as yet has produced no greater disagreement between the two parties than the difference of one month in the celebration of their festivals. The modern sect, styled *Ruzmses*, far out-number their older rivals the *Kudmces*. The priesthood forms a distinct class among the Parsees, but intermarriages with the laity are permitted—that is to say, males of the priestly class can marry females of the laity, but lay males cannot marry females of the priestly class. The Parsee Clergy of Bombay consist of a chief *Dustoor* or High Priest, two subordi-

nate *Dustoors*, and numerous *Mobeds* or priests of a lower grade. They are held in less estimation by their people than the ministers of any other religion under the sun, and have been in particularly bad odour of late, owing to their practising the various devices of priestcraft (often for purposes of extortion and immorality) in too barefaced a manner for the present enlightened generation. Indeed, the piety and morality of the Mobeds are said to be at a very low ebb. The Parsee religion itself has nothing inspiring or ennobling in it. It is, as is well known, a somewhat modified version of the religion of the ancient Guebres or Fire-worshippers,—a sect that, before the rise of Mahomed, divided the then known Asiatic world with the Sabæans and the Christians. A recent English writer has thus described the Guebre creed :—

"The creed of the Magians or Guebres was originally simple and spiritual, inculcating a belief in one Supreme and Eternal God, in whom and by whom the Universe exists ; that he produced through his creating Word two active principles, Ormusd, the principle or angel of light or good, and Ahriman, the principle or angel of darkness or evil : that these formed the world out of a mixture of their opposite elements, and were engaged in a perpetual contest in the regulation of its affairs. Hence the vicissitudes of good and evil, accordingly as the angel of light or darkness has the upper hand : this contest would continue until the end of the world, when there would be a general resurrection, and a day of judgment ; the angel of darkness and his disciples would then be banished to an abode of woeful gloom, and their opponents would enter the blissful realms of ever-during light. The primitive rites of this religion were extremely simple. The Magians had neither temples, altars, nor religious symbols of any kind, but addressed their prayers and hymns directly to the Deity, in what they conceived to be his residence, the sun. They reverenced this luminary as being his abode, and as the source of the light and heat of which all the other heavenly bodies are composed ; and they kindled fires upon the mountain tops to supply light during its absence. Zoroaster first introduced the use of Temples, wherein sacred fire, pretended to be derived from heaven, was kept perpetually alive through the guardianship of priests, who maintained a watch over it night and day."

But this "simple and spiritual" faith has much degenerated from the days of its first prophets. The divine principle has been lost sight of in the symbol ; the sun has come to be popularly regarded as the real Deity ; many puerile observances connected with fire have been introduced ; and even Hindoo superstitions have been engrafted on the tenets and practices of Zoroaster. The Parsees of the present day, if we except the more truth-seeking of the educated class, are not, in appearance at least, indifferent to their religion such as it is. There are at present in Bombay about a dozen Fire-Temples, three of which are of a superior order, —Parsee Cathedrals as it were. The external appearance of these edifices is that of handsome bungalows. Of their interior it is

more difficult to speak,—for with a few rare exceptions in the case of favored individuals, they are sealed to the inspection of professors of other creeds. The sacred fire which continually burns in them is kept in a silver censer or urn, in the innermost Holy of Holies : it is composed, or is supposed to be composed, of a portion of fire taken from the Eternal Fire of Zezd (in Persia,) mingled with seventeen other portions of fire taken indiscriminately from temples or households. The scruples of the Parsees regarding fire come under daily observation. They are averse to use fire-arms, deeming this a wanton abuse of the sacred element. They never extinguish their household fires, but cover them with ashes, and allow them to expire of themselves ; and as for candles and lamp-lights, the more orthodox (and well to-do) people allow them to burn out, while the less particular poor blow them out with a fan, the breath being, it seems, never used for the purpose. However the Parsees have progressed so far on the road from superstition to common sense, as now-a-days not to deem the putting out of a conflagration sinful, for superstition in these mercenary times is very apt to give way when it comes into collision with interest. Parsees lend fire freely to each other ; but it is against their rules to do so to persons of other persuasions,—although the less scrupulous shopkeepers will hand you a lighted match for the cigars you have just purchased from them. The Parsees perform their religious ceremonies in the Fire Temples with their shoes on,—in accordance with which practice they are the only natives that are allowed to keep them on (at the same time keeping on their peculiar caps) while taking oaths in the Supreme Court. The Parsee devotions to the sun are paid in the most public places. The chief scene of this adoration in Bombay is Back-bay Beach, which is also a favorite European lounge. Here, of an evening, as the sun is setting, the spacious shore is dotted with Parsees at their devotions, which they carry on quite regardless of the equestrians and pedestrians that pass and repass by them, chatting and laughing. The worshippers alternately stand, kneel, and prostrate themselves on the sand, with their hands clasped, uttering prayers with great rapidity. Sometimes they have a book from which they read aloud. The curious part of the business is that few of them understand either what they say by way of prayer or what they read from their books, for both are in the Zend language, which is the language of their sacred volumes, and is now an unknown tongue, except to a few of their most learned men. The enlightened Parsees profess to regard the sun merely as the most glorious visible symbol of the Deity ; and this is no doubt the case ; but, as has always happened under similar circumstances, the symbol has, with the ignorant and credulous majority, taken the place of Him whose attributes it was intended merely to represent. Idolatry, however, in the sense of the worship of images made with hands, does not exist among the Parsees. Numerous puerile ceremonies are imposed on the followers of the Zoroastrian religion, with the ob-

ject of bringing down the blessing of the good, and of propitiating the evil spirits, who have sprung from the opposite principles of Ormuzd and Ahriman. Their observances relative to the dead are numerous, somewhat repulsive, and not particularly edifying. It is difficult, however, for an European to give an accurate account of them, as Parsees are not communicative on the subject, and will not permit the members of other persuasions to be present at the celebration of the rites attendant upon death. They appear to have been less particular once ; for an old writer, the Revd. Mr. Ovington, Chaplain, has described a Parsee funeral, at which he was present at Surat in 1689. The Reverend Gentleman's general account of the Parsees of India, as they appeared in the seventeeth century, is so quaintly interesting that I shall make no apology for transcribing it :—it presents, as will be seen, a contrast in some particulars to the state of matters at the present day.

"The *Persies*," says Mr. Ovington, "are a Sect, very considerable in *India*, of whom the Tradition is, that coming from *Persia* in a Tempest, at the time that *Mahomet* and his Followers gave Laws to the *Persians* (which they were unwilling to submit to) they were driven to that distress, that they almost despaired of Life, till hearing a Cock Crow, and espying Fire at Land, they recover'd their hopes of safety, and gain'd a speedy arrival. The Cock therefore is as much esteem'd by them, as the Cow is by the *Bannians*, of the lives of both which they are the zealous Patrons and Protectors. * * * Nor was the Vestal Fire ever more Sacred than all other Fires are with the *Persics*, the extinction of which, if it is voluntary, is a Crime as hainous, as if the vital heat of the Cock, or some other belov'd Animal were destroyed ; so that if their Houses were on Fire, they would sooner be persuaded to pour on Oyl to increase, than Water to asswage the Flame. If a Candle is once lighted, they would judge the Breath of him more than Pestilential, that durst attempt to blow it out. And a *Persy* Servant, who is commanded to bring a hot Steel, and warm with it a Bowl of Punch, will plead his Excuse, and that he dare not hasten the coolness of the Steel by a violent abatement of the Heat. The active Flame must be allow'd to live, whilst there's any Fuel for it to feed on ; if the Fire is once kindled, all care is taken that it comes to a natural Expiration, and no violence allow'd to bring it to a period sooner. * * * At their solemn Festivals, whither an hundred or two sometimes resort, in the Suburbs of the City, each Man according to his Fancy and Ability brings with him his Victuals, which is equally distributed, and eat in common by all that are present. For they shew a firm Affection to all of their own Sentiments in Religion, assist the Poor, and are very ready to provide for the Sustenance and Comfort of such as want it. Their universal kindness, either in employing such as are Needy and able to work, or bestowing a seasonable bounteous Charity to such as are Infirm and Miserable ; leave no Man Destitute of Relief, nor suffer a Beggar in all their Tribe ; and herein so far comply

with that excellent rule of *Pythagoras, to enjoy a kind of community among friends.* These *Persies* are by another Name termed *Gaures,* or Worshippers of Fire, because of their Veneration for that Element; and were Transported into *India,* when *Calyf Omar* reduced the Kingdom of *Persia* under the Power of the *Mahometans;* and they profess the Ancient Religion of the *Persians.* * * * But I believe what remains of this Cast are most of them in the Kingdom of the *Great Mogul.*

But we read of some in *Persia* of great Antiquity. For near Zezd, in the Province of *Ayrack,* which yields the richest and Fairest Tapestries of all *Persia,* and of the World; and on the Mountain *Albors* there are yet some Worshippers of Fire, who are said to have used it about 3000 Years. They are quite so Abstemious in their Diet as the *Bannians,* but Superstitiously refuse to drink after any Stranger, out of the same Cup. In their Callings they are very Industrious and diligent, and careful to train up their Children to Arts and Labor. They are the Principal Men at the Loom in all the Country, and most of the Silks and Stuffs at *Suratt* are made by their Hands. The High Priest of the *Persies* is called *Destoor,* their ordinary Priests *Daroos* or *Harboods.* * * * The noblest Sepulture which they fancy they can bestow upon their deceased Friends is exposing them to be devour'd by the Fowls of the Air, and bestowing their Carcasses on the Birds of Prey. After the Body is for some time dead, the *Halalchors* (which are a sort of sordid *Indians*) take and carry it out upon a Bier, into the open Fields, near the place where it is expos'd to the Fowls of Heaven. When 'tis there decently deposited upon the ground, a particular Friend beats the Fields and neighbouring Villages, upon the hunt for a Dog, till he can find one out; and having had the good luck to meet him, he cherishes and entices him with a Cake of Bread, which he carries in his Hand for that purpose till he draws him as near the Corps as he is able; for the nearer the Dog is brought to the dead Body the nearer are its approaches to Felicity. And if the hungry Cur can by bits of Cake be brought so nigh the Deceased, as to come up to him, and take a piece out of his Mouth, 'tis then an unquestionable Sign, that the Condition he died in was very happy; but if the timorous Dog startles at the sight, or loaths the Object, or being lately well-fed, has no Stomach to that ordinary Morsel, which he must snatch out of the dead Man's Jaws, the Case then with him is desperate, and his state deplorable. The poor Man whom I saw was by these prognosticks very miserable; for the sturdy Cur would by no means be inticed to any distance near him. When the Dog has finisht his part of the Ceremony, two *Daroos,* at a Furlong's distance from the Bier, stand up with joined Hands, and loudly repeat for near half an hour, a tedious Form of Prayer by Heart; but with such a quick dispatch, that they scarce drew Breath all the while; and as soon as they had ended their Petitions, the *Halalchors* took up the Corps, and conveyed it to the Repository, which was near; all the Company ranking themselves by two and two, and following it with

joined Hands. The Corps therefore was left here, and all the Company departing thence, betook themselves to a Rivolet that run near the place for ablution, and return'd afterwards to their proper Habitations in the City. The Burying-place of the *Persies* is an Object the most dreadful, and of the most horrid prospect in the world, and much more frightful than a Field of Slaughter'd Men."

So far the Reverend Mr. Ovington. The performances of the dog, as described by him, are exaggerated at least as applicable to the present time. As far as I can learn, when a Parsee dies at present, a dog is taken into his room, and grasped firmly by a man to prevent his touching the dead body. Three ceremonial prayers are then repeated by a priest, at the end of each of which the dog is made to look upon the face of the dead man, and is then released. On the arrival of the funeral party at the tomb, a dog, which is kept there, has his gaze directed towards the body, and is then fed with cakes by the relatives of the deceased. The presence of the dog is popularly supposed to scare away the demons of evil from the departed or departing soul. The Parsee tombs are known by the poetical name of Towers of Silence. They are white-walled cylindrical buildings, between twenty and thirty feet high, open at the top, and generally standing on secluded eminences. The Towers of Silence in Bombay are situated on the most retired part of Malabar Hill, which is a rocky wooded promontory not far from the City; and some of them are the private property of wealthy Parsee families. Within these Towers the bodies of the dead are exposed on slightly inclined planes of stone, sloping from the walls, there to be denuded of the flesh by vultures and other carrion birds, after which operation the fleshless bones are thrown into pits below, whence they are removed by subterranean entrances when the pits become full. It is difficult to know how the foul custom arose; and it would seem strange, in any other region than the unchanging or slow-changing East, how it could have existed until the present day, in a country where the dead of other sects are either buried or burnt. High and low, rich and poor, among the Parsees, are subjected to the same disgusting exposure in these Towers of Silence. Like Hindoos the Parsees venerate the cow; and some even go so far as to drink the urine of the animal as a religious act. They also venerate the cock, on account, it is said, of his announcing by his crowing the approach of the great Luminary which they worship; but they scruple not to kill hens for the use of the table. Parsees avoid beef as religiously as Hindoos, and pork as Mahomedans. Although in the habit of using certain kinds of fish, flesh, and fowl as food, yet Parsees seem to entertain a general respect for animal life; and imitate the Banians in their support of the Bombay Animal Asylum, in which cattle, poultry, and a whole host of mangy dogs lead a life of luxurious ease. Of dogs indeed, as might be expected from what has been said above, the Parsees are great respecters; and some twenty years ago went

the length of resisting a magisterial edict for the destruction of stray dogs during the hot season, and the violence to which they resorted on that occasion was put an end to only by the military being called out. It is not often however that their religious prejudices bring them into contact with the law or with the religious feelings of their fellow citizens; although this does now and then occur. A few years ago the conversion to Christianity of the two Parsee youths, who are now Free Church Missionaries, occasioned such a ferment amongst the community from which they had seceded—and which, as it admits no proselytes, cannot afford any secession from its ranks, that it was found necessary to protect the two young men from the hostility of their own relatives and the zealous and able Missionary who was the instrument of the conversion, is still spoken of by many Parsees as the very incarnation of the evil principle. Recently, also, a Parsee newspaper Editor, incited by the appearance of a work hostile to his religion, challenged the author of it, a Scottish Missionary, to a public controversy on the truth of their respective creeds; but the matter dropped, as the terms upon which the controversy was to be conducted could not be settled. A notable instance of collision between the Parsees and another section of the population of Bombay occurred last year, when it seemed as if the animosity which had slumbered for twelve hundred years had revived between the respective descendants of the ancient Guebres and their Mussulman conquerors. The commotion originated on the publication by a Parsee Editor, in his Gujratti newspaper, of a sketch of the Life of Mahomed, accompanied by a lithographed portrait of the Prophet. The article was upon the whole written in a moderate tone, although Mahomed's pretensions to the character of a special messenger from God were denied; but the portrait was villainously executed, representing a repulsive looking individual blind of one eye, and, moreover, it is believed that a copy of the wretched daub was stuck up by some malicious individual on the gate of the principal Mosque, with a satirical rhyme scrawled underneath. The faithful were on fire in a moment; violent tumults ensued, in which the Police were resisted, many Parsees roughly handled, and some property destroyed; and for several weeks the Mahomedan rabble of Bombay, which is composed not only of Indians but of vagabonds from all the Moslem countries of Asia, seemed bent on making a religious war out of the matter. The military power was at length put in requisition; and by the influence of some high European functionaries, an assemblage of the leading men of both parties took place, when an apology was tendered by the author of the obnoxious paper, and accepted by the followers of the maligned Prophet, after which a procession of carriages filled with mingled Parsee and Mahomedan gentlemen paraded the city, so as to afford a visible demonstration to the populace that concord had been restored. These disturbances occasioned the death of one Parsee and the mal-treatment of many, and kept numbers of them for weeks in a state of alarm, and

close confinement to their houses; and were followed by the transportation of one or two Mahomedans, and the imprisonment of dozens of them. The Parsees acted purely on the defensive throughout the commotion, and they have received a severe lesson on the consequences of rousing the religious feelings of their fanatical neighbours. It may be added that they have, or ought to have, received a strong idea too, of the difference between the treatment which they experience from the British Government, and that which they might be apt to experience, were Mahomedan ascendancy once more to take the place of the present beneficent rule.

OBSERVER.

August, 1852.

SONNETS FROM PETRARCH.

"In qual parte del ciel, in quale idea."

OH where in Heaven did that bright image grow
Whence nature took that spiritual mien,
That lovely winning face, wherein is seen
How much perfection Earth and Heaven can show?
What Goddess, or what Naiad here below,
Ee'r waved such golden tresses in the air?
What other heart had ever gifts so rare?
Though in their excellence my fate I know—
He who ne'er saw her softly glancing eyes
Knows little how divine may Beauty be!
He who has never had the bliss to see
Her gentle smile, or hear her tender sighs,
And the soft words that her pure thoughts pourtray,
Knows not how Love can save, how Love can slay!

"Sono animali al mondo di si altera vista."

THERE are some creatures in the world, whose eyes
Undazzled gaze upon the noon-day sun—
And some whose feebler nerves his radiance shun,
Nor venture forth till evening veils the skies—
Others, whose vain ambition madly tries
To share too near the glory of the rays,
And only perish in the burning blaze—
Alas! among these last *my* fortune lies!
For I, too feeble to defy the glory,
Of charms like thine, and of resolve too weak,
In the dark night of absence, peace to seek;
With tears fulfil the Moth's ignoble story.
Follow where Fate unpityingly turns me,
And helpless rush into the flame that burns me!

K.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF CARDINAL RICHELIEU.*

I.

SIEGE OF LA ROCHELLE.

On the 20th of July, 1627, the English fleet, consisting of ninety ships of war and transports, besides sloops and smaller vessels under the immediate command of the Duke of Buckingham, came to anchor in the roads of La Rochelle; for the haughty favorite had plunged two nations in war to avenge his wounded vanity. On the following day the Duke sent his Secretary, accompanied by M. de Soubise and a Protestant gentleman, named St. Blancard, to invite the co-operation of the inhabitants of that important city. But the Mayor Godefroy, who was at the head of the peace party, counselled the citizens to decline all communication with the strangers, and to avoid whatever might be construed into hostility or disrespect towards their lawful sovereign. The influence, however, of the Dowager Duchess of Rohan unhappily proved the most powerful, and the envoys of the English commander were admitted to a conference within the walls. It is true that their overtures were rejected, but the Rochellese, while for the moment they overcame the temptation, had listened without repugnance to the voice of the tempter, and the way was thus prepared for their subsequent defection from the path of duty and honour. In accordance with the opinion of the majority, deputies were despatched to his Grace to thank him for his proffered aid, and to inform him that as the people of La Rochelle were resolved to act in strict unison with the other Protestant Churches of France, they could not enter into separate negociation with any Powers. The Duke was greatly astonished at this reply, for he had expected to have been welcomed with open arms, but his hopes were somewhat revived by a private intimation from M. de Soubise, that a large party in the town was secretly disposed to favor his enterprise, and only awaited the actual commencement of hostilities between the two Crowns. Thus re-assured he immediately weighed anchor, and made for the nearest point of the little Island of Rhé. An able and intrepid officer named Toiras held the Island with 3000 troops, of whom one division was placed in fort La Prée, a second in fort St. Martin, and the third, consisting of 700 foot and 300 horse, was intended to oppose the disembarkation of the enemy. The Duke, however, had landed 2000 of his men before the French commander was prepared to oppose him. A sharp conflict ensued, which terminated in favor of the invading force, and after detaching the brave captain Barrière with 120 soldiers

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* The Compiler has closely followed Father Daniel, after carefully collating his history with the accounts transmitted to us by the most trustworthy writers.

to strengthen the garrison of La Prée, Toiras was compelled to retreat into the fort of St. Martin. Had the English followed up their advantage, the whole Island must have fallen into their hands, but the incapacity of their leader allowed five precious days to pass away without striking a second blow, and in the meantime the French recovered from their panic, and placed themselves in a formidable posture of defence. Unable to carry the fortress by assault, the Duke of Buckingham was constrained to convert the siege into a blockade, in the hope that the sufferings of famine would effect what his own want of generalship had failed to accomplish.

Louis XIII. was at this period slowly recovering from a dangerous fever, and it was therefore deemed expedient to conceal from him the imminence of the peril that menaced his kingdom. But not the less strenuous on that account were the measures adopted by Cardinal Richelieu to avert the impending danger. Considerable sums of money were forwarded to the principal sea-ports, with peremptory orders to fit out a sufficient number of ships to cope with the English fleet, and magazines of naval stores and provisions were hastily prepared. The Abbé de Marsillac was at the same time dispatched to the Sables d'Olonne, and the Bishop of Meude to Havre de Grace, to see that the coasts were placed in a state of defence, and to encourage the maritime population.

Meanwhile fort St. Martin continued to be so closely invested, that for an entire month the besieged had ceased to have any communication with their countrymen on the mainland. Their chief distress arose from the scarcity of water, for they had access to only one well, and even that had been polluted by the English. Moved by present suffering and the promise of future reward, three soldiers were induced to attempt, by swimming, the passage of the arm of the sea that divided the island from the continent, and which at this spot was about two leagues across. Letters written in cipher were inclosed in small tin cases covered with wax, and appended to the neck of each messenger who were then let down into the sea. The first sank to the bottom: the second, overcome by fatigue, surrendered to the enemy, but the third safely reached the opposite shore. He had been pursued for some distance by an English vessel, and only escaped by frequently diving, and merely rising to the surface to recover his breath, until his pursuers gave up the chase, under the impression that they were following some monster of the deep. The brave fellow was so utterly exhausted on landing that he was barely able to crawl along the road. In this sad plight, bleeding from numerous fish bites, he was discovered by a peasant, and conducted to Fort St. Louis. His letters being sent to the Duke of Angoulême, Commander-in-Chief of the French army, were duly forwarded to the King, who rewarded the gallant constancy of the soldier by an annual pension of a hundred crowns. His name, however, has only in part been rescued from oblivion, for no two writers agree as to his true appellation. By one he is called La Pierre, by another Pierre Lolannier, and by a third Pierre Lasnier —a native of Gascony—but how-

ever obscure may be his reputation, he undoubtedly rendered a very signal service to the state.

On learning the extremity to which the garrison of Fort St. Martin was reduced, Cardinal Richelieu instructed the governor of Bayonne to send to their relief a flotilla of pinnaces, which the sailors of that port managed with remarkable dexterity. Of fifteen that sailed from Bayonne, freighted with provisions, twelve reached their destination in safety, and by the succour they so seasonably afforded, revived the drooping spirits of the besieged. The daily allowance of each soldier was now augmented by four ounces of bread, and a plate of vegetables. Their position was also greatly ameliorated by the opportunity they enjoyed of transporting the women, the sick, and the wounded, to the main land, on board the empty vessels. On the 29th September a second flotilla of ten pinnaces arrived from Bayonne, but their commander D'Andouin represented to the Duke of Angoulême that it would be the height of presumption to expect that his small vessels could again escape from the English cruizers, without incurring at least some loss. A fleet of thirty-five armed ships, manned by 400 sailors, 300 soldiers, and about sixty gentlemen, was therefore appointed to convoy the store boats. A brisk cannonade was for some time exchanged with the enemy's fleet, which however was at length repulsed—with the loss to the French of only one ship. Five of the pinnaces alone reached St. Martin; the others having run aground during the night, and next morning being completely riddled by the shot from the English guns, though the stores were secured and removed to the Fort. On the 18th of the ensuing month D'Andouin again stood out to sea under cover of the darkness of the night, and traversed the enemy's fleet without molestation. One pinnace however that waited until daylight was captured after a gallant resistance, during which its commander was slain.

In the meantime the inhabitants of La Rochelle allowed themselves to be overcome by the vaunting promises of the Duke of Buckingham, and the insidious intrigues of M. de Soubise, and imprudently fired on Fort St. Louis, which returned the compliment by repeated discharges of red-hot shot. The King's troops then gradually drew round the town on the land side, and on the 12th of October Louis XIII. arrived in person to superintend the operations of his army. Toiras had more than once found means to apprize the royalists of the progress of the siege. He particularly insisted on the necessity of landing a corps of at least 6000 men on the island of Rhé, and of attacking the English camp, as the only means of compelling them to retire, and of relieving the fort. The council, however, was much divided in opinion, and Marillac, the keeper of the Seals, vehemently opposed a step fraught with so much uncertainty and danger. But the Cardinal expressed himself in favor of the enterprise, and on the 30th of October, a considerable body of troops was thrown into the island. An overwhelming force of the enemy immediately fell upon them with fury, and would probably have cut

them to pieces had not reinforcements providentially arrived, and turned the scale of victory. The citizens of La Rochelle now urged the Duke of Buckingham to direct his entire force against the King's troops, before they could have time to entrench themselves, and even sent to his aid five hundred of their own soldiers. But the Duke obstinately refused to comply with their advice, though on the 6th of November, he made a desperate assault upon Fort St. Martin, at four different points at the same moment, when after two hours of hard fighting the English were repulsed with great loss. Next day he dispatched one of his Officers to bid adieu to the gallant Toiras, and to assure him that his only motive for withdrawing his men was not to deprive him of the undivided glory of having compelled him to raise the siege. To oblige the Rochellese he imprudently deferred his re-embarkation for an other day, so that Marshall Schomberg was afforded a favorable opportunity of attacking his rear guard, while in confusion and unsupported, and of defeating it with great slaughter. The keeper of the Seals had again endeavoured to oppose the adoption of bold and hazardous measures, and repeated the old apophthegm that a bridge of gold should be built for a retreating foe, whence he acquired the surname of Marillac Pont D'Or. The English fleet having received the remnants of their armament on board returned to its own country, having rather injured than benefited the people of La Rochelle by its co-operation, for during four entire months the Duke had drawn his supplies from the town, which was never able to replace the deficiency thus caused.

The King was at Surgeres and at table when Toiras was presented to him. As soon as he entered the apartment, Louis XIII. rose from his seat and advanced three steps to meet him. The keeper of the Seals, however, did not evince the same admiration of his able and soldierly conduct, but took occasion to observe that there were five hundred gentlemen in France, who would have acted quite as well. To this invidious remark Toiras replied, that ill would it be for his country if there were not at least two thousand gentlemen quite as competent as himself, but at the same time he felt convinced that there were four thousand fully as able to hold the seals as he who sneered at him.

Cardinal Richelieu now devoted the undistracted energy of his powerful mind to the reduction of La Rochelle. From an early period in his political career he had resolved to humble the Protestants, for until this was accomplished he clearly perceived that it would be impossible to curb the pride and lawless independence of the great lords. He therefore superintended in person the operations of the siege, and frequently astonished generals of the greatest experience by the brilliancy of his conceptions and the soundness of his judgment even in military matters. "The authority with which his Majesty has invested you," observed Marshall Schomberg, on one occasion, "compels us to defer to your opinion, but still more do we defer to the force of your reasons." The first measure taken by the Cardinal was

to draw a line of circumvallation round the town on the land side, so as to prevent the arrival of reinforcements or supplies. It extended four leagues in length, and, while it was itself beyond the range of the enemy's guns, it was strengthened by thirteen forts with formidable outworks. The King's fleet under the Duke of Guise rode triumphantly off the coast, but as several small vessels succeeded in eluding its vigilance, and in conveying provisions to the besieged, the Cardinal determined to construct a digue across the mouth of the channel leading to the harbour of La Rochelle, and which was nearly 1500 yards in width. Metezeau, the King's architect, and Jean Tiriot, a master-mason of Paris, proved the practicability of this gigantic undertaking, and submitted such lucid plans and specifications, that their presence was not even required to direct the works. Huge balks were driven in to a great depth at intervals of four yards, and were connected by transverse beams of equal solidity and strength. Within the Titanic trellis-work thus formed, immense stones were piled up that speedily became connected together by the mud and slime deposited by the tides. The base of this mole measured 24 yards in breadth, and the summit eight, and so lofty was it that the highest tide failed to moisten the pathway at the top. Though not actually beyond the range of the guns of the town, the force of the balls was spent before they arrived, and no impression was made on the masonry. In the centre of the channel an opening was left, eight yards in width, to allow the free passage of the waters, but vessels laden with stones were sunk at its mouth to impede the navigation. Nearly five months were occupied in the construction of the mole, at which the soldiers of the army toiled with emulation, as the amount of their pay depended on the quantity of work they performed. On the part of the besieged no attempt was made to molest the workmen, for they fondly trusted that the first storm would sweep the mighty fabric into the sea.

On the 16th of December the Rochellese demanded passports for the women and the infirm, which were refused by Louis XIII. with characteristic firmness. The Duchess of Rohan proved equally unsuccessful in soliciting permission to depart for herself and two hundred ladies—the obdurate monarch contenting himself with replying, that they could all leave the town together when the siege was terminated. The towns-people, however, were generally inspired with a firm resolution to perish beneath the ruins of their city, rather than surrender to the enemies of their faith, the unrelenting persecutors of their ancestors and themselves. The population amounted to 27,000 souls, of whom every man capable of bearing arms was a soldier from his early years, and an English corps of 600 men had been left by the Duke of Buckingham, when he so disgracefully withdrew from the contest he had himself vain-gloriously kindled. The reiterated assurances of support given by the English monarch and his unworthy favorite also contributed not a little to give confidence to the besieged, and buoyed them up with deceitful hopes.

The King, however, began to grow weary and disgusted with

the monotony of the blockade, and sighed to return to his capital. The Nobles also affected to entertain much apprehension, lest his health should be endangered by a longer residence amid the unwholesome marshes that surround La Rochelle; nor were they sincerely anxious to reduce the town and pave the way to their own subsequent humiliation. "Nous serons peut-être assez fous," said Marshal Bassompierre, "pour prendre la Rochelle," and the Cardinal was well aware that this disaffection was shared by the other great lords. He therefore endeavoured to dissuade the King from retiring from the camp, but fearing to weaken his own influence by too openly opposing the self-willed monarch, he at length acquiesced in his departure, though he took care to obtain for himself the appointment of Lieutenant General of the Royal Armies in Poitou, Saintonge, the Angoumois and Aunis, which gave him precedence not only over the Marshals of France, but even over the princes of the blood. A severe attack of fever constrained him, however, to suspend for a short time his personal direction of the labours of the siege, but on his recovery he made preparations to carry the town by assault. Three or four attempts having been made without success, he had again recourse to his original plan of starving the inhabitants into submission. The tempestuous state of the sea during the equinoctial gales in March, 1628, caused considerable damage to the mole, and a few small vessels succeeded in conveying a scanty supply of corn to the relief of the beleagured town.

The strictest discipline was meanwhile preserved in the royal camp. Thefts, drunkenness, profane swearing, and blasphemy were prohibited under the severest penalties, while the utmost care was taken to supply the troops with warm clothing and sufficient food. The peasants brought their produce to the camp with as much security as to a well ordered market, and the soldiers received their full pay every week with the greatest regularity. During the fifteen months that the siege continued 25,000 men were comfortably lodged, clothed, and fed, and never perhaps did a besieging army conduct themselves with equal propriety and forbearance, or suffer so little privation. On the 17th of April Louis XIII. returned to the scene of operations, and a week afterwards sent a herald to La Rochelle, to summon the town to surrender, but, misled by their trust in their own resources, and the long promised succours from England, the citizens returned a contemptuous answer, and even threatened to fire on the messenger. At length on the 11th of May the English fleet, consisting of eleven ships of war, and above thirty smaller vessels, appeared off the coast, and inspired the besieged with the most extravagant joy. The bells of the town rang out their merriest peals as the squadron under the Earl of Denbigh, Buckingham's brother-in-law, gallantly stood in, and exchanged broadsides with the enemy's fleet stationed to guard the passage through the digue. But if their satisfaction was great when they beheld the near approach of the long-looked-for succours, inexpressible was their dismay and indignation when the fleet again made

for the open sea, and vanished from their sight. The conduct of the English commander certainly appears inexplicable, though he probably deemed it impossible to force his way to the harbour.

The besieged were now reduced to the greatest extremity. A small allowance of food was daily meted out to the soldiers, but of the inhabitants the rich alone were able to purchase a sufficient meal.

Towards the end of May the citizens compelled the women and the infirm to issue forth from the city, but the King's troops pitilessly fired upon and drove them back under the walls. Moved by their heart-rending supplications the Rochellese threw open the gates, and again received them into the city. The vegetables and even the grass that grew between the camp and the walls were ruthlessly destroyed and plucked up by the roots, lest the besieged should steal forth by night and thus appease the cravings of hunger; and if any one ventured down up the beach to look for the shell-fish abandoned by the receding tide, he instantly became the target of the enemy's sentinels. Nevertheless the inhabitants endured without a murmur the most trying form of human suffering, and an example of unflinching resolution was given by their Mayor Jean Guiton, a man of an indomitable spirit, who had been elected to the perilous post he held six months after the commencement of the siege. For some time he declined the honour tendered by his fellow-townsmen, but on being pressed to accept the charge, he took a poniard in his hand, and addressing the electors, declared that he would comply with their wishes only on one condition:—that he should be allowed to plunge the weapon he grasped into the bosom of the first person who should talk of surrender, and he begged his fellow citizens to extend the same law to himself. Agreeably to his suggestion the poniard was always laid on the table in the Council Hall, to be ready in case of need. A friend one day pointed out to him a poor famished wretch who seemed more dead than alive. "Are you surprised at that?" said he. "Both you and I must come to that if we are not relieved." On another occasion some one despondingly exclaimed, that the famine would soon carry off the entire population. "What matter?" he replied, "so long as there is one left to close the gates." On the 8th of July Cardinal Richelieu sent a drummer with a letter, exhorting the inhabitants to submit themselves to the loving mercies of their sovereign, but the Mayor loudly refused to listen to any terms, and asserted that the English succours would shortly arrive, and bring ample supplies of all kinds. The poor, however, began to murmur, and to form into tumultuous groups, demanding peace or bread. Twelve of these unhappy beings were put to death by the orders of the Mayor, and their heads set up over one of the gates of the town as a warning to others. A bushel of wheat was worth 800 francs. A cow was valued at 700 crowns (3 frs each) and when killed, the meat was valued by the police at 100 sous the pound. Bread fetched 12 frs. the pound, and the same weight of dog, horse, or ass flesh, from 4 to 6 francs. A sheep readily sold for 100 crowns.

When all kinds of live stock, including even rats and mice, had been consumed, recourse was had to leather parchment, and hides boiled with sugar, and one pound of ox-hide thus prepared for table was estimated at three francs. Even the Duchess of Rohan and her daughter lived for three months on horse flesh, with a daily allowance of 4 or 5 oz. of bread. Her cook, disgusted with the loss of his occupation, fled to the enemy, protesting that he would rather be hanged than continue any longer to lead such a life. The Marquis of Feuquières who had been taken prisoner some time before, was left for four days without a morsel of bread, when the Mayor, becoming acquainted with the circumstance, offered the most humble apologies, and permitted him to receive his food from the royal camp.

On the 9th of August a meeting took place of the municipal authorities and the leading inhabitants, at which one of the prœsidial counsellors drew a gloomy picture of the state of affairs, and urged the expediency of negociating with the Cardinal. Before he could terminate his discourse, the Mayor, hurried away by his passions, struck him a violent blow on the face. Another of the counsellors immediately assailed the Mayor, and a disgraceful struggle was about to ensue, when the combatants were separated, and the prœsidial council ordered Guiton to be arrested. But it was more easy to issue the order than to enforce its execution, for the soldiers were entirely devoted to the Mayor, who dispatched a troop to slay the refractory counsellors, and to level their houses with the ground. Fortunately they had already made their escape from the town, but avoiding Sylla they narrowly missed falling into Charybdis. On presenting themselves at the enemy's outposts, and announcing their names, the Cardinal gave orders not to admit them within the camp, as he supposed they were merely fleeing from famine. The earnest solicitations, however, of a kinsman rescued them from their perilous position, and the miserable condition of the besieged became generally known.

A week after this shameful incident a fresh summons was sent to the town by the King-at-Arms, preceded by two trumpeters. While a soldier went to inform the Mayor, a lad of about 17 years of age, carrying in his hands a bag of grass, besought the herald to give him a morsel of bread, for he had not tasted it for two months. Another also came up, and entreated him to take him back with him to the camp. In reply the herald unfeelingly threatened to ride over them. A group of citizens was then seen to issue from the gate, laughing, dancing, and disporting themselves, as if fortune still smiled upon them, and famine were far from their doors. Soon afterwards an officer at the head of a troop of soldiers advanced towards the King's envoy, and peremptorily desired him to retire, and on the other enquiring if the Mayor were aware of his presence, he threatened to fire upon him if he advanced another step. The King-at-Arms then threw down a written copy of the summons, and slowly returned to the camp.

The besieged had for some

time been reduced to feed on hides and skins boiled with sugar or a small portion of suet. Those who were unable to procure these delicacies wandered about in all directions in search of weeds or grass. Emboldened by the gnawings of hunger, they would advance close to the enemy's sentinels to gather the scanty herbage, or perchance to extort from the compassion of the soldier a crust of bread. The King, however, checked their growing audacity, by causing gibbets to be erected at stated intervals, and all who approached within forty paces of the camp were hanged without trial or delay. Still many contrived to escape over the line of circumvallation by night, for the besieging army was not in sufficient force to maintain a very close series of sentinels. The Rochellese deputies at the Court of Charles I. were thus kept constantly advised of the progress of the siege, and were earnestly entreated to hasten the dilatory movements of the Duke of Buckingham. Towards the latter end of August two men were seized by the King's troops, but after the closest examination nothing could be found upon them, until the torture was applied, when one of them confessed that he was the bearer of secret dispatches, which had been enclosed in a silver almond, and then swallowed by him. Medicines were promptly administered, and on the fourth day the precious fruit again was brought to light. The two men, one of whom happened to be the silversmith that had made the almond, were both hanged. The same fate awaited a watch-maker, who was arrested a few days afterwards, and in the lining of whose dress a letter was found written in cipher. While being led to execution, the unhappy creature declared, that during six weeks he had obtained only three pounds of bread for his entire family, and for this he had paid 42 sous per lb.

On the 29th of August another meeting was held in the town, when the Mayor read a letter from Charles I. promising efficient relief by the 16th of the ensuing month. He then encouraged them to hold out yet a little longer, for they could expect no mercy from the brutality of a victorious soldiery, exasperated by so long a resistance. For his own part he would rather that they would kill him and allay their hunger with his flesh, than that they should even think of surrendering. Four days afterwards, on the conclusion of the sermon, Guiton rose in his place, and declared aloud, that the English fleet would infallibly arrive by Michaelmas. On this a woman sprung up and exclaimed, that for a fortnight she had not tasted a mouthful of bread, and that the nurse of her babe was dying of hunger. Others also arose and clamorously demanded food, or submission to the King. A female, however, rescued the Mayor from his embarrassment by boxing the ears of the first speaker, which the other quickly returned, and the two fair combatants grasping each other by the hair of the head gave and received a multitude of blows before they could be parted. But the peace party began to gain the ascendant, and to preserve his influence Guiton was constrained to open a negociation with the Cardinal. His ill-faith, however, was soon evinced by a fire ship

being suddenly directed against the blockading squadron, though it failed to do any damage.

On the 28th September hope once more revived in the bosoms of the besieged, for the English fleet, under the Earl of Lindsay, was seen making for the channel under all sail. A noble enthusiasm to repel the foreign invaders animated the chivalry of France, and so many lords and gentlemen flocked to the royal standard, that they were formed into three volunteer corps of the best and bravest in the land. Louis XIII. being desirous to dispatch a courier with the tidings to the Queen Mother at Paris, could find no one who would undertake a charge that must necessarily deprive him of the opportunity of distinguishing himself, and at last one of the King's almoners was obliged to become the bearer of the news. A few days afterwards Lord Lindsay made a feeble attempt to force a passage into the harbour, but after exchanging some broadsides in the course of two consecutive days, he recognized the impracticability of the enterprise. He therefore advised the Rochellese to make peace with the King, and the terms of a final adjustment were gradually arranged. The Cardinal having now attained his object was willing to exhibit a greater degree of leniency towards the rebels than they either expected or deserved. With a few exceptions the lives and property of the citizens were secured to them, and they were allowed the free exercise of their religion. But the fortifications of the town were razed to the ground, and it was forbidden to erect even a garden wall around it. The municipal privileges of this anomalous republic were also entirely suppressed, and after seventy years of insolent self-rule, La Rochelle was again subjected to the laws and usages of the realm.

On the 30th of October the King's troops marched into the town in admirable order, and no attempt was made to avenge the obstinacy of the defence on the half-famished population. Five thousand of the inhabitants alone survived, and of the English corps not one hundred were found alive. Unable any longer to control the impulses of hunger, the women threw themselves upon the soldiers, and snatched from them the bread fastened on their cartridge boxes. The generous victors were moved with compassion for their distress, and readily resigned the coveted prize. In the afternoon the Cardinal himself entered the place, and caused a large quantity of bread to be gratuitously distributed among the citizens. So great was the avidity of the extenuated and famished wretches, that above a hundred died from the effects of hasty repletion. The following day was devoted to the interment of the dead, for the air was infected by the foul vapours that arose from the putrifying corpses that laid unburied on the surface of the cemeteries. Many had crawled thither to breathe their last, and few had sufficient strength to bury their own dead out of sight. In some houses the entire family had perished, and the last survivors were found as they had died, only far advanced in decomposition. On the 31st of October also about 3000 wagons brought into the town an ample supply of all sorts of provisions, which were sold to the inhabitants at

the same price as in the King's camp. Next morning, being All Saints' Day, the Archbishop of Bordeaux at an early hour purified and reconsecrated the Church of St. Margaret, in which Cardinal Richelieu, at the appointed hour, celebrated the service of High Mass. In the afternoon Louis XIII. made his triumphal entry into La Rochelle, clad in complete armour, and preceded by his guards. The municipal authorities in the attitude of prayer and deprecation received him at the gate, and being forbidden to deliver an harangue, made the air resound with shouts of *Vive le Roi!* The Mayor, however, was treated with marked coldness, and was refused permission to present himself before the King. The Duchess of Rohan and her daughter were also punished for their obstinacy, and being excluded from the benefits of the capitulation, were conveyed captives to Niort. In other respects the Rochellese had reason to congratulate themselves that they had fallen into the hands of one who knew when to spare as well as when to chastise, but the fall of the Protestant republic was the funeral knell of the haughty polyarchy that had so long encroached on the prerogatives of the sovereign, and trampled under foot the liberties of the people.

II.

CAPTURE AND EXECUTION OF THE DUKE OF MONTMORENCY.

Marshall Schomberg having effected the passage of the Fresquel without opposition, drew up his little army in order of battle, in an advantageous post, not far from Castelnaudari. His entire force consisted of only 1200 horse and 1000 foot, while the troops of Gaston of Orleans amounted to more than double that number. As an engagement appeared inevitable, the Duke of Montmorency requested permission to reconnoitre the enemy's position, pledging himself to exercise the utmost caution and forbearance. It had been agreed in the Council of War held by the Duke of Orleans, that the attack should not be made until the infantry and artillery had come up. But this prudent plan of operations was frustrated by the impatient valour of the young Count of Moret, who commanded the auxiliary squadrons of foreign horse. At the head of a troop of Carbineers, supported by some 500 Poles, he charged a body of the royalist cavalry, but being killed by the first discharge, his men withdrew from the combat, declaring, that their duty was merely to defend the guns and the person of the Prince.

Misled by the report of fire-arms on the right, the Duke of Montmorency imagined that the battle had actually commenced, and, forgetful of the promise he had given, exclaimed aloud: "Now my friends, let us charge this cavalry." The Count de Rieux, who was an older and more experienced soldier, pointed out the extreme folly and temerity of such a step, because between them and the enemy extended a deep ditch, at least twenty feet wide. "Monsieur

de Rieux, my good friend," replied the Duke, "it is too late to temporize. Let us charge like men." "Monsieur," answered the Count, "I will die at your feet." The Duke then placed himself at the head of his cavalry, and approached within thirty paces of the enemy's left wing, when a well-directed volley dispersed his followers, and left him almost alone. Without pausing to consider the extent and utter uselessness of the danger he was certain to incur, he leaped his charger across the trench, accompanied by the Count de Rieux, and four other gentlemen. A second volley, however, laid his companions dead, or dying, on the ground. The Duke himself was struck, but he shot down a soldier who had just fired at him, and with a second pistol he wounded in the arm the Sieur Beauregard, a captain of light horse. In return Beauregard sent a bullet through his assailant's right cheek and shattered several of his teeth. Maddened by the pain, the Duke rushed blindly into the midst of the enemy, cutting down whom he encountered. But suddenly his horse fell and rolled over upon him. Enfeebled by the loss of blood from many wounds, the unfortunate nobleman strove in vain to disengage himself, when another horse fell over him and crushed him beneath its weight. Unable to regain his feet, the Duke began to shout aloud: *Montmorency! Montmorency!* A sergeant of the Guards, named Ste. Marie, recognizing his voice, ran up to him, and feelingly expressed his sorrow to find him in such a condition. The Duke besought him not to abandon him, which Ste. Marie readily promised, and further exhorted him to make his peace with the Deity as his hours on earth seemed fast ebbing away. The Duke replied that the repentance he felt for his sins, and particularly for his rebellion against his sovereign, would assuredly conduct him to Paradise. Seeing some soldiers approach, and fearing that they would plunder him, he drew off a valuable ring from his fingers, and entreated the serjeant to deliver it to the Duchess of Montmorency. One of these soldiers stopped to aid him, and having raised up his head, the wounded man perceived another serjeant of the Guards, named Boutillon, who happened to be personally known to him. The two serjeants assisted to remove the Duke's cuirass which had been pierced in several places, and endeavoured to allay his sufferings. His eye then alighted on St. Preuil, a captain of the guards, whose company was stationed near at hand. "Ah! St. Preuil!" he exclaimed. "Cheer up, sir," replied the other. "It is nothing at all." Aided by some of his men Ste. Marie proceeded to remove his wounded prisoner to the rear when the Marquis of Brezé came up and enquired whom he had got there. On learning that it was the Duke of Montmorency, he also said to him: "Cheer up, Monsieur; it will be nothing after all," and at the same time made a sign to Ste. Marie to lose no time in conveying him beyond the possibility of a rescue.

The Duke was first of all transported to a farm-house half way between the field of battle and Castelnaudari, while means were being sought for his removal to

the town. A ladder was soon procured, on which a plank was stretched covered with straw, and upon this the noble prisoner was carried into Castelnaudari, his head supported in the arms of Ste. Marie. The people crowded into the streets to see him pass, and even threatened to rescue him from the soldiery, but the temperate firmness of the latter awed the multitude, and he was safely escorted to a house, wherein the King had recently lodged. On being undressed, and placed in bed, it was discovered that he had received no fewer than seventeen wounds. Under the impression that he was at the point of death, he now confessed himself to the Almoner of Marshall Schomberg, and received absolution.

The popularity of the Duke, who was adored by the inhabitants of Languedoc, rendered it unadvisable to allow him to remain long at Castelnaudari. He was therefore removed to the Chateau of Lectoure, and consigned to the custody of the Marquis of Roquelaure, the Governor.

No exertions were left untried on the part of his numerous and powerful family to obtain the release of the Duke of Montmorency. The Princess of Condé, the Duchesses of Angoulême and Ventadour, and even the haughty Duke of Epernon humbly supplicated the King to show mercy to a nobleman of such high merit, who so often had served his Majesty with zeal and success. But his fate was sealed, his cause had been pre-judged. Cardinal Richelieu had resolved to make a terrible example, as a warning to the other great lords that they could no longer with impunity take up arms against their sovereign.

Towards the latter end of October, 1632, the Marquis of Brezé was commissioned by the King to conduct the Duke to Toulouse, where it had been arranged his trial should take place. While the Marquis was intimating his instructions, the noble prisoner listened to him with much gentleness of manner, and even enquired after the health of his Majesty and of the Cardinal. He felt that his end was nigh at hand, and he determined to die as he had lived, a perfect gentleman and a valiant soldier. So convinced was he of the certainty of his death, that one day, when the Surgeon was assuring him that none of his wounds was dangerous, he replied, "My friend, you have forgotten your own craft, for I can tell you that there is not one wound, not even the slightest, that will ever be healed."

The Princess of Condé found means to possess him of a memoir, in which were set forth the objections he might legally urge against the jurisdiction of the Parliament of Toulouse; but he tore it in pieces, refusing, with manly pride, to "quibble for his life."

Every precaution was taken to prevent the possibility of a rescue, as he was being conveyed to the Hotel de Ville of that city, and the streets were lined with soldiers to keep off the pressure of the sorrowing crowd. During his confinement here, his meat was served up in the form of mince, as he was forbidden to have either knife or fork, lest by a Roman death he should save

himself from the ignominy of a public execution.

It is needless to dwell on the formalities of the trial to which he was subjected, for the sentence had been determined on before the examinations commenced. Father Arnoux, superior of the Jesuits at Toulouse, to whom the Duke was greatly attached, was allowed to attend him in his last moments, and to offer him the consolations of religion. It was originally intended that his execution should take place on the 29th of October, but the Duke so earnestly begged a respite of one day to enable him to review his past life, and to make a general confession, that the King at length acceded to his entreaties. Two hours of this brief interval were occupied in calling to remembrance the sins and follies of an entire life-time, after which he attended the celebration of Mass in the chapel of the Citadel, and received the Sacrament. "My father," said he to his Confessor when they had returned to his apartment, "we need have no fear of death when we have within us the Author of life. I hope soon to behold the God whom I have just received."

The remainder of the morning was spent in devotional exercises, but after dinner he turned his attention to the adjustment of his worldly affairs, and committed to paper his last wishes on this head, though he was previously informed that their fulfilment would depend entirely on the pleasure of the King. After bequeathing his property to his nearest relations and dearest friends, the Duke made an exact list of his debts, and left numerous small legacies to his servants, as well as donations to charitable institutions. Even to Cardinal Richelieu, whom he well knew to be the real cause and author of his death, he presented a fine painting, portraying the martyrdom of St. Sebastian, according to some authorities—or a St. Francis, according to others. But his chief anxieties centred in his excellent spouse, the injudicious counsellor of his rebellion. To her he penned the following lines, though it was long after his death, before she was sufficiently composed to read them :—

"My dear heart, I utter the last Adieu with an affection like to that which has always subsisted between us. I conjure you by the peace of my soul, which I hope will shortly be in Heaven, to moderate your resentment and to accept this affliction at the hands of our sweet Saviour. I receive such abundant grace from His mercy, that you ought to feel every consolation. Adieu once more, my dear heart."

HENRI DE MONTMORENCY.

Meantime the highest nobles of the land interceded for the illustrious prisoner, and sought by every means to touch the stony heart of the King and of his yet more inflexible Minister; but Louis listened with impatience to their remonstrances, and usually made no reply, while the Cardinal pleaded state necessity as his reason for not supporting their petitions. On the morning of the 30th, Montmorency was again brought before his judges for his final examination. Most of them turned aside their face to conceal their tears. He alone was unmoved, and with modest dignity candidly replied to every question that was put to him, without aiming to extenuate his own guilt or to implicate others. As

he was leaving the Court of Justice, he complained of feeling indisposed, upon which an officer in waiting offered him a glass of wine. But De Launay, the officer to whose custody he was consigned, fearing that there might be poison in the glass, gave orders that it should first be tasted. The ungenerous suspicion was keenly felt by the Duke, and he refused in consequence to take any refreshment.

According to the sentence, the execution was to take place in the Place du Salin, but in compliance with the entreaties of the friends of the Montmorency family the King consented that the scaffold should be erected within the Court of the Hotel de Ville. On returning to his apartment the Duke wrote a final Adieu to his sister, the Princess of Condé, and to Cardinal de la Valette. He then delivered his last Will and Testament to St. Preuil, and begged him to submit it to His Majesty. While the sentence was being read aloud to him, he remained kneeling before the altar, but as soon as it was finished, he rose from his knees, and addressed a few kindly and becoming observations to the officers of the Parliament who had waited on him in the discharge of their painful duty. He then returned to his devotions, and appeared wholly abstracted from the world around him.

The people of Toulouse shuddered when they beheld the preparations for the tragic event that was about to be accomplished. Cries of "Pardon! Mercy!" were uttered in every street, and penetrated even into the palace of the Archbishop, where the King was lodged. Marshall Chatillon earnestly besought him to gratify an entire nation by one act of clemency. "I should not be King," replied the inexorable Louis, "did I possess the feelings of an individual." The utmost that could be extorted from him was an exemption from being bound by cords like a common malefactor.

The fatal moment at length approached, and the Duke of Montmorency was delivered over to the Provost. He besought the Jesuits, and particularly Father Arnoux, not to forsake him at the last, but to prepare him for a Christian end. His Surgeon, blinded by his tears, was unable to cut off his hair. The Duke perceived his anguish, and, tenderly embracing him, bade him be of good cheer. The executioner then performed this office and uncovered his neck. Every thing being now prepared, he advanced to the door with a firm step, and holding a crucifix in his hands. On entering the Court-yard of the Hotel de Ville, he remarked a statue of Henry IV., and paused for a moment to consider it. Then turning to Father Arnoux he observed, "I was looking at the image of that great monarch, who was a right, good, and generous prince, and whose godson I have the honor to be. '*Allons mon pére*, behold the only and most assured path to paradise.'" On reaching the foot of the scaffold he begged one of the Jesuits who accompanied his Confessor, to catch his head as it fell, that it might not alight on the ground. After saluting the by-standers he ascended the scaffold, and kneeling down, kissed the crucifix, which Father Arnoux then took from his hand. The block being

rather low, he had some difficulty in consequence of his wounds in stooping to it, and was obliged to ask the executioner to wait till he could assume a less painful position. At length he exclaimed, "Strike manfully," and almost at the same moment, "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" With one blow his head was separated from his body.

Thus, in the 38th year of his age, died on a scaffold, Henry de Montmorency.

When Father Arnoux had related the circumstances of the execution to the King, he added: "Your Majesty has made a great example on earth by the death of M. de Montmorency, but God in His mercy has made a great Saint of him in Heaven." To this Louis replied with a sigh: "I could wish, Father, to have contributed to his salvation by gentler means."

III.

EXECUTION OF CINQ MARS AND DE THON.

The confession treacherously extorted from Cinq Mars clearly proved the complicity of De Thon, and thus rendered him liable to the penalty of death, according to an obsolete ordinance of Louis XI., to which Cardinal Richelieu was compelled to have recourse, in order to insure the destruction of the man he so cordially hated. The judges, however, were for some time divided in opinion as to the sentence they should pronounce. They were unanimous, indeed, in condemning Cinq Mars to death, and even to be previously tortured, but they hesitated to involve De Thon in the same fate, as in his case there were many extenuating circumstances. After much discussion the merciful at length yielded to the more severe, and the punishment of death was recorded against him.

When the accused were informed of the decision of their judges, De Thon turned to his companion and said: "Humanly speaking, Monsieur, I have reason to complain of you. It was you who accused me. You are the cause of my death. But God knows how sincerely I love you." They then embraced each other, remarking that it was some consolation to terminate at the same moment two lives that had been passed in such mutual attachment. Whilst they were yet speaking, the clerk of the court entered the apartment to read to them their sentence. During the performance of this duty they kneeled down together, with their heads uncovered. When the clerk came to the words *conspirations entreprises et proditions*, De Thon calmly observed, that they did not apply to him. But when mention was made of the torture, Cinq Mars lost all self-possession, and passionately exclaimed: "This is a strange proceeding. A man of my quality and of my age ought not to be subjected to all these formalities. I know that the forms of justice must be observed, but I also know what is due to my condition. I have told all, and will tell it again. I submit cheerfully to die. What need then is there of the question? I own my weakness. The idea of the torture makes

me tremble." So much was he affected by the dread of these cruel sufferings, that his Confessor, Father Malavalette, applied to the officers appointed to superintend the application of the torture, to mitigate as far as possible the frightful agony. They at once relieved his mind, by assuring him that M. le Grand—as Cinq Mars was usually called, from his office of Grand Ecuyer—would only be presented to the question as a mere form, but that he had nothing to fear. With this comfortable assurance the good father hastened to revive the drooping courage of the unfortunate young nobleman, who was soon afterwards conducted into an obscure chamber rendered yet more gloomy by the uncertain light of three flickering candles. "My God!" he exclaimed in horror, "whither are you leading me? Ugh! How it smells here!" After being in vain admonished to add to his former confession, he was bound on the rack, and again exhorted to tell all he knew. He persisted, however, in asserting that he had already made a full revelation of all the circumstances of the plot, and of the names of his accomplices, and that all the torments in the world could not make him say more. His limbs were then unbound, and he was taken into another chamber, where he confessed himself to Father Malavalette. His next care was to write to his mother, of whom he took an affectionate farewell, intreating her to discharge his debts, of which he made out a list, amounting to nearly 40,000 crowns.

In the mean time De Thon had remained in the hall of audience. As soon as he perceived his Confessor, Father Mambrun, he said to him: "We are condemned to death, my Father, and you are come to guide me to Heaven. We must make good use of the little time that belongs to us, and I pray you to assist me to the very last. Since I have known my sentence, I have felt more tranquil and composed than before. The uncertainty of my doom kept me in fearful suspense. I bear no hatred, or ill will, towards any one. God has been pleased to make my judges His instruments for placing me in Paradise. He has been pleased to take me to Himself at a time, when through his mercy I feel myself well prepared to die. Of myself I can do nothing. The little firmness and courage I possess proceed from His grace." The steward of his sister, Madame de Pontac, was then introduced, and before taking leave, asked if he stood in need of any thing. "No," replied De Thon, "except of my sister's prayers and of your's—unless it be of death, to lead me to life and glory." After confessing himself, and making some few arrangements with regard to his worldly matters, he seemed to abstract himself entirely from the things of this life, and never ceased repeating with pious fervor such passages of Scripture as were most applicable to his present state.

At five o'clock in the afternoon the officers apprized Father Malavalette that it was time to set out. "They are impatient," observed Cinq Mars; "however, we must go." Then approaching De Thon, he said: "Let us be going, Monsieur, it is time." A carriage awaited

them at the door of the Palace and conveyed them to the Place des Terreaux (in Lyons), where the scaffold had been erected. On the way they recited various prayers and conversed on the vanity of the present world and on their hopes of immortality. His Confessor having asked Cinq Mars if he feared death, he instantly replied, "Alas! my Father, I fear nothing but my sins." They had even a friendly dispute as to who should be the first to suffer, but on the carriage arriving at its destination, Cinq Mars was informed that he was to be the first to mount the scaffold. He then tenderly embraced his friend, who said to him: "The moment that is about to separate us will soon bring us together again for ever in the presence of the Deity. Regret not what you are about to lose. If you have been great upon earth, you will be yet more so in Heaven, where your greatness will have no end. Precede, my master,—that honor pertains to you. Show that you know how to die."

Cinq Mars then stepped from the carriage and took the arm of his Confessor. He wore a scarlet cloak, which a soldier endeavoured to tear from him. He therefore asked the Grand Prévôt, to whom he ought to give it. On being told that he could do with it what he pleased, he bestowed it on the attendant of Father Malavalette to be laid out in alms. As he was mounting the scaffold, another attempted to snatch his hat from off his head, saying: "You ought to show more modesty, Sir." "Ah!" cried Cinq Mars, suddenly turning round, "give me back my hat," and the provost ordered that it should be immediately returned to him. The trumpet having been three times sounded, the sentence of condemnation was read aloud, without attracting any remark or outward sign of attention from those it most nearly concerned.

When he had ascended the scaffold, Cinq Mars' first care was to learn the position in which he might best receive the fatal stroke. He then rose up and addressed a few words to his Confessor, at the same time placing in his hands a small case enriched with diamonds, containing the portrait of a lady he had once loved. The picture he entreated him to burn, and to employ the precious stones in works of charity. After reverently kissing the crucifix several times, he kneeled down to receive absolution. The executioner then approaching to cut his hair, he took the scissors from his hand, and besought Father Malavalette to render him this last office, which, however, was discharged by the Father's attendant. He then again kneeled down, and recognising in the crowd one of the domestics of Marshall de la Meilleraye, he saluted him and said: "Assure M. de la Meilleraye that I am his very humble servant. Tell him that I entreat him to have prayers offered up for my soul." After reciting a few prayers, he at length laid his head on the block, which he held tightly embraced. With one stroke the executioner severed his head from his body, and it bounded off the scaffold on to the ground. It was immediately picked up and placed beside the lifeless trunk which, after being stripped to the skin, was covered with a cloth.

During the progress of this sad event De Thon had continued instant in prayer, as if totally unconcerned in the awful tragedy that was being enacted by his side. When he mounted the scaffold, the block was still wet with the blood of his friend, which the attendant of Father Mambrun hastened to wipe off with his handkerchief. Less vain-glorious than Cinq Mars, he readily allowed the executioner—a man belonging to the dregs of the people, who had undertaken the hateful office for a hundred crowns—to cut off his hair, and he even embraced him. After receiving absolution, he recited aloud the 115th Psalm, paraphrasing and applying it to his own case with so much unction and pathos, that all who heard him were affected to tears. In reply to his inquiry if his eyes would be bandaged, he was told that it depended entirely on himself: whereon he exclaimed: "If such be the case, my Father, let them be bandaged. I am but human. I fear death. That object," pointing to the corpse of Cinq Mars, "makes my heart faint. When I think of death I tremble, I shudder. Resolution is wanted, and I have none of myself. All my strength comes from God." He then begged some of the spectators to give him a handkerchief. Two or three were quickly thrown to him, with one of which the executioner covered his eyes. Every thing being ready, he placed his neck upon the block, while every nerve and muscle quivered perceptibly under the last agony of nature. Nor was he so fortunate as Cinq Mars in obtaining an instantaneous death, for the first stroke alighted too near the head, and he rolled over on his left side, feebly raising his hands and writhing his limbs. The executioner attempted to raise him up again upon the block, but the outcries of the bystanders were so terrific that he abandoned the design, and after two or three strokes upon the neck at length succeeded in detaching the head.

Cinq Mars was interred in front of the high altar of the Church of the Feuillants at Lyons; while De Thon's body, after being embalmed by his sister's directions, was placed in the Church of the Carmelites in the same city, but his heart was conveyed to Paris, and entombed in the family vault in St. André-des-Arcs.

De Thon had attained the 35th year of his age, but Cinq-Mars had barely completed the twenty-second.

It is reported that Louis XIII., being then at St. Germain, and aware of the hour at which his late favorite would suffer death, from time to time looked at his watch, and at last observed in a tone of utter indifference: "In an hour hence M. le Grand will pass his time disagreeably." And Louis XIII. had loved this man with a love surpassing that of woman.

J. H.

SOME VERSES.

(Translated from the Urdú of Sarwar.)

I.

WITH eager hand, the crystal cup,
We dash upon the ground :
Those flasks, whose sweet contents we sup,
Are broken, strewed around.

II.

With pure attire, and humble mien,
Our once proud necks we bend,
With many a sigh each step between,
Towards the Mosque we wend.

III.

The saintly spy, that hating foe,
Our course will doubtless trace ;
Much will he wonder where we go,
With penitential face !

IV.

When near thy Porch, we'll turn away,
And, he will follow too ;
Then shall he know the plot we lay,
To pay him all his due.

V.

One burning look, one glance from thee,
Our victory is gained,
The Saint, so pitiless, shall be,
Eternally enchained.

VI.

He, whose hard heart no mercy knew :
Who so abhorred *our* sin,
Shall kneel, a suppliant in our view,
While we rejoice within.

VII.

Perchance, he'll say, thy beauty bright,
Attracts his pious heart,
That, like the moth, he seeks the light,
And, joys to feel the smart.

VIII.

But we, who for the loved-one's sake,
His malice felt of yore,
With many a taunt, will answer make,
And, quickly bar the door.

IX.

We'll say, "Poor moth, begone, begone!
  Thou mayest not enter here,
This light must shine for us, alone,
  To whom, alone, 'tis dear.

X.

Ignoble worm! to share our bliss,
  Thyself denied thy claims,
Didst thou not doom our souls, for this,
  To never-ending flames?"

*   *   *   *   *   *

XI.

Well worked the charm, no magic rite,
  Could more successful be,
Like a short dream, we passed the night,
  In jollity and glee.

XII.

We searched the path, at break of day,
  To love's abode, that leads,
"There, the poor moth," we laughing say,
  "No doubt, despairing bleeds."

XIII.

Nought, but some ashes we discerned,
  Where last, he met our eye;
"Perhaps," say we, "those wings are burned,
  With which, he used to fly;

XIV.

Perchance, the winter's frozen blast,
  Has driven him to his nest,
Where, grieving for his glory past,
  He tries, in vain, to rest."

XV.

We searched the nest, not even there
  The missing one was found;
But some fresh, ruddy spots there were,
  Scattered, like tears, around.

XVI.

We knew, that, here the victim stood;
  Yet, could not aught divine,
If, what we saw, were stains of blood,
  Or, drops of rosy wine.

ALI.

THE FESTIVE SEASON IN INDIA.

DWELLS there one among us to whom the remembrance of many a merry Christmas passed in old England is not dear? If we were all cross-questioned upon this point, we should find that there are few, who have not at some time or other during our exile, looked back into past happy days with a feeling of joy the present cannot afford us. A feeling that would tend considerably towards making us dissatisfied with our lot, were we not philosophers, and like good men and true, determined to make the best of the worst, and plod on through good, avoiding evil, and shutting out from our hearts envy, hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness.

Who does not remember on a Christmas day in England, the wintry morning breaking dimly through the heavy mist, a glance through the ice-covered window panes, disclosing the trees and shrubs laden with hoar frost or newly-fallen snow, in which the missel thrush and blackbird twit, as they search for their morning meal. Who can forget the crisp pathways through well remembered meadows, scarcely less pleasant in their winter, than in their summer garb—the smart walk through the village to warm oneself—the clear rattle of horses' hoofs and rumble of coach wheels heard miles away over the hill—the glistening rime on the trees and housetops as the sun breaks through the mist and dispels it—the dark smooth ice on which the skaters are already busy—few indeed, it is to be hoped, forget the winter days of dear old England.

Then the nights—only long and dreary to the houseless wanderer and the poor whose hearth has become so cold and chill that no amount of fuel within their narrow means can warm it. The festivities—the roast beef and plum pudding—the Christmas pies—the Yule log crackling and sparkling in the midst of the glowing coals—the Wassail bowl—snap dragon—the toast and ale—and, still more homely than all, the bough of misseltoe temptingly hanging in the centre of the hall, and the many rosy pairs of ready lips smiling so demurely near it, that it would be a sin not to kiss them. Who does not remember being awoke by "the waits" sometime during the long night, and turning a ready listening ear from under the coverlid into the cold atmosphere of the bed-room to catch a few sweet notes, rendered more sweet by the stillness of the hour and the crispness of the clear cold air. Few forget them, and in this country, where the memory of home falls upon the sense like the breath of sweet flowers, we shall not be doing wrong if we cherish it and dwell upon it for a while, as it is all we have left to us.

Christmas gambols—"ah well! if Christmas gambols at home it gallops here" was the shrewd remark of my dear little wife as I made the above soliloquy. And so it does. We no sooner feel the first cool breath of cold weather air on our cheeks than people begin to talk about "tatties," the hills, and "next hot season!" The golden oranges, whose

growth we have been watching through so many weary months, more for their connection with the cold weather than any pleasure their demolishment can ever afford us, no sooner are they changed from green to gold, and well ripened, than Christmas is at hand! We feel that the 25th of December is come, and our Almanacs corroborate the fact, but where is the hoar frost and the delightfully foggy mornings of our native land? It is true that the distant sound of tomtoms proclaim that the coolies are gathering to collect the ice, but then it is a luxury, it costs some trouble to make, and the poor half-frozen human beings who muster at the sound of the drum to collect it, earn their few pice very hardly. We know too that it is all to be stored for the coming hot season, to cool the wine of the wealthy, and refresh the brow of the fevered invalid, when all else fails in soothing his pangs. All these things take away from the pleasure we had indulged in whilst thinking that it is real ice and made in India. The air too is neither crisp, cold, nor elastic, and except in name, it is not like Christmas day.

As the morning advances, obsequious natives present their offerings of fish, fruit, and sweetmeats—you find your gateway tastefully hung with festoons of flowers, and in every house where friendly calls are made, the plum cake and wine are ready at hand for every visitor; but it is only the new arrivals who dare to partake of such luxuries; dyspepsia stares the would-be merry Anglo-Indian hard in the face, and he well knows the penalty he must inevitably pay if he ventures to indulge in a crumb of the one, or a drop of the other, but friendly greetings are exchanged, and the will is not wanting to make merry. It is cheering in this land of the sun to hear the hearty good wishes of friends tendered over the clasped hands, and to know that the good old custom is observed so many miles from our native land. In the evening there are several dinner parties, for weeks before the Commissioner's and the Generals' ladies have been firing off invitations, and vieing with each other in their endeavours to get up a good Christmas party, but as there are various other parties in the station, the company is divided most ludicrously; all the merry people meet together at one house, and all the grave and sedate at another, so that neither hostess succeeds in bringing together a knot of people calculated to assist each other in making an evening pass off pleasantly. People go to such parties as a matter of duty, because it is Christmas Day, but they would far rather remain at home as many husbands confess *sotto voce* to their wives, for at home they had promised themselves "a quiet Christmas evening," and many would doubtless have felt more pleasure in the memory of the past, than in the gaiety of the present. But they dress themselves out as gaily as may be, and go to the parties; it is as well they do, for if they did not there would be an end to society.

When they get to the hospitable mansion, they find that with the exception of a sirloin of Gynee beef,—as much resembling Christmas Beef as house lamb does Christmas mutton,—there is nothing but the old turkey, saddle and side dishes, and the dinner passes off

much as it would at midsummer, except that one of the younger guests, who has been drinking to all his brother officers at Tiffin upon the strength of dining out, finds himself so elated before the meal is over, that he gets on his feet at table, and with considerable difficulty steadies himself sufficiently to inform the assembled company that "itsh the proudesht moment of ma life, and I wish you all a happy Chrishtmash and a merry New Year!"

Where is the Christmas log, the wassail bowl, or in default of it some hot-spiced wine, the snap dragon? Where the Missceltoe? Echo answers, where! The evening drags its slow length along; coffee is announced, some Italian singing is attempted by a new arrival, few hear it, and still fewer understand it, and after some vain efforts to spell impossible words with green and white ivory letters, the carriages are called, the last lady is shawled, and thus ends our Christmas-day in India.

At the close of such an evening as I have attempted to describe, my dear little wife and myself—we have only been married six months—stepped into our comfortable little Brougham, and were on our way to our comfortable little house at the other end of the station. Ours is not a comfortable little station; the short and long of it is, that it is very straggling, so much so, in fact, that if a person makes up his mind to pay a visit of ceremony to a Civilian and a soldier on the same day, if he has the slightest regard for etiquette, he must provide himself with a Pegasus for his high-wheeled Buggy, or hire a balloon. It will not therefore surprise my readers to learn, that my dear little wife, being in a very delicate state of health, and well wrapt up by her most attentive of husbands, fell into a sound sleep, after addressing the following remark to me.

"George love, I *do* think these unmeaning parties insufferable. I am sure we should have been far more cosey at home!"

Of course I assented, and I thought so too, bless her little heart, and as my No. 1 cheroot *wouldn't* keep alight—she don't object to *one* cigar in the evening—I followed her example, and fell fast asleep too. Now whether it was that truffles, though very agreeable with Turkey, disagreed with me, or whether the salmon was tinned, I can't say, but—a very unusual thing with me—I dreamt a most extraordinary dream.

We were at old Crumpole's, the Commissioner's house, and it was Christmas-day. Everything was done just in the style the old fellow does things—the old stickler, why don't he accept the Bonus and go.—It was Christmas-day, and bitterly cold too, yet every thing seemed to happen just as it had happened before we left the house; the same dinner was on the table, the same guests were assembled there, and every dish—even the Turkey and truffles—graced the festive board: *dreaming* of truffles by the way proves beyond a doubt that they disagreed with me. I owed my dream to them. Well, I thought that the dinner was concluded, and everything gone through just for all the world as it had that same evening, but when we retired to join the ladies, a very different scene awaited us. The drawing room was hung with

green boughs—not holly, but something very closely resembling it—wreaths and festoons of flowers decorated the walls and windows, and in the centre hung from a large chandelier a branch of some plant very like Misseltoe, whilst near it stood a sweet pretty girl, looking precisely as if she understood why it hung there, and did *not* understand why she was not taken under it. The bouncing hostess was smiling and jigging where she stood, as were all the other ladies; the tables, couches and *un*easy chairshad been all wheeled away; there was no steam of ill-made coffee polluting the comfortable atmosphere, but a very grateful perfume of spicy negus pervaded the room. On side tables were old-China bowls of reeking hot punch, and at one end of the long room a crackling blazing wood-fire on the hearth bade us welcome as we hurried in. All that seemed wanting was ourselves, for as we entered, a band stationed in an adjoining room struck up, partners were chosen, a quadrille formed, and for at least half an hour such a jigging and dancing was never seen in India. My stars! didn't old Crumpole foot it! and didn't Mrs. C. flount and rustle that old maroon velvet dress! In short everybody was right merry, and pleased with everybody else, and even the black servants grinned with astonishment and joy as they handed about the salvers of refreshments. I really don't think I can call to mind a single grave face, and amongst them all there were none more merry than my little wife and myself. There was none of your stiffly-starched strait-laced notions—no standing in tight boots at cold marble-topped tables, no whispered scandal, no ill-natured expression visible on any face, and I perfectly well remember remarking that the only shadow of a frown I saw the whole evening in my vision, rested for a brief moment on the expressive countenance of my dear little wife, when I took the young lady who tried the Italian song—only in my dream mind—under the Misseltoe and——no, I didn't kiss her, for just as I was about to do so, I felt a soft pinch on the lobe of my left ear, and heard a sweet little voice say, "George, my love, here we are at home! Dear heart! how you have been snoring!

And there we were at home, the Brougham drawn up under the portico, my cheroot resting in my waistcoat, and my cambric-worked shirt front with a great brown ring burned in it. However, we went into our comfortable little house, where we found the tray laid out with glasses, hot water, sugar, and something a leetle stronger, whilst mixing which I related the subject of my dream, and my dear little wife agreed with me in opinion, that if old Crumpole, the Commissioner, had taken the trouble of hanging up a few green boughs, and had cleared the room of all needless furniture; in short, if he had but fashioned his Christmas party as my busy brain fashioned it, we should have passed a merrier evening than we did.

Does the reader think so? Is it not possible to introduce a few more of our homely customs, and dispense with unnecessary display and uncomfortable pomposities? It is a poor heart that never rejoices, and with the material for enjoyment in an Indian cold season, as

much almost as in England, it is our own fault if we do not enjoy ourselves. Before these lines are in type, one season for rejoicing, one great holliday will have passed away—but there will be yet one in store for us, New Year's Day; may it prove the commencement of a happy year to all our readers.

G.

Dec. 27th, 1852.

SONNETS FROM PETRARCH.

"Poi che voi ed io più volte abbiam provato."

Full many a time and oft we two have known
Our hopes frustrated, fairest when they stood—
Oh turn thee straight to that Supremest Good,
Wherein unfading hopes exist alone!
This earthly life is as a meadow strown
With fragile flowers 'neath which the serpent shineth,
And each vain pleasure round the heart that twineth
But chains the Titan firmer to his stone!
Follow the narrow path, for in no other
The rest thou seek'st is to the heart allowed:
And in their evil follow not the crowd—
Yet may'st thou say to me, "Oh Brother! Brother!"
Thou teachest me the duty to fulfil
Where thou hast often failed, and failest still!

"Io son si stanco sotto 'l fascio antico."

I am so wearied with the heavy load
Of my old sins, and bygone wasted life,
That much I dread to perish in the strife
With my fierce foe, while toiling on the road.
There was One Friend indeed that mercy showed
With grace ineffable and boundless might;
For whom, though hidden from my mortal sight,
My grateful heart with love and wonder glowed!
Still through my soul thus has his voice resounded—
"Behold the way, come ye that travail sore,
"Come unto me, and sin and mourn no more."
Oh what surpassing grace, what love unbounded!
Oh for thy wings, swift Dove; to that calm nest
From earth to flee away and be at rest.

K.

Selections and Translations.

AN HOUR IN THE CONCIERGERIE.

(Continued from page xxiii.*)*

This very ingenuous confession of Vergniaud, made too with a smile, extorted from me the exclamation, "Oh! that was too bad!"

"Exactly what I have said to myself more than once since then," he replied. "When I came to myself, the soft blue light of dawn awakened from among the branches of the lime-trees thousands of birds that shook off the dew from their wings, but the only idea I could form of the soundness of my sleep on the lazy waters of the Dordogne was from beholding a muslin scarf streaming out from the edge of the parapet. She had kept the appointment, and my dreams had called up her image before me, but sleep and the darkness of the night had closed my ears, and placed a bandage on her eyes."

"To fall asleep!" I murmured. "Oh! it is unpardonable. I don't wonder at your not knowing her name. You never could have had the courage to present yourself before her after that."

"It was not any want of that vulgar sort of courage that stood in my way. But after making several vain efforts to see her again, I learnt at the end of a fortnight, during which I had incessantly prowled round the house, that its inmates had left it a few days before. Six years afterwards, and here in Paris, I again found my unknown fair one."

He threw one leg over the other and gazed at the ceiling.

"During these six years I was no longer my own master. I was the property of the world at large. There is a shameful and disgraceful question lying at the root of every thing, to which the flower of one's life and the glory of one's intellect must be sacrificed, in order to obtain a few hours of leisure at a time when life has become useless. Besides, the old monarchy,—corroded at the heart like trees of a hundred years, which a single blast would level with the ground, though beneath their shade you fancy you could securely sleep for yet a long time,—beheld its branches lopped off, one by one, by the hatchet of philosophy. A mania for destruction had taken possession of the coolest heads. Our superiority over the abuses of the ancient system consisted in the fact that we had become aware of them. The people was assuredly right, and I find no fault with the movement, because it has carried me away with it. Individuals are lost sight of before the greatness of the cause, and liberty, like religion, well deserves that generous blood should be shed in her behalf. But to pass from the Circus of Domitian to the sacrifices of the Inquisition, to descend from the rank of a martyr to the savage fury of an executioner, to hollow out an abyss between the present and the past in order to fill it with blood,—this is what Robespierre could conceive in secret, what Marat dared proclaim aloud, and Danton carry into energetic execution, but Vergniaud was

not born to join a gang of assassins. And indeed what else could proceed from a people that was itself issuing from the ancient system, and who amid its hereditary misery derived from the examples of the olden times, and the traditions of its history only one ancient and indestructible virtue—courage? But shall we never form a true judgment of courage? I understand the magnanimity of the Roman Senators, who arrayed themselves in their holiday attire, and calmly awaited death, seated on their curule chairs, but I abhor the Gauls who massacred them. However, we were at present at the performance of this drama, and the ascendancy of our college studies, thoroughly republican in their spirit, mastered our souls without our being aware of it. The vast event of America in concert with France breaking asunder the iron yoke of the mother country, the unanimity of the French nation for the union of its parts was not yet dissevered, a certain magnificence in the aspect of those huge ruins (for, after all, ruins themselves prove the power of man), and then the proud feeling of establishing a new foundation on the plan of Solon, of Lycurgus, of the genius of Rome, what could there be more grand than such speculations? Whither could one flee for escape from the whirlwind? The Court, the Parliament, the Clergy, the monarch himself, threw themselves headlong into it. I am now examining my heart, and I have no wish to deceive myself. Local interests appeared to me trivial and worthless, when the arms of thousands were applying themselves to this immense work. They wished to have every thing done at once. To this governments that slumber are sure to expose themselves. The allies whom this fatal sleep has rendered indispensible thrust aside with scorn, bad faith, sloth, and incapacity. When it has become necessary to appeal to them for aid, destruction is at hand; for, with the usual precipitancy of enthusiasm, they construct upon the ruins an edifice that cannot last out of the materials that first come to hand. Is it then needful to sweep all utterly away? I have sometimes feared to whisper to myself that perhaps the Jacobins were right, and I have been forced to do it; but were the genius of liberty herself to descend from the Capitol to tell me so, I would not believe her."

He fell back in his chair as if exhausted by his own vehemence.

"It may indicate a want of energy, but what matters it? I am like Pelias of old, whose youth was not renewed but himself entirely consumed in the cauldron. After having compromised some dozens of cases by my indolence; repulsed, thanks to the first pretext that presented itself, from fatiguing business—the pile of papers connected with which used to fill me with dismay; after hoarding my gains in order to postpone to the latest minute the necessity of again resorting to means that inspired me with disgust—I somehow achieved distinction, was thrust forward by the public voice into the foremost rank at the Bar, and promoted to certain patriotic duties in the administration of the Gironde. I am a curious instance of the sport of circumstances. My friends at last availed themselves of the current that carried me away like Cæsar and his fortunes. They trembled, however, when they had to confide to me the defence of their private interests, for I used to neglect them with the best will in the world. For my part, I was weary of being absorbed in all those trifles which were forced on me in spite of many scruples about accepting the charge, and as if I had acquired the fatal privilege of becoming the Mentor of their honor and property. A foolish regard for the opinions of mankind constrained me however to consent, although I was nearly certain to yield to my natural inclinations. The revolution came to their succour and to mine. I was deputed to the Legislative Assembly. Am I the only one who was got rid of in the same manner?

"Already the nobility were encamped at Coblentz, the clubs were beginning to speak with authority, the clergy were wondering that they were no longer like their steeples above the crowd, and the equalising movement was bringing beneath the very windows of the Tuileries men scarred by the wounds inflicted by the ancient order of things, testamentary executors of the hatred bequeathed by a hundred generations. The facility of accomplishing a reform was calculated to encourage the hopes of those who were inimical to royalty. They were digging a mine beneath the men who were plying the hammer. In addition to this, those crowned philosophers—who, less than ten years before the time of the Constituent Assembly, were content to beg a smile from Voltaire, flattery from Diderot, and the applause of France for their writings, for they cared little about meriting the esteem of their own people—allowed themselves to indulge in insolent threats, and prepared the scaffold of Louis XVI. by attempting to enforce the doctrine of the divine basis of thrones upon those very storms that they were calling down upon his head. I will not even put the question whether the republic, condemned to death by foreigners, had the right to pass a capital sentence on Louis XVI. I will merely say that the hereditary system has this advantage for the members of the same family, that the reversion of the royal patrimony consoles them for the death of a king. Not one of them would have resigned the system for fear of losing by such a step. The individual was already an object of embarrassment to them. Louis himself saw nothing of this, and I was soon compelled to draw attention to the symptoms of connivance; but in so doing I took care to adhere to the example set by Mirabeau, who desired the conversion and not the destruction of the monarchy. In the first line at the head of the list of the regicides history will place the names of all the kings; if mine be there at all, it will be the last. My idea at that time was that by a last effort of hope, or from inability to do otherwise, the energy of that failing power would revive in the arms of liberty. But liberty is a virgin who avenges herself when prostituted to the embrace of an exhausted old man. The republican theories were not fully developed in my mind until the monarchical power had demonstrated to us that it would be always incompatible with constitutional progress. Any thing that requires violence is almost sure to be a mistake. I found that out when it was too late, as was always the case with me.

"It was at the time of the insurrection of the 20th June 1792, excited by the puerilities of a Court equally incapable of submission and candour, whilst my convictions were sweeping out a path towards an unknown future, that the chain of my bygone reminiscences was restored. Thirty thousand armed petitioners, with Santerre at their head, and followed by an entire people, were dragging cannon into the very apartments of the Tuileries, shattering the doors with their hatchets, and placing on the royal brow the cap of liberty, which he wore no better than the crown, when a deputation of sixty members was despatched by the Assembly to harangue the people and save the palace. I was drawn into the private apartments by cries of despair. A woman,—terror on her countenance, and her arms thrown wildly open before a group of excited demons, who were brandishing their muskets as clubs—was devotedly endeavouring to protect at her own risk and by her supplications a feeble old man, who with a determined air was menacing his assailants with his drawn sword, and opposing their passage through a door that had been broken down. My presence and words appeased the tumult. The unknown pressed her lips against my hand, and immediately dragged through a dark passage the

imprudent old man who sought to offer up the sacrifice of his life on a day that cost not a single drop of blood. This action, this pressure of the hand, this flight, passed like a flash of lightning, and I remained lost in wonder at the perseverance of Chance so fertile in means of bringing me always to the same conclusion.

"I have not seen her since then.

"Of all the emotions that agitate the soul, have you never experienced that it is the fleeting ones that leave the greatest charm? They have not uttered their last word. Like Iris, they lose themselves in the heavens, but their course is marked by a ray of light. It is for this reason, perhaps, that men engrave such a long catalogue of virtues upon tombstones; immortality would soon give us different views. Nature has resolved to compensate mankind by illusive remembrances. Though in the arms of other women, one alone could fascinate me—the pale faced Eurydice who will never be restored to me.

"You are the only one who will ever know that, as you alone have been able to revive the recollection in my breast.

"One word more.

"Do you know why I feel myself incapable of entrusting to this paper arguments that could not save me? It is not so much because their breath is of a mortal chilliness, and that temperaments like mine require the blazing atmosphere of danger and contradiction. It is because one of my former convictions has passed from me. I have asked myself if the Girondins were not wrong. I believe you to be a man of honour, and that I may confide this to you. If the Montagnards had not dragged me to the foot of the scaffold, I should myself to-day have been a Montagnard."

He paused, but suddenly resumed with vivacity.

"Without acknowledging it to them, however; without participating in their handiwork; but at the bottom of my heart! And this no new feeling. I know exactly the date when it began. It was on the night of the 17th of May. A fortnight before our fall, I despaired of success. Amar and his report teach me nothing new. The poor wretch is not even in the confidence of his own secret. At that period there still existed a wavering majority in the bosom of the Convention. Its trust was in certain voices. It doubted its own strength. Popular assemblies always look to the charms of eloquence for their enthusiasm. People go to the forum as they would to a concert. Madame Roland said with reason: 'When men meet together, their ears lengthen.'

"Isnard had just been named President of the Convention. He summoned us to meet the following evening in Roland's house to prepare a grand *coup d'état.*

'Our object was to rescue the Convention from the anarchical yoke of the Commune, stained with the massacres of September; to break the fasces of destructive power by hurling headlong the municipality of Paris; and instantly to unite at Bourges the substitutes of the Assembly. The chief authority would thus escape from the hands of the Montagnards, and the Republic from those polluted with blood. The Jacobins and their tribunals would also be arraigned at the bar. By a spontaneous choice this motion was confided to me, for my voice still rallied the doubters, and restrained them from deserting from the majority. It was a decisive moment, a great and awful responsibility. I held the rope of the tocsin that was to recall the departments to their freedom hitherto shackled by a faction.

"A part of that night, alone in my own room, I sat myself down to examine my duty. With pen in hand I gazed into the future. And then I searched into my own bosom, for an overwhelming scruple paralysed my pen. Could I avail myself of those stupid falsehoods, of those common-place assertions of paid plots, of royalism concealed beneath

the *bonnet rouge*, borrowed from the dregs of parties in order to calumniate one's rivals? No. I committed that fault on the 10th of March, and the ardent reproaches of Louvet moved my very soul. Besides, one may say that sort of thing in the presence of accomplices who are ready to scatter the false coin in the street whenever it becomes necessary to keep the mass in breath for some grand stroke. But now men of good intentions were turning from us, and to secure them again it would not do to wait for them at the outermost limit. I felt that I was above taking a part that lacked both courage and candour. My duty was to speak out, and by the greatness of the resolution to constrain the unanimity of all minds. We must really place some faith in the genius that appeared in the tent of Brutus before the battle of Philippi, when the triumviri prevailed. France in her entirety rose before my eyes. Never was so great a nation tossed about in so great a storm. On one side, revolt; on the other, invasion; everywhere misery, famine, bankruptcy; and the only means of escape, courage. Did outraged Europe, inundating us with troops, flood upon flood, to strike at the heart of our territory, allow a moment's breathing time to the popular frenzy? Did not the problem of the integrity of that territory hold the first place both as to the present and the future? Was it not the only question to be solved? Yes, said I to myself as I laid down my pen, if in order to preserve to our descendants the patrimony of a free soil, and to save France, the Montagnards resign themselves to the execration of those spirits that dread a stain, and value above all things the upholding of their glory in the eyes of posterity, they will have done more than we who only risk our lives; for doubtless they would not hesitate to lay down theirs on the scaffold. And perhaps after all we shall have lost the esteem of our country when they have accomplished her destinies. These terrible men at least never distrust themselves, and in existing circumstances, formed as they are by the parricidal diversions of the nobility, and the arrogance of crowned heads, who threaten us instead of trembling for themselves, one great fact stands conspicuous; namely, that between Danton and Roland, between Robespierre and myself, of all the different shades of revolutionists the most energetic is the best. There are times when men of virtue must yield to worthless scoundrels, provided the latter ones possess sufficient audacity and mingle with their patriotism the full grandeur of crime; the general confusion gives them absolution, and the execration of the public passes from the effects to their primary causes. And what have we done up to this very day, useless upbraiders of the Gironde, except by wearisome personalities turn aside the just indignation of France, who certainly owed it to herself not to abandon her own cause but to march onwards and surmount every obstacle that opposed her? Revolutions resemble the mighty edifices of the middle ages; the details are pitiable, but the whole is sublime. What wonder then if they are prodigal of blood and gold? He must be the last of citizens who fears to contribute his share, and men of the pen must give way to men of the sword. Solon would have despised the pusillanimity of our Girondists; Solon, who in the streets of Athens counterfeited madness that he might rouse the people of Attica to war upon Megara. He remembered that he was an Athenian before he was a legislator, and chastised the hostile foreigner, nor did he resume his meditations until he had laid aside the sword. Constitutions adjourn themselves after victory; but in defeat, it is the conqueror who lays down the law.

"I did not deliver my discourse. And on the morrow, indignant at seeing me immovable in my seat after Isnard had launched forth the declaration that was to be my signal, Guadet sprang to his feet to demand

the car of the house; but the blow struck with more impetuosity than address was easily parried by a conciliatory proposition of Barrère. So true it is that in a public assembly much depends upon the choice of an orator. The lyre was only able to excite the brutish masses when it vibrated to the touch of Amphion!

"It was quite out of my power to rally my struggling convictions and bring them up to the breach, and the majority bowed to circumstances.

"In the teeth of the violent movements of our menaced but not disarmed adversaries, we instituted the ephemeral commission of The Twelve, who in spite of—or, rather, in consequence of—their efforts, were swallowed up in the ever increasing flood of general exasperation on the memorable day of the 31st of May.

"We are now in the hands of the revolutionary tribunal, and I shall not, like a poltroon, lay this excuse as an homage at its feet. In ancient Rome altars were erected to Fear, but Manlius refused to prostrate himself before them, when the Lictors were conducting him to the Tarpeian rock. I cannot consent to afford my personal enemies the gratification of smiling with contempt at a momentary conviction that justifies their ends without approving of their means. When one is on the road to the guillotine, the only plan is to march straight up to it."

Vergniaud here relapsed into silence. I rose, and seizing his hand, said to him with a certain degree of bitterness that overflowed from the fulness of my heart—

"The mind of man is fertile in excuses to conceal his natural disposition from himself. Paganel did well to exclaim, 'Vergniaud, indolence will be thy Armida.'"

I must tell how all this ended. I was correct in my calculations. My wine merchant would not leave the President of the Section des Gravilliers until the latter went in person to reclaim me from the Concierge. They produced attestations in due form that drew forth expressions of esteem from the citizen Amar. This was the representative of the people, whose intractable patriotism would have been fatal to me, but for the extreme harmlessness of my opinions, it was proved that I had not any. Citizen Amar now assured me in a gay tone that I had not the appearance of a sans culotte, and advised me to take care of myself. As for the young Antoine Devillers, his insanity was obliged to be regularly deposed to before the revolutionary tribunal, and his acquittal was the only one that took place during these dreadful three months.

On the 31st October, I placed myself on the road of the Girondists in the view of saluting Vergniaud with a farewell glance. The crowd was immense and blocked up every approach to the Palais de Justice. I could not force my way farther than the angle of a house since pulled down, which stood on the site of the Quai aux Fleurs, fronting the Tour de l'Horloge. The body guards of the Montagne, in their characteristic uniform, formed a lane, through which the Twenty-Two marched along. Twenty-Two! That was the number demanded by the Sections on the 31st of May. Several had escaped, but others were compelled to take their place. Anyhow the number must be complete, and it was so. They chaunted the Marseillaise; the Marseillaise so spirit-stirring beside the cannon on the frontier! so depressing, from the lips of young political offenders, bound upon waggons and conducted to the scaffold!

They passed along ...... but when Vergniaud was about four paces in front of me, the petals of a shredded rose fell in a shower upon his hair. As he turned round his eyes encountered in the same glance my pale and haggard countenance, and above at a balcony the face of a female who gazed at him with an ineffable smile.

This must have been the enigma of which he was seeking the solution. I understood it as by a flash. With shuddering terror I followed an infuriated band, who rushed into the

house uttering furious shouts. This mob hurried me into a room in which there sat only an old woman, who replied to their vehement questionings—

"The citizen who hired my window to see the villains pass, has doubtlessly escaped by the passage that opens into the other street. She is a stranger to me."

FABLIAUX.

The Breach of Trust; or the Poor Merchant.*

A NEW Fair was proclaimed by a certain seignor, who possessed much lands, and cordially hated wars and broils, and wicked folks, for these he would presently hang, nor would he accept any ransom for them. A poor merchant, without pride or pretence, came to this fair with his one old horse, nor had he handmaid or waiting man Small was his merchandize. "What shall I do," said he to himself, "with my horse. There is much grass in this valley, and gladly would I turn him into it to feed, did I not fear to lose him, for his stabling† will cost me dear, besides the hay and the corn."

One who had overheard him murmuring, thus addressed him: "You are wrong in doubting that you will lose your property in you inclosed meadow. On all lands of the earth, as far as it extends in a globe, there is no where to be found such stringent justice. I will tell you by what device you shall let go your beast. Commend the feet and the head to the good seignor of this town, with whom there is neither fraud nor guile. If it be lost in his trust, be assured that your horse will be made good to you; and the thieves will be hanged, if they are caught on his lands. Do as you please, but mine has been there since yester morn."

"By my faith," answered the merchant, "I will soon lead him down there, and leave him." Then to God and the seignor he commended his beast, and both in Latin and in the romance tongue‡ he offered a prayer that no one might drive away his horse from the valley or prairy. But never did it leave that meadow alive. A famished she-wolf chanced to pass that way, and seized on the poor animal, and strangled him, and tore him to pieces.

Next morning the merchant went in quest of his beast, and found him stretched on the ground, torn and mangled. "O God!" he cried, "would that I were hanged by my own girdle.§ Never more can I attend fair or market. Alas! I must fly from my own country to other lands, in order to earn my bread. But first I will go to the seignor, and will tell him of the mischance that has happened to me, while I entrusted my horse to his safe-keeping. Peradventure he will make good my loss, and will take pity on me." Then he went with tears in his eyes to the seignor, and said: "Sir, may better fortune attend you than has fallen to my lot." And the other promptly replied with much courtesy: "Good friend, God grant you pleasant amendment, why do you weep?" And he an-

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* Du Povre Mercier. In 260 lines. The translation is considerably abridged.

† In the original the word for stabling is *ostages*, whence the English word hostler is clearly derived.

‡ The *romaunt* was the corrupted Romano-gallo-frank dialect that prevailed in the south of France for several centuries subsequent to the fall of the western empire.

§ Carroie, literally a leathern girdle in which the merchants used to carry their money.

swered: "Fair sir, if you wish to know, I will tell you, nor will I lie unto you. I turned my horse into your pastures, and thus have I met with a grievous mischance, for the wolves have eaten him up. My blood is turned into water. But they told me that if I commended him to your care, and afterwards lost him in the fields or in the stable, that you would bear the loss yourself. Sir, I swear to you by the holy Paternoster, that I entrusted him entirely to the guardianship of Heaven and yourself. I therefore pray you to listen to reason, and grant unto me some compensation." To this the seignor replied in good humour: "Shed no more tears, be comforted. On your faith, will you tell me the truth about your horse?" "Yes, by the Holy Trinity." "Tell me, then, the value of your beast." "Sir, by the peril of my soul, and the faith I owe our Lady, he was well worth sixty sous." "Friend, the half of sixty will I give unto thee—here are thirty sous—for the half only did you commend to my care, and the other half to Heaven. So to Heaven you must apply for the rest. Had you commended the whole to me, I would have made the whole good."

Then the merchant received the money, and took leave of the seignor, and went to where he had left his merchandize. Somewhat assuaged was his grief, by the money that had been paid him. And he went forth from the city and swore by St. Giles that he would be even with Heaven for the thirty sous he had lost. After a while he beheld a monk coming across the plain from the opposite wood. And the merchant met him and said to him: "To whom do you belong?" "Fair Sir," answered the other, "why do you ask? I belong to Heaven." "Ha, ha!" cried the merchant, "you are indeed welcome, fair brother! I shall be put to open shame, if I let you escape me in any form. You will have to go in your shirt, unless you pay me my thirty sous. So, quick, off with your cope, and take care that my hand do not by accident alight on your body. By the faith I owe St. Mary you will get such a blow, as you have never yet had." "Brother," quoth the monk, "you do me foul wrong. But come before the seignor of this place, who is justice on earth. Monks should not brawl, nor do I at all know what you ask. But the seignor will see that each receives his due." Nevertheless the merchant despoiled him of his cope, and while still disputing they came before the seignor to learn who was in the right. "Sir," said the monk, it is not well that he should rob me of my gown on your lands. Is it within the memory of man that any one ever laid hands on a priest? Sir, he has taken from me my cope, I prithee make him return it." "You lie," cried the merchant, "and that will I prove. I do not seek to do you any wrong, that the seignor will not sanction." "You make me rejoice," answered the monk, for then I shall soon be set free. I own no master but Heaven." "That is exactly it," rejoined the merchant, "under the protection of Heaven I placed my horse. He is dead, and you shall pay me the half." "Merchant," the seignor now spoke, "you were too hasty in seizing this pledge, but without hearing any more, I will at once give judgment as far as I can decide." "For this are we come," said the monk. "You will then abide by my sentence?" —"I will not gainsay you, Sir." "Nor I, fair sir," chimed in the merchant. Then the Seignor laughed, and all the company, and he thus continued: "Hear all of you the judgment which I pronounce aloud. Dan Monk, I will afford you two choices—the worse you will set aside, and to the better you will hold; if you are willing to leave the service of Heaven and the Holy Church, and to do homage to another seignor, you shall be quit of every claim. But if you prefer to serve Heaven as heretofore, it

becomes you to pay the mercer thirty sous to indemnify him, make then your choice." When the monk heard these words, he wished himself back in his own abbey, for well he saw that he could not escape: "Sir," he answered, before I deny Heaven, I would rather pay forty livres." "For thirty sous," rejoined the seignor, you shall be free." The monk then seeing that he could do no otherwise, paid for Heaven thirty sous, which Heaven one day will, without doubt, make good to him again.

The Boy who melted in the Sun.*

There was once a merchant who was noway slothful, or careless in business. To many lands did he travel to dispose of his goods, and to increase his store. Thus he was not often long at home. One day he took leave of his wife and went away to trade. Full two years he remained away. Meanwhile his wife became with child by a fair bachelor, and brought forth a male child. When the merchant returned he conducted himself like a wise man. Of the infant he found in his house he demanded an explanation. "Ah! Sir," she answered, "I was once leaning on the window sill, grieving and much afflicted by reason of your absence. It was winter, and it snowed fast and heavily. I looked up towards the sky, nor did I think any harm, but in my mouth I caught a few flakes, that were so soft and pleasant, that I conceived and bore this child." The good man replied: "Dame, it is well. Now I perceive of a truth that we are pleasing unto God, since he has vouchsafed to us such a fine boy." No more he said, nor betrayed his secret thoughts.

So the child grew up, and flourished, and received much good instruction. But the good man ever turned in his mind how he should get rid of him. And when the lad had completed his fifteenth year, he said one day to his wife: "Dame, be not grieved that to-morrow I must depart on account of my merchandize. Let all my clothes be packed up, and awake me early. Prepare your son also, that I may take him with me, to teach him how to trade, for never did I know any one master of his business who did not apply to it by times." The Dame consented, for needs she must. Next day they rose up early, and set on their journey, and sorely did she grieve to part with her boy, whom she was never more to behold.

And the good man directed his steps into Lombardy, and in due time arrived in Geneva, and alighted at an hotel. Then he sold the youth to a merchant, who carried him off to Alexandria. After that he returned to his own country, and to his home. And the Dame fainted away, and much did she bewail herself, when she saw him come back alone. When she entreated him to say what had become of the lad, the good man hastened to reply, for well skilled was he in speech. "Dame, it is useless to lament; far wiser is it to take the world as it goes. Hear then what befel me in a certain country. It was a hot day in the middle of summer—past noon—and the heat was overpowering, as your son and I travelled on at the foot of a high mountain. The clear bright sun shone fiercely upon us, and then I perceived that what you had told me was true, and that the lad was in very deed the child of snow, for presently he melted away." The dame saw that her husband mocked at and deceived her, but never could she discover what had become of the child. Thus it came to pass as truly it ought to have done, that what she had brewed, she was herself obliged to drink.

> Bien l'en avint qu' av[illegible]irdat,
> Qu'elle brassa ce qu'elle but.

* De L'Infant qui fu remis au Soleil. In 148 lines. Paris. The translation is considerably abridged.

Aristotle in Love.*

The Lord of Greece and Egypt had subdued beneath his feet the greater part of India, and long time did he tarry there. If you ask why he remained there so willingly, and ceased from war, I will tell you the reason. Love, who catches and embraces all, who seizes and entwines all, had thrown his chains around him. Never would Alexander repent of having become his subject, for he had found a mistress, as fair as heart could wish. Nor cared he for other thing, than to be beside her. Truly love must be puissant when the most powerful of the earth becomes thus obedient to him, and has no thought for himself. Love is as potent over a king as over the poorest man in Champagne, or in France. Thus then the king tarried with his mistress, and so much did they converse together, that he became as one bewitched, and led only a life of folly. Never did he move from her side, and the maiden was equally enamoured. To her Alexander committed all power, and did whatever she desired. And his courtiers dared not speak of it to him, though much they blamed him behind his back.

When his master Aristotle heard of all this, greatly did he disapprove of it. So he took him to task and said: "Ill have you done to abandon all the Barons of your realm for the sake of a strange woman." Alexander replied to him: "I verily believe that they never could have loved, who insist that I am mad, because I love only one, nor seek to please more. Little love within his own breast can he find, who bears ill will towards me because I obey the commands of love."

Aristotle, who knew all that appertained unto knowledge, in answer to the king told him they imputed to him great shame, because he remained so long inactive. And because, by the week together, he dallied with his leman, and afforded no festivals, or solace, to all his chivalry. "I think, O king," he continued, "that your senses must be affected since you are so sadly changed on account of a foreign damsel. I pray and beseech you to depart from such ways, for dearly will you pay for such pastime."

Thus Master Aristotle chided his seignor; and the king gently replied with shamefacedness, that he would henceforth refrain from love, and do entirely as he advised. Then Alexander for many a day and many an hour did not go, or approach unto his mistress, by reason of the words with which his master had rebuked him. But not the less was his desire towards her, for he loved her more than ever. Fear and a dislike to do what was wrong, forced him to curb his passion. But he could not efface the recollection of her beauty. Memory recalled her fair face, her comely manners, without trace of villainy or vice, her brow more polished than crystal, her beauteous form, her lovely mouth, her flaxen locks. "Alas!" he sighed, "in what misery do they make me live! My master desires that I should strive against my inmost feelings. He calls them folly. If so, methinks, neither he nor my followers ever felt as I feel. It seems to me that I have lost all. Will love choose to live after their pleasure? Nenny, but after his own."

Thus the king bewailed himself, and at last he went to visit her, who was so pleasing in his eyes. The damsel sprang to her feet, for greatly had she been troubled by the absence of the king. And she said: "Ah! Sire, true friends then wax weary of visiting those who were wont to please them." Having uttered these words, she wept and held her peace. Then the king made haste to answer her: "Sweet

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* Le Lay d'Aristotle. In 571 lines. By Henri d'Andeli. The opening lines have been entirely omitted in the translation, as they were neither pertinent to the subject, nor possessed of any intrinsic merit. The text is throughout considerably abridged.

heart, do not wonder that I stayed so long away from you. Of a truth, there was good cause for my absence. My Knights and my Barons chode sharply with me because I no longer went among them. And my master said that it was wrong, and gravely he reproved me. But I cannot see where I am to blame, though I dread shame and ill will." "Sire," cried the damsel, "I know well what this means. But subtlety and wit are not wanting to me, when I seek to avenge myself. Shame indeed will I contrive for your bald pale-faced master, if I live until noon to-morrow, and Love grant me sufficient strength. Then naught against one will avail him his dialectics and science, with which he is so skilled in debate. You shall see to-morrow, Sir King, when you rise in the morning, you shall see Nature master the master, and deprive him of all his wisdom and learning. Foolishly has he done to mock and rail at us. But be you to-morrow on the watch at the window of the tower, and I will provide my attire."

Greatly did Alexander rejoice at her words, and warmly he embraced her, and said: "Right valiant art thou, fair sweet heart, and if ever I love other than thee, may God requite me for it. Love do I enjoy such as I desire, nor do I demand a share from any other." At length he parted from his mistress, and went away, while she remained there.

In the morning when the appointed hour arrived, she lightly rose out of bed; and in a purple chemise beneath a mantle of Indian silk, she went forth into the garden beneath the tower. It was a summer's morning, and the garden was clothed in verdure. She feared not the cold, for it was mild and calm. Well had Nature entwined the lily and the rose on her fair face. In all her figure there was nothing you would wish to remove. Gracefully she dressed her long flaxen locks, and stepped forth into the garden, her mantle flowing loosely about her, as she sung in a soft low tone:—

> Or la voi, la voi, la voi,
> La fontaine i sort série,*
> Or la voi, la voi, m'amie.
> Et glaiolai desouz l'aunoi,†
> Or la voi, la voi, la bele
> Blonde, or la voi.

When the king heard her thus sing, for his heart and ear were on the stretch, much pleasure did he receive from the words and the voice of his mistress. Never more will his master Aristotle of Athens be able to boast that love dare not approach him: never will he be able to rebuke the king, or to say things annoying, for he will find that love is within himself.

He had already risen, and was seated at his books. And he beheld the dame pass to and fro. A thought of early youth touched his heart, and made him close the book. "Ha! Diex!" he exclaimed, as he walked up to the window to behold her nearer at hand. "Let me submit myself to her mercy. But how shall I do so? I cannot do it. Never did such folly enter my breast, despite of all my learning and power. A single glance has subdued me. Alas! To what am I reduced! I, who am so old and bald, so ugly and thin, so gloomy and pale-faced, strong only in philosophy. Ill have I applied my studies, I, who am always in quest of knowledge. Now love unteaches me all that I have learnt,—love, who has captured many a wise man.

While the master thus lamented, the dame was gathering various flowers to make a wreath for her head, (*un chappelet*—from *caput*, as also is *chapeau*). As she entwined them into a chaplet, she bethought her of love, and thus she sang, while she plucked the blossoms:—

> Ci me retient amoretes,
> Douce trop vous aim,
> Ci me tienent amoretes.
> Ou je tieng ma main.

Thus she warbled, thus she disported herself. And the Master Aristotle

* *Seria*, gentle, calm.
† And the gladiolus beneath the alder.

was sorely vexed that she did not come more nigh. But well she knew how to inflame and bewitch him. So artfully did she work, that she speedily bent him to her will. Gracefully and with a winning air she placed the chaplet on her fair head, and affected not to be aware that the master was watching her. The better to deceive and enchant him, she went towards his window, singing a verse from Toile, for no way did she mean him to escape who had been the cause of her sorrows:—

> Lez un vergier, lez une fontenelle,
> Siet fille à Roi, sa main à sa maisselle,
> En souspirant son douz ami apele,
> Ahi, *Quens Guis, la vostre amor
> Me tot solas et ris.

As she uttered these words, she passed by the large window below. And he, deeming that he too much suffered, seized her by the mantle, for greatly he desired the damsel. Then she cried aloud: "What is this? God help me! who holds me?" "Fair dame, welcome art thou," he replied. "Sir," exclaimed the damsel, "Avoi! Is it you that I see here?" "Yes, my sweet lady. For you I will hazard body and soul, life and honour. So much have love and nature wrought in me that I cannot part from you." "Ah! sir," she answered, "I cannot blame you that you thus love me. But things have gone ill with me, nor can I divine who it is that has embroiled me with the king, and reproved him for so frequently visiting me." "Hush, lady, I will put an end to the discontent, the reproofs, and the dissension. For the king loves me, and pays more attention to me than to all his household beside. But for Heaven's sake, come in, and gratify my desires." "Master, before I commit such folly with you, you must do a other thing for me, if you really be smitten with such great love. A vehement longing has seized me to ride on your back over the grass of this pleasant garden, and if you will that a saddle be placed on your back, I shall be more at my ease." The master briefly replied that he would willingly do this, as one who was entirely hers. Truly love had sadly upset him, when it placed the saddle of a palfrey on his back. Believe me, he looked silly indeed, when she had girded it on. What then must be the puissance of love, when he can make the most learned clerk in all the world be saddled like a hack, and go on all fours over the grass like a cat. The damsel then mounted and he bore her on his back, and Alexander looked on and beheld how the greatest science cannot save one from love. And she, all joyous, rode him through the garden, and with a full voice sang aloud:—

> Ainsi va, qui amors maine,
> Pucele plus blanche que laine;
> Mestre musars me soustient,
> Ainsi va qui amors mainc,
> Et ainsi qui les maintient.

Alexander, when he saw all this from the tower, could not refrain from laughing. "Master," cried he, "what means this? How is it that you are turned into a horse? Are you mad, that you are brought to such a point? You forbade me the other day ever again to visit her, but you are now altogether void of reason, for you have lowered yourself to the condition of a brute." Then the damsel alighted, and Aristotle looked up with confusion of face, and said: "Sire, you speak the truth, but you must now acknowledge that I was right in distrusting you, who are inflamed with youth and manly vigour, when I, who am so full of years, cannot withstand the power of love, but am reduced to such folly and shame. Notwithstanding all that I have learned and read, love has defeated me in an hour. And neither will you get off without loss, and the reproaches of your people." Fairly and well did Aristotle discourse about his misadventure, but the damsel accomplished all that she had undertaken, and the king greatly prized her because she had avenged him on his master, who be-

* *Quens*, Count.

fore had so harshly reproved and blamed him. But so cleverly did he excuse himself that the king forgave him, and his master never again interfered with his will.

Cato, who was a good clerk and a wise man, says: Turpe est doctori cùm culpa redarguit ipsum; foul shame is it to be convicted of the fault one has just rebuked in another. Aristotle blamed Alexander for yielding to love, but love brought himself down still lower, for love is Lord Master of all, and cannot be imprisoned, or restrained.

> Veritez est et je le di,
> Qu'amors vainc tout et tout vaincra,
> Taut com cis siécles durera.

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All letters should be POST-PAID.

HEALTH FOR ALL!!!

THE time has now come when the public health in India must be more attentively considered with a view to its preservation and improvement. Notwithstanding the number of Medical Gentlemen employed in the Country, it is a well known fact that hundreds of our Countrymen are annually consigned to an early grave, or compelled to return to England with shattered constitutions; no class of people on earth are so physicked—aye—and physicked with *poison* too—and yet with hundreds of Doctors within the three Presidencies—and medicines innumerable—the mortality in India is greater than in any other of our Colonies. The average age to which persons live in this country is 40 years. Another startling fact is, that one-half of all the children born of European parents in India, die before they reach their fifth year, and in many unhealthy Stations a large portion of these die within the first year.

What can more clearly demonstrate the fact, that while the Residents in India have been physicked by a large standing Army of Doctors, they have not been taught the best mode of preserving their health. One truth must be clearly understood and consistently acted upon, namely, *that all the diseases to which the human frame is subject, arise from an impure state of the blood.* Let this vital principal be freed from impurities, and disease cannot take place.

PURE AIR AND PURE BLOOD.

The relationship between pure air and pure blood is very intimate. The office of the lungs is to decarbonize the blood. Previously to its passing through those organs it is of a dark black colour, in consequence of its being charged with Carbon ; it is then termed *venous* blood. When it comes into contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, it is purged from the Carbon and changed to a beautiful crimson ; it is then termed *arterial* blood. If the surrounding air be foul, charged with miasma of Carbonic acid gas, which has escaped from the lungs of individuals or from putrid matter, it is impossible that the blood should be changed from venous into arterial. The object of the blood is to convey a *replenishing* principle to every part of the human frame for the purpose of repairing the waste which is constantly going on. But if it has come in contact with impure air, it gallops through the system, charged—not with health and vigour—but with a *disease-engendering* principle : hence low, intermittent fevers, dysentery, cholera, and other fearful diseases.

AN EFFICACIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES.

Now if disease arise from the cause thus described—who can question the philosophy or doubt the efficacy of the 'Hollowayen System." Unlike Doctors in general, he shows how disease may be prevented, or if its presence be detected, he shows them what is the cause. Of course, he says, "If you are suffering from disease, take my Pills." For while Professor Holloway's Pills are perfectly free from *poison*—they are at the same time charged with a powerful disease-exterminating principle. Being taken into the system—they assimilate with the blood, and the vital fluid is thus charged with an element, which wages war with every unhealthy obstruction—a work of emancipation commences, and most pleasuring are the results.

COMPLAINTS OF THE LIVER, THE LUNGS AND THE STOMACH REMOVED.

The *Liver* hitherto morbid in its action is freed from unhealthy secretions, acrimonious bile is carried off, and along with it distressing pain in the right side, and a burning sensation at the Stomach, the sallowness of the skin vanishes and is succeeded by a healthy liver. The *Lungs*, which had been held in thraldom by vitiated humours, causing a constant hacking cough, is set free by the use of these Pills, so that respiration becomes easy.

The *Stomach*, in which impurities had been allowed to accumulate, causes nausea, violent headache, indigestion, nervousness, burning sensation and acute pain, bowel complaints, sleepless nights, and a host of other evils, the stomach is completely cleaned of its misery-making occupants, by a few doses of this extraordinary medicine.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA ROBBED OF ITS VICTIMS.

This disease, which is so common in India, results from a redundancy and putrid acrimony of the bile. Now Holloway's Pills, by cleansing the intestines, and imparting vigour to the whole nervous system, are of admirable use as a *preventive; but when this* use of them has been overlooked, the actual attacks of Cholera may be mitigated by a *timely* and *persevering* use of them. The stomach and bowels will thus be effectually freed from all vitiated humours, and the various functions speedily restored to their proper tone.

RHEUMATISM AND GOUT PREVENTED AND CURED.

And what is Rheumatism? It is a painful disease, affecting the joints and limbs—caused by an accumulation of impurities. How common is the exclamation, " I have caught a cold, and it has brought on that tiresome excruciating pain on my shoulders or limbs!" Do you *wish* to know why this pain? We will tell you, and, which is still better, we will tell you how to get rid of it. By means of respiration and perspiration the human system is continually throwing off waste matter. LAVOISIER, the celebrated French Chemist, states that the skin alone during every four and twenty hours parts with 20 ounces of useless matter.

This supposes health and favourable circumstances. But should any of this matter be thrown back into the system, proportionate disease must necessarily ensue. You spend some time in a heated place, or drive out visiting during the hot months, and the pores of your body become open and sensitive; you go in this state under a punkah, or perhaps lie down on a couch right before the " tatties, ' and fall asleep. The pores are suddenly closed—perspiration is obstructed, and the waste matter remaining in the system become a fruitful source of disease and pain. The next morning your eyes swim, your voice is husky, and you feel pain, and you exclaim, " What a beastly country! I have taken cold from just sitting near the tatties," and then how do you act? You do not as you ought. at once seek to free the system from impure obstructions, but you content yourself with some mere palliative, you lose some of the first unpleasant sensations, but the impurities still lurk within you? Every now and then you feel twitching, torturing pains in your limbs; but those pains are sent in mercy, and their language is—" You

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SAUNDERS' MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. IV.] FEBRUARY, 1853. [Vol. II.

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SAUNDERS'

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. IV.] FEBRUARY, 1853. [Vol. II.

EDUCATION IN THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY—IN 1850.

Little or nothing has been done as yet in this Presidency for extending the means of moral and secular education among the masses—strange to say all the pecuniary means available to the Madras Government have not been made use of: a strange kind of apathy seems to have fallen upon all the persons in authority, by whom, in all the other Presidencies so much has been done.

We have before us five consecutive reports published under authority by the Governors of the "Madras University," and we have endeavoured to collect from a careful perusal of these volumes some idea of what is done, or is proposed, of the material available, of the degree of favour in which the people regard institutions set on foot by the Government for the purpose of improving their social position. We believe, but we speak under correction of those who are better informed, that the reports before us represent all that has been yet undertaken by the Government, and it may indeed be stated that it amounts to little or nothing.

However let it speak for itself, as we faithfully extract the particulars under the following heads:—

I.—Funds sanctioned by Government, and available for educational purposes from private sources.

II.—Colleges and schools proposed or established, and course of education.

III.—Number of students, and degree of success.

IV.—Questions at issue or disposed of for further expansion of measures, or adopting of a wider field.

I. We gather incidentally from the reports, that a Parliamentary grant of 50,000 rupees per annum was made, and it at once occurs how inadequate was this assignment both with reference to the population of many millions of souls, and the revenue, realized by the Government, but if we are to believe this report to represent the

sum total of educational exertion, it appears that of this very limited Parliamentary grant little more than one moiety has been annually disbursed, the advance from Government for the year 1851-52 being only 20,000 Rs., that of the preceding year 30,000 rupees, and we are at a loss to ascertain the cause of this niggardly expenditure of available funds, especially as it is commented upon by the Governors of the University. In addition to the grant of the States we find the following private benefactions:—I. The interest of 4,200 rupees subscribed by the community of Madras, to found an endowment in honor of Lord Elphinstone, consisting of one scholarship of 12 rupees per mensem, and one annual English essay prize.—II. The sum of 2,500 Rs. is annually placed at the disposal of the University by the Trustees of the "Patchiappah's" charities for endowed scholarships, free scholarships, and studentships: from the same fund is presented an annual Vernacular prize for an original exposition of some scientific or literary subject. Add to this the school fees realized from the students, and we have before us all the available funds for educational purposes.

Government Grant, ...	50,000	(never fully drawn.)
Patchiappah Scholarship and Prize,	2,500	
Elphinstone Scholarship and Prize,	152	
School Fees, ...	6,000	(more or less.)
	58,652	

The sum disbursed in 1851-52 was only 35,377-5-9.

II. We next ask what Colleges and Schools have been established: of course, where there has been less done, there is always more cry, and high sounding names to make up for deficiencies. The reports before us are entitled "The Reports from the Governors of the Madras University," which has been in existence ten years. From the fundamental rules we gather that this University was intended to consist of a College for the higher branches, and a High School for English Literature, and Vernacular languages. The latter only has come into existence. By the original constitution there were intended to be fourteen Governors, but as no vacancies have been supplied, there are now only four. No pupils were to be admitted, but such as can read and write English intelligibly, and all are required to pay the sum of four rupees per mensem. We gather also that it was in contemplation to establish other institutions in the Mofussil in connection with, and forming part of, this Central University. The plan was magnificent, but only one fragment of the design was ever carried into execution, consisting of a school, for the admission to which high qualifications were required, and large fees exacted, and in anticipation of the establishment of the Senior College Department, we find that some of the students of the highest school class were allowed to carry on their studies beyond the actual scope of the school. Vernacular education was prosecuted in the three languages of the Presidency, Tamil, Teloogoo and Mahrattee, The

English staff consists of a Head and Second Master, and, to give a proper Collegiate nomenclature, a first and second Tutor: in the Vernacular Department were the usual number of qualified Pundits. The Governors consisted of two Messrs. Nortons, Mr. Ochterlony, and a native gentleman, C. Rungaoradum, Esq. From the scheme of studies published in the Appendix, we gather that the subjects taught are English Literature and Composition, Mathematics, History, Geography, and Political Economy, all general information being conveyed through the English language, the instructions in the Vernacular being confined to Grammar, and a certain degree of proficiency in translating, which we are glad to find in a Note was particularly attended to on two days in the week.

III. The number of students for the year 1851-52 amounted to 182, out of a population of sixteen millions, which may truly be described as a drop in the ocean, and, if the Madras Government can shew no other results of their labours in the cause of education, we may fairly say that they have done nothing at all: for to afford the means of education in the English language in the Presidency town to a few lads, sons of wealthy parents, able to pay so heavy a fee as four rupees per mensem, which lads eventually find their way behind the counters of the Madras merchants, is in our opinion labour which they might just as well have left to private speculation, for the patronage of Government is not required for such puny efforts. The Governors state themselves to be satisfied with the results of their arrangements; they maintain that the object of the High School is altogether scholastic, the education, such as is looked for by school boys from school masters, not Collegiate students from Professors, and that it would be premature at present to bring the College Department into operation at the Madras Presidency, although the forwardness of some of the youths, and their eagerness for knowledge, have allowed a partial introduction of College studies. This is especially urged when the result of the Institution is compared with those of the Sister Presidencies; notice is also taken, that the fee required at Madras exceeds, in fact doubles that required at Bombay, and that the expence of the Madras Institution, when calculated upon the number of students, does not average greater than that of the Hindoo College of Calcutta. The Board also maintain with some truth, that by lowering the fee they might greatly increase their numbers, but they protest against gratuitous education, and lay stress upon the higher qualifications required for admission. The Board also point with much self-satisfaction to the twenty-three proficients of different grades who have proceeded from the University, with reference to their employments. On looking down the list, which extends over nearly eight years, and is therefore a selection from more than five hundred who have been on the College rolls, we find a great many translators, writers and teachers, as might be expected, but only one Revenue officer. We are not prepared to congratulate the Board on success indicated by this list of proficients. The Board disclaims

any intention of offering opinions on educational measures, as they consider themselves constituted to carry out certain principles laid down by the Government, and *these regard the superior education of the higher classes, independent of any ulterior measures, directed to the elementary education of the masses.* In fact this Board is not a Board of education, like that of the two Sister Presidencies, with full discretion to direct the whole system, but merely a Local Committee to carry out specific orders; no blame or praise for short-comings or great success can attach to them therefore, but to the Government. Attached to the report as an Appendix, and forming as usual the main bulk of the volume, are the Examination papers and Essays; they require but little remark, except that, as usual, Shakespere and Milton, with their antiquated language, have been preferred to more modern and less difficult authors. The reports of the examiners of each subject are appended, among whom we are glad to see the Members and Secretary of the Board of Governors, but we are most interested in the Reports of the examiners in the three Oriental languages, which duty was confided to the three Government translators. The impression derived from these is anything but satisfactory. We read with painful interest the annual report of Mr. Browne, the Teloogoo translator, repeating unheeded, year after year, his protest against "the useless and fantastical verbal difficulties brought by teachers to show their own skill:" the Board also advocate "a more rational and more philological system, with a view of strengthening the language, more especially as regards prose works;" a plan was submitted to Government, but has received no notice. Mr. Browne recommends certain grammars and books to be entirely laid aside, as useless and pernicious, being composed chiefly of intricate rules, wholly unprofitable to Europeans and Natives. It appears that the students are instructed in much that looks learned and poetical, while they remain, as proved upon examination, unable to read common letters, or understand common accounts written in the native tongue:—the lowest class is described as making no progress in consequence of the injudicious routine, "wherein they are not allowed to read easy and useful exercises, but their attention is given to grammatical refinements, which never can benefit them;—they should not be required to study useless rules required by Poets alone, and fruitless even to them." Such is the tenor of the report for five years on the system pursued in instruction in the Teloogoo language. The report in the Mahratta language is much more satisfactory; the students were examined in translations to and from the Mahratta language, with satisfactory results, except as regards the badness of the handwriting: on one occasion Mr. Walter Eliot, the examiner, remarks that it is worthy of serious consideration whether the neglect of Vernacular education does not materially affect the value of knowledge imparted in various branches of European learning, a defective knowledge of their own language having been found materially to impair their usefulness

and efficiency as men of business. The Tamil examiner remarks, that the general defect of the exercises is a desire to force in words used in the so-called high dialect, mixed with Sanskrit, and exhibiting bad orthography: the Tamil thought most highly of by the natives is that arbitrary form, mystified apparently for the purpose of excluding knowledge from any but a privileged and initiated class: there appears to be no standard Tamil works but in the poetical dialect: one of the examiners is praised for repudiating the very general practice of making the boys learn by rote without requiring them to understand what they repeat. This gives a very fair idea of what the system generally is at present.

IV. The Board has not been agitated by any intestine quarrels, there have not been great English, Oriental or Vernacular parties tearing each other to pieces, and fulminating verbose minutes. They seem to have led a quiet easy life, with an annual examination meeting and report, with sundry representations or recommendations to the Honorable Governor in Council, which have been systematically disregarded: it is quite amusing to hear the Governors of the University, year after year, alluding to their diminishing numbers, and praying for addition to the ranks: they are now reduced below the number of a legal quorum: year after year they press upon Government the necessity of College buildings, of some test certificates for proficiency, paid examiners, and a more efficient system of Vernacular education involving increased expenditure: the remonstrances of the Board are paid no more attention to by the Council than the roaring of their own Coromandel surf. In one report we find allusion to the contemplation of four branch colleges under the general superintendence of the University: still darker allusion is made to a general Council of Education, superintending other Government schools of a more elementary nature, and having the common controul of the University and all other educational establishments, but as yet all this is an undeveloped myth. One thing is clear, that the Board of Governors of the University wash their hands most entirely of anything to do with the education of the masses.

There is a curious incident in the last report, especially when brought in direct contrast with some remarks of the Bombay educationalists in their report for the last year. The Madras Board advocate, and have carried with a high hand, by the expulsion of forty recalcitrant students, the measure of the admission of 'Pariah' lads: this word Pariah is a phrase of common use in the Madras Presidency, and means only low caste. It appears that there are prejudiced parties on this matter inside as well as outside the school, but at any rate the Board have carried their point, and established the principle, that every prejudice against common association among all classes and castes in the pursuit of knowledge in a Government Institution is as unworthy, as impossible to be conceded. How singularly contrasted to to this are the remarks in the Bombay report, that the upper classes of society consist of mendicant Brahmans, and the danger

of admitting the degraded caste of Mhairs. The fact is, that both in their ultra views are wrong, but the Madrasees have erred on the side of liberality and justice, their antagonists are ridiculously wrong. Where the lad is respectable in appearance and manners, inoffensive in costume or language, and able to pay the fee of entrance, who is to ask whether he be sprung of the head or feet of the Deity, the Brahmans or the Soodras? It must always be borne in mind, that the matter is entirely one of fancy. The very lowest caste of the Hindoos is according to their ritual, better than a Mahomedan or a Christian, yet still students of the latter denominations, of respectable parentage, mix freely, and undisputedly among the Hindoos: so let it be among the higher and lower classes. We would not willingly class high caste boys of a respectable walk of life with the sons of persons employed in offensive or odious professions: for instance the Brahman by the son of a Beef-butcher, but such would be extreme cases: as a general rule no questions should be asked: decency of appearance and demeanour, and respectability of appearance should be the criterion—not the obsolete, self-abrogated rules of ridiculous caste.

All that can be gathered from the Madras reports has now been said, and little enough it is, considering that this Presidency embraces our earliest possessions, and a population of sixteen millions. It may be remarked, that the Missionary bodies have been wonderfully active in this Presidency, and we hope that they have done something for the masses in the interior, which certainly the Government have not: how they can explain this strange lethargy we know not, but as in a late number of the *Athenæum* we find that "the Governor has at last made up his mind on the education question, so in a few days we may expect to see an official announcement of what it is intended to do. We need not say that it ought to be something very wise and very extensive to justify so many weary years of delay."

PHILO-INDUS.

THE GARDE DU CORPS.

AN EPISODE OF THE FRENCH REVOLUTION.

(By the Author of "The Retrospections of a Young Man.")

It is never without a feeling of sadness that we turn our thoughts to the eighteenth century. In England it was a period of weak principles and careless practice, of unitarian bishops, jobbing ministers, corrupt parliaments, licentious writers; every one drank and gambled; and the problem was still constantly attempted of keeping one's wife virtuous without a similar sacrifice on the part of the husband.

But a country which even then produced Thomson and Goldsmith, Johnson, Burke and Warren Hastings, was not bad enough after all to furnish a complete instance of the "époque du talon rouge." It is in France that we find this profligate era producing, in evil luxuriance, the whole of its appropriate fruits. A jumble of actresses, marquises, dramatists, court ladies; while the vivid lightnings of the philosophers, and the distant but increasing clouds of popular discontent were sufficient to substantiate the predictions of those remorseless egotists who are represented by the King Louis XV.

"Sire," said the Duc de Choiseul: "le peuple souffre."

"Et moi," replied the King, "je m' ennuie."

This monarch's great *mot* however was this—

"Après moi le deluge."

With this admitted prospect therefore, and the aforesaid adjuncts, the red heels seem to us to have been dancing on the brink of a grumbling volcano, whose fires were ready to burst forth, but whose silence would last, they thought, for their time. So the Marquis of Carabas and his friends, male and female, continued to live a life combining the worst characteristics of the feudal system and the modern Piccadilly saloon, holding their disreputable carnival of oppression, selfishness and vice, till—the Deluge came and overwhelmed them—like as it was in the days of Noe....

It is recorded of Dorat, one of the most barren versifiers of this barren time, that he said to his wife, as she embraced him dying in full dress before a *levée* (say rather a *couchée)* of his admirers: "My dear, you have refreshed my heart, but disordered my peruque."

I.

Let us present the reader with one of the common contrasts of those evil days.

Down two pair of steps from the road, hard by the gate leading to the Catacombs, there was a miserable room inhabited by an old woman, a new settler in the neighbourhood, whose only companion was a pretty child of some

eight years of age. Besides her she had nothing, neither dog or cat, stick or stone. It was not therefore very evident how she obtained her existence, and the mystery that enveloped her combined with her forbidding looks and ways to make her an object of great curiosity not unmixed with superstitious dread—no unusual combination of feelings amongst the ill-educated. In fact the old lady began to acquire the reputation of a witch, and was more or less consulted on most of the important events of the parish, whether a heart-ache or a stomach-ache, the loss of a parrot or that of a lover. Sometimes chance, and the imagination of her willing votaries combined to favour the querulous and hap-hazard replies she gave to these questions; more frequently those who came to conjure and consult, remained fascinated by the wild eloquence with which she would declaim against the vices of the nobility, and the miseries of the poor. So partly as witch, and partly as philosophess, she came into such vogue, that her name reached the more aristocratic parts of the French metropolis; and it has even been asserted, that the capircious beauty who shared the throne of France, had in vain attempted by large offers of money to procure a visit from the witch of the Catacombs. Mère Follet, for such was the name she chose to be known by, lived on in her poverty, without any care for her bodily wants, taking whatever food or other simple alms fell in her way as a beggar; refusing at any loss all connection with the higher classes, repelling their bounty, insulting their motives and their persons; and actuated by an apparent straight-forwardness of purpose whose object partook of the impenetrable mystery that shrouded her name and character.

Such was the person, (by no means agreeable), and such the way of life—sordid and suffering,—of one who had a share in shaking the throne of Hugh Capet.

II.

Chapeau bas! behold the sumptuous apartments of a nobleman attached to the Court of Versailles! Ottomans, divans, couches and chairs of all sorts and patterns are harmonized with the walls and curtains by their prevailing colours of amber and white. A handsomely carved harpsichord stands in a shady corner, while near the window, in a gilt cage, swings a canary.

And who is the dark-eyed beauty whose rosy lips enclosing a piece of white sugar, approach so closely, so bewitchingly to the bars of the cage? Is she not herself a song-bird in gilded bondage; Sophie Dubois, once the pet of the opera, carried off by a mixture of stratagem and force some six months back by the Chevalier de Montbar, a private gentleman in the Gardes-du-Corps?

Sophie, though an opera-girl had virtue, or rather many virtues; not the least of which was that she had devoted her salary to the maintenance of her aged grandmother, and her father and sister. In an evil hour she listened to the persuasive voice of a master of the art of seduction,

backed by the smile of the century (which fled at the Revolution, and is now lost like the art of painting on glass,) and rendered irresistible by the bashfulness suddenly, and for the first time in his life, caused by a *real* passion. She forfeited her engagement at the opera, and the happiness of her domestic circle; and became a not reluctant victim of the abduction with whose fame all Paris had rung for a week. After the first guilty delirium of passion she had sent to her family the usual monthly present, but the money had returned to her—her father was dead, her grandmother and sister had wandered forth, the people at their lodgings knew not whither. But not forgotten by Sophie, and almost the only feeling that had yet occurred to interrupt the course of her deep though lawless happiness, was a never ceasing soreness at the heart on account of the ruin she had, however unwittingly, brought upon her family. So she hung mournfully over her canary bird, and perhaps made with it and herself the same comparison that has just struck ourselves; but at this moment the door was flung open, and in flew a young man of five-and-twenty dressed in the becoming uniform of the Royal Guards: a powdered wig setting off the coal-black eyebrows, moustacheos and royale, a black solitaire, a white uniform with black facings, an enormous aiguilette, white leather breeches, and high boots. In his hand was a three-cornered hat trimmed with feathers, and mounting a black cockade. Pale and excited, he received Sophie in his arms, and led her to an ottoman. However, she was her own mistress yet, six months had not turned her; for she sprang from his side coquettishly, and threw herself all breathless into a large *fauteuil*, in whose soft recesses she lay almost buried from sight, menacing him with her white fore-finger.

"Dare to come near me, sir, with that lugubrious face, why, whose funeral have you been at, who are you in love with, how much have you lost at the faro-table?"

"No one's, nobody, nothing; don't pretend to be offended, merely to have the pleasure of seeing me at your feet for the thousandth time."

"Thousandth time; ah weak hyperbolist, the Abbé would not have been content with less than a quinquillion. But you military are *veritablement bêtes*."

"Well, Sophie, when you have done exercising your green-room wit upon a plain soldier, you may perhaps like to hear a little adventure of which I have just been the humble hero."

Sophie clapped her little hands in mock enthusiasm, and composed her ruffled plumage to hear.

"Nay," cried Montbar, who saw his advantage, "we'll have a song first. No song, no story."

Sophie went at once to the harpsichord: (it was not an easy thing to get her to sing since she had left the opera); and asked what he would like. He left the choice to her; and she threw off, to an air resembling our "We have Lived and Loved" of the present day, a sweet old French song, full of feeling beginning "Dans un délire extreme," and

ending with the world-wide sentiment—

> "Mais ou revient toujours (Bis.)
> A ses premiers amours."

This time, coming of her own accord to her lover's ottoman, she twined her arm in his, dropped her little hand into his white gauntlet with black top; and putting her little mouth up, in the simplest attitude of attention (and not the least expecting the kiss that somehow followed,) she sate listening to the Chevalier's adventure—a passage, as will be seen, such as might not at any other period or in any other country, have deserved the name.

"*Ecoute.* I went you know to take the morning duty at the palace gate." [It must be remembered that every trooper in this magnificent corps was a nobleman.] "Well; I sate there patiently a full half hour, and was growing horribly *ennuié* (as I always do when away from you,) when by came an old dame, begging; and accompanied by a pretty little girl. Don't pout, dear, she was a child of eight. Two Abbés were passing, one of whom, in his munificent humour, let fall a sous over the child's hand. But it rolled away uncaught, and only stopped under my horse's feet. I was on Bayard, and for the joke of the thing, just as the child was stooping and stretching out her little hand to grasp the coin, I touched him with the spur, and made him curvet, as you have seen him do, often 's the time. The gentlemen Abbés smiled like philosophers, the old woman shrieked to her child and to the growling *canaille* that were assembling round. The child stooped and ducked most pertinaciously and boldly; and just as I got tired of the fun—

"Henri!" said the singer reproachfully.

"What, no harm in frightening creatures of that class, is there?"

"Of *my* class, M. le Chevalier," said Sophie with dignity.

"Pardon." (*Aside!!* "quelle bètise!) Well, their reverences, wishing to pass on, gave the child (more carefully) another piece of copper, and went their way: when lo, and behold, instead of following their example as I had expected, the respectable old lady became more violent—personal, in fact—and ended a long harangue which made the mob look as if they would like to pull me off my horse, by these affectionate (but not very comprehensible) words ...

"Henri de Montbar, we shall meet again."

Sophie's white lips were pressed close together. At last she said...

"Was the old woman like this?" opening a book of drawings that lay on the table."

"Precisely," drawled the Chevalier, picking his teeth.

"God is just, you have crossed her path twice," and Sophie ran from the room, before her lover could stop her.

III.

The saloons of Versailles glittered with light and colour. The mythological groups of Boucher, the fêtes *galantes* of Watteau, (these people took their nature from the opera, and their religion

from Olympus), the wax-candles on the walls, and in the hanging chandeliers of blue and gold; the jewels on the heads and bosoms of the ladies, and on the sword hilts of the gentlemen, gave the scene the atmosphere of an earthly (a very earthly) Paradise. Louis XV. and Madame Dubarry had departed, the one to the dust of St. Denis, the other to her native obscurity. In their stead reigned a King mild, somewhat "*bonasse*" in fact, and a Queen in whom the pride of intellect and beauty set at defiance the signs of the times.

It was a night of festivity in the palace; the regiment of Flanders, and the wing of the guard just off duty were added to the existing strength of the garrison, and were celebrating the meeting by a superb feast in the hall of Hercules. In tribunes or galleries round the vast saloon, the ladies of the Court in powder and patches stood looking on, and jesting with the revellers below, and, as they supposed out of reach: one of them an enthusiastic young girl, enchanted with the brilliant scene, ran off to seek Marie Antoinette, and induce her to honour the loyal banqueters with a visit. The King just returned from hunting, begged to join, and the dauphin, (the future victim of the Temple and Citizen Simon) being with his mother, she caught him in her arms, and the royal trio entered the Hall unobserved. The Queen, with her hair turned back, and powdered, a few small black patches on her brilliant skin, the King in a slovenly country gentleman's riding coat and boots. No sooner was the royal party discerned than uprose a deafening shout of Vive le Roy; the band of the Gardes struck up Gretry's beautiful air "O Richard, o mon roi, l'univers l'abandonne." Each gentleman present stood with one foot on his chair, the other on the table, his naked sword in his right hand, and his champagne glass in the left, while with one accord they drank to the health of the unfortunate family. The latter retired, the mirth ran high, insolent grew the tone and haughty the eye of those who spake of the Tiers Etat; swords dashed, spurs jangled, glass fell in glittering heaps; till fired by wine and passion the men flew to the tribunes still occupied by the ladies, carried them by escalade, led their willing foes to the ball-room and amidst roses and ribbons ended the night in all the luxuries of the place and time.

IV.

This scene, on this particular night, was not to the taste of Henri de Montbar. He felt a vague uneasiness—often felt when away from home, by those who really love. Leaving the scene of pleasure we have attempted to describe, he bent his steps towards his own private apartments—those apartments into which we have once already peeped. His first word was to ask for Mlle. Dubois. She had been out all day, and had not yet returned. On the table lay a small billet.

"Do not seek me; may you never come where I am going—I who loved you, who love you still. Ah! if you knew all: I leave you but to save you. Saints

and angels help my purpose—dare I say so? Farewell—for ever—thine

"Sophie."

That De Montbar, on perusing this wild and unintelligible epistle, should have given himself up to the most angry and incoherent grief, is only to say in other words that he was a French soldier, and young. He cursed the court, he cursed the old woman and her child, the Abbés who had given her the money; he even occasionally bestowed a malediction upon himself. That she should have left him in this way was a positive insult; besides, what would be said by the world—the young gentlemen of his acquaintance?—it was making a fool of him. In such bitter reflections our Guardsman spent the short remainder of the night; nay, he may even have been dozing in his arm-chair when his valet entered to perform the usual duties of the morning toilette. A valet of the Davus or Scapin School, which it may be hoped is now extinct. Sharp, shrewd, and cunning, abandoned, humorous, not without a kind of attachment to their no less scampish masters, they took (if we may believe Terence and Molière) a bribe or a caning with equal sang froid, repaying all favours by dexterous stupidity, or imparriable satire. The corrupt excrescence of a corrupt civilization.

"Will Monsieur dress for parade?" asked this accomplished gentleman.

"No, sir. Leave the room."

"Cheerfully, Monsieur," taking two steps backward, and stopping short. "Is Monsieur the very least in the world out of humour this morning?"

"What is that to you, sir? Monsieur will shew you if you wish to know." Here the valet with much deference, really appeared to be leaving the room, amidst a shower of bows so obsequious as to be really very rude.

"But, pray, La Rose," cried his master, with whom he was a favorite, "what put this notion into your wise head, of my being out of humour?"

"Why, firstly Monsieur has not, as it would seem, been to bed. Secondly he has not called out 'La Rose, you infernal sluggard, where have you been sleeping off your last debauch. Bring coffee, Vite.' Thirdly, Monsieur's left patch has fallen off, and he does not"..........

"Enough sir. Are you not then aware that Mlle. Dubois is gone away, none knows whither?"

"Mlle. Sophie—gone—impossible," said the valet, who had heard it from the landlady an hour ago, and had probably come in merely to tease. "I have only just come from your quarters."

"Well, sir, none of your grimacing; if you did not know it before you do now."

"Ah," said our Scapin to himself, "the saying is true. A fool's bolt is soon shot."

"What is that you are saying, La Rose?"

"I was saying that she will be sensible of her folly when she has lost you. But will Monsieur take no steps?"

"What steps, rascal? Am I to advertise, 'Lost, strayed, or was stolen a young lady the property of the Sieur de Montbar Cadet of his Most Christian Majesty's

Garde du Corps?' Or what does your wisdom suggest?"

"Nay, sir, it is not for me to dictate to you. But may not some of those respectable old ladies, who are so happy to afford a name to inexperienced damsels from the provinces, and to undertake the domestic arrangements of our young lords, throw some light on the affair?"

"You do not dare to insinuate," said his master, when the mention of an old woman reminded him suddenly of the beggar...

"Perhaps Monsieur has heard of Mère Follet, the witch of the Catacombs. And now I think of it, she was seen in the street looking at this house just after Monsieur went to mess."

"Bah—go—stop: fetch me my pistols and cloak at six this evening, and have a carriage ready to convey me to Paris. You will accompany me."

The valet bowed, left the room, and executed a significant grimace when he got outside of the door; leaving his master to his own melancholy reflections. These do not appear to have lasted long as he dined with the Marquis de Sillery that evening, and at six La Rose was in attendance with everything. Having effectually armed and disguised himself, our Guardsman reached Paris, left the carriage at a corner, and set forth guided by his trusty attendant. Even at that time the streets began to give evidence of a changed state of feeling and spirit in the lower orders that should have roused the noblesse of France had they not been sunk in the most infatuated apathy. Every now and then as De Montbar pushed aside some *roturier*, who stood in his way, there might be heard a muttered oath of "*Sacré Aristocrat*," and so forth, which the Garde du Corps heeded about as much as the dry leaves of autumn, which were occasionally drifted whirling on his hat, or the cold drizzle with which the night had set in. In due course of time he reached the miserable street, in which the, by this time, celebrated sorceress resided. As no answer was made to his repeated knockings, the young man lifted the latch, and stepped into the room. Its appearance, as soon as his eyes became capable of enduring such light as it contained, presented nothing particularly remarkable. The walls were bare, and the floor excessively dirty. A smell of the coarsest cookery was painfully intrusive, and by the embers of the wood-fire which burned on the low hearth sate an old woman, apparently in the last stage of decrepitude and penury, attentively watching the simmerings of the offending saucepan. De Montbar was about to leave the hovel, thinking that La Rose had been mistaken as to the house, when the old woman turned her head and presented the hideous scowl of the beggar at the palace gates. The Garde du Corps for a moment shrunk, while the old woman screamed rather than spoke.

"Come in Henri de Montbar; what man hast crossed my path the third time already? And what seek you? Your bona roba I trow. Do you know what you young gentlemen bring us to? I will shew you; look at me; attentively—not that fastidious glance—now listen to my name: have you not heard of ——?" (naming one of the most

celebrated *danseuses* of the Regency,) "your Sophie was my grand-daughter."

The young man was staggered in spite of himself, and the principles of his school. Soon recovering his presence of mind, he bade her be still. "It is indeed Sophie whom I seek, and related to her as you are, you are of course acquainted with the place of her retreat. Palter not old dame," pursued he becoming excited as the old woman looked at him with a menacing eye, "or by my life, I discharge this pistol at your head, and this here after it."

"Ha, ha," shrieked the hag, "that were a deed worthy a noble warrior—truly you might finish your injuries to me and my family meetly, by killing the old woman. But spare yourself the trouble; I will tell you where she is; but stay a moment and hear this. You called me old, and old I am; but I shall live to see your soul in hell, and your body devoured by dogs, and now go...go to the Morgue."

Three days afterwards the Chateau of Versailles was in an uproar. Guards doubled were in vain attempting to contend with the fury of an enormous crowd of both sexes, principally formed of those reptiles of the human race, those dark and fearful beings who, in a state of vigorous administration are kept by the police to their own haunts.

This cold autumn day, roused by an old woman, and headed by a few deputies whom either a weak egotism or a still more culpable motive had led into their unholy ranks, this mob had burst the outer gates, and were swaying, surging and roaring in the courts of the Chateau, uncontrolled either by the opposition of the sentries or the momentarily expected arrival of La Fayette, whom none of them cared to disobey. Bursting into the lobbies and apartments of the Palace, they were met by a single Guardsman whose handsome and resolute countenance was as pale as the uniform he wore. Having drawn his sword he coolly placed it across his arm, and cut down the leader of the rebels as he approached. A ball from a musket brought his sword-arm lifeless to his side, and in the next moment the Chevalier de Montbar was to be seen pale, bleeding, but with a calm face, surrounded by hundreds of ruffians of either sex, tossed first in this direction, then in that; himself totally powerless to resist and passive as a spar tossed by tempestuous waves.

* * * * * *

The struggle is over. For the present the poor fickle populace is appeased; the King, never backward when a personal sacrifice is required, has proceeded to Paris in the vain hope of allying himself with constitutionalism. Dull and dim breaks the October morning over the scene of yesterday's tumult. The courts, the streets, are deserted; except by a party of police and some workmen who are removing the tokens of the conflict. At length they began to attach hooks to a substance lying in the centre of a deep fosse or drain which intersected a court of the palace. Two or three stragglers, admitted by the license of the times, looked on with some curiosity. (They were to become far more familiar with such objects)—slowly the dull mass was extricated, [illegible]

with blood and the mud of the sewer, while the horrified by-standers observed that the throat and one of the hands had been devoured by dogs.

A white haired, aquiline featured woman, in the last stage of decrepitude came tottering up, accompanied by a young and gentle female child, who in vain attempted to divert her from the sickening spectacle. Rubbing her cold and skinny hands together, she suddenly seized the child's hand, and smeared it in the blood of the dead body; observing as a shudder went round the assembly, in the affected jargon of a vanished day—

" Bon zour zevalier, que ça, est zentil; you will cross my path no more. Thus fall the enemies of the people."

Mère Follet was never seen again.

H. G. K.

NOTE.—The main facts of the above narrative are derived from an account published some years back, of the late M. de Talleyrand; who was one of the Abbés, who dropped the *sous* to the beggar. The other was Sièyes.

SONNET FROM PETRARCH.

" La gola, e'l sonno, e l'oziose piume."

EASE, apathy, and follies of the day
Have well nigh banished Virtue from the Earth;
Our nature, recreant to her inborn worth,
Enchained to Fashion, halts upon her way;
Therefore withheld is that benignant ray
Of Heaven from which the inner life is born,
So that 'tis held a theme for wondering scorn
That any should a loftier aim essay;
The Crowd for worthless Mammon only caring,
Cry, " Whence this madness after Poësy,
" Naked and poor art thou Philosophy!"
Yet, noble Spirit, on that high path faring,
Though few thy comrades, faint not I implore thee,
E'en for *that* cause, in the grand task before thee.

K.

RANDOM THOUGHTS ABOUT THE CAPE.

The present state of affairs at the Cape of Good Hope must excite universal interest and deep sympathy for the unfortunate sufferers; whether they be the colonists who have had an enormous country thrust on them—by the rapacity or ill judgment of the "Supreme power,"—or the aborigines who, driven from the home of their fathers, in their turn imitating their Christian enemies, drive other tribes from their patrimonies, that they may have in this wide world, standing room for themselves and their children. An outcry comes from some parties in England, let the colonists defend themselves! Why were they not allowed to do so, while the limits of the colony were within the bounds which justice and good policy prescribe! Why extend these dreary regions farther? Rather let England withdraw her brave and suffering troops, and re-purchasing the widely scattered farms from the now miserable colonists; give them in excess of the purchase money an ample allotment of land in those suburb pastures and forests now lying unoccupied within the pale of civilization, and near the Cape Town Districts, in a portion of the country extensive enough for double, nay treble, the inhabitants of the whole colony. In this way securing civilization, education, and religious intercourse, in exchange for semi-barbarism, and the endearments of social influences, for isolated life, in farms varying in distances of from 20 to 30 miles from any other human habitation. Then might England say to the colonists, defend your own frontier! Then would the now haunted aborigine return to his beloved father-land, and the colonists, Dutch, and English, would form a band of unity, which nothing could sever. An intelligent writer, speaking of the Kaffir war in 1846, says: "How strange it is that a colony like the Cape should have been ever overlooked by the mother country, sending, as she does, her cargoes of emigrants to the United States, Canada, New Zealand, Swan River, and other colonies of Australia, passing by the Cape as though it were "a terra incognita?" And what has England done in extenuation of a forty years' neglect?" She has, under the auspices of, and by means of, garbled representations from interested men, plotting merchants mostly, so greatly extended her frontier, that a war of extermination of the aborigines is now proclaimed.

When the old Chief Macomo came to meet Sir Harry Smith on his landing in Algoa Bay, and bent down to pay his respects to the new Governor, that magnanimous soldier placed his foot on the neck of the white-headed old man. It should be remembered that Macomo represents the noblest tribe among the Kaffirs, and that they are as tenacious of the dignity of their Chiefs as the Rajpoots of Oudepoor are of their Rana—the noblest of the noble tribe of Rajpoots. How different was this treatment from that which Macomo had experienced a short time before from an eminent Indian

politician. That officer paid him a visit, and received one in return from him, conversed with him on the manners and customs of his people, and at his departure presented him with some handsome token of his friendship. To this officer Macomo said: "Why do not all treat us as you do? We should then take our assegai and our gun to defend our friends the English. Now you trample on our rights, and the fields which should have brought our summer produce, and our winter supplies, are rich, not with the luxuriant harvest, which in this land Nature, aided only by the labour of our women, produces, but rich with the blood of the children of her soil."

It is curious that this very sentiment was expressed almost in the same words by one of those fine Dutch farmers, who now, alas! are almost expatriated from the colony. In answer to a remark, to the effect that his crops of corn were magnificent, he said *sternly*, "Sir, these fields are rich in soil, and I look upon them as rich in soil, because they are fertilized by the blood of an unoffending people, and I humbly pray may God in his mercy temper the retribution!"

It would be interesting to trace the progress of enquiry, conquest, and oppression, from the year 1490, when Vasco de Gama succeeded in weathering the Cape of Storms, as it had heretofore been named, to the last sad catastrophe of the loss of the *Birkenhead*, and even the slight circumstance of an accident to the new Governor, who went armed to the teeth with the word "extermination," may in imagination be the last angry warning of that guardian spirit whom Camoens in his poem of the Lusiad so finely describes, as denouncing vengeance on the Portuguese (in the 15th century) for their intrusion on a people, to whom an unseen power had given possession. It is impossible to read Camoens' description of Vasco de Gama's successful entry into the wide ocean, which washes the shores of South Africa, without regarding the Poet as a prophet.

Camoens did not accompany Vasco de Gama on his voyage round the Cape, as Voltaire surmised, but obtained his information on the subject when a mere child, by listening to the animated accounts of his voyage, which Vasco gave to the father of Camoens—who was his intimate friend. All who can recall the force of early home impressions, will understand how deeply the spirit of the boy-Poet drank in the animated description of Vasco. After relating various adventures from the time of sailing, in which he cleverly introduces much of the history of Portugal, he goes on to describe the actual rounding of the Cape of Storms. It is well known that Bernandaz Diaz, after discovering the Island of Santa Cruz, on the eastern coast of Africa, proceeding 25 leagues south—discovered the River Del Infanta, but unable, like his bold successor, to brave the storms of the troubled Cape, he returned to Portugal, leaving it to Vasco de Gama to first unfurl a sail in those unknown seas. Hamro, the Carthagenian General, doubtless sailed round the promontory of the Cape, but he extended his researches no farther. To return to our Poet. He says, when the fleet is sailing in sight

of the Cape, then called the Cape of Storms, a formidable shape appears to them, walking in the depth of the seas; his head reaches to the clouds; the storms, the winds, the thunders, and the lightnings hang about him, and his arms are extended over the waves. It is the guardian of that foreign shore unexplored before by any ship. He complains of being obliged to submit to fate and to the audacious undertaking of the Portuguese, and foretells them all the misfortunes they must undergo in the Indies. Such a fiction would be thought noble in all ages and in all nations. But let our Poet speak for himself:—

" Beneath the glistening wave the God of day
Had now five times withdrawn the parting ray,
When o'er the prow a sudden darkness spread,
And slowly floating o'er the mast's tall head,
A black cloud hover'd; nor appear'd from far
The moon's pale glimpse, nor faintly twinkling star,
So deep a gloom the low'ring vapour cast,
Transfixt with awe the bravest stood aghast,
Meanwhile, a hollow bursting roar resounds,
As when hoarse surges lash their rocky mounds—
Nor had the blackening wave, nor frowning heaven,
The wonted signs of gathering tempest given.
Amaz'd we stood—' O Thou, our fortunes guide,
Avert this omen, mighty God,' I cried;
' Or through forbidden climes adventurous stray'd,
Have we the secrets of the deep survey'd,
Which these wide solitudes of seas and sky,
Were doom'd to hide from man's unhallowed eye?
Whate'er this prodigy, it threatens more,
Than midnight tempests, and the mingled roar,
When sea and sky combine to rock the marble shore!'
" I spoke, when rising through the darken'd air,
Appall'd, we saw a hideous phantom glare;
High and enormous o'er the flood he tower'd,
And thwart our way with sullen aspect lower'd;
An earthly paleness o'er his cheeks was spread,
Erect uprose his hairs of wither'd red:
Writhing to speak, his sable lips disclose,
Sharp and disjoin'd, his gnashing teeth's blue rows;
His haggard beard flow'd quivering on the wind;
Revenge and horror in his mien combined;
His clouded front, by withering lightnings scar'd,
The inward anguish of his soul declar'd,
His red eyes glowing from their dusky caves,
Shot livid fires: far echoing o'er the waves;
His voice resounded, as the cavern'd shore,
With hollow groan repeats the tempest's roar;
Cold gliding horrors thrilled, each hero's breast,
Our bristling hair, and tottering knees, confess'd,
Wild dread; the while with visage ghastly wan;
His black lips trembling, thus the fiend began.
" ' O you, the boldest of the nations, fir'd
By daring pride, by lust of fame inspired,
Who scornful of the bowers of sweet repose,
Through these my waves advance your fearless prows,

Regardless of the lengthening watery way,
And all the storms that own my sovereign sway,
Who 'mid surrounding rocks and shelves explore,
Where never Hero brav'd my rage before;
Ye sons of Lusus, who with eyes profane,
Have viewed the secrets of my awful reign,
Have passed the bounds which jealous Nature drew,
To veil her secret shrine from mortal view;
Hear from my lips what direful woes attend;
And bursting soon shall o'er your race descend.'
"'With every bounding keel that dares my rage,
Eternal war my rocks and storms shall wage,
The next proud fleet that through my drear domain,
With daring search shall hoist the streaming vane,
That gallant navy, by my whirlwind lost,
And raging seas, shall perish on my coast,
Then he who first my secret reign descried,
A naked corse wide floating o'er the tide,
Shall drive—unless my heart's full raptures fail,
O Lusus! oft shalt thou thy children wail,
Each year thy shipwreck'd sons shalt thou deplore,
Each year thy sheeted masts shall strew my shore.'
"He paus'd, in act still further to disclose,
A long, a dreary prophecy, of woes;
When springing onward, loud my voice resounds,
And midst his rage, the threatening shade confounds.
What art thou, horrid form, that rid'st the air
By Heaven's eternal light, stern fiend declare?
His lips he writhes, his eyes far round he throws,
And from his breast deep hollow groans arose,
Sternly askance he stood: with wounded pride,
And anguish torn, 'In me, behold,' he cried,
While dark red sparkles from his eye-balls rolled,
'In me the spirit of the Cape behold,
That rock by you the Cape of Tempests named,
By Neptune's rage in horrid earthquakes framed,
When Jove's red bolts o'er Titan's offspring flamed,
With wide stretch'd piles I guard the pathless strand,
And Afric's southern mound unmov'd I stand;
Nor Roman prow, nor daring Tyrian oar,
Ere dash'd the white wave foaming to my shore;
Nor Greece nor Carthage ever spread the sail,
On these my seas, to catch the trading gale.
You, you alone have dared to plough my main
And with the human voice disturb my lonesome reign.'
"He spoke, and deep a lengthen'd sigh he drew—
A doleful sound,—and vanished from the view."

With exquisite variety having given this fine description of the gigantic vision, Camoens next introduces a scene of Arcadian beauty, describing a procession of the inhabitants, such as in times of peace may be daily seen in modern Kaffraria.

"Now from the wave the chariot of the day,
Whirl'd by the fiery coursers, springs away,

When full in view the giant Cape appears;
Wide spread its limbs, and high its shoulders rears;
Behind us now it curves the bending side,
And our bold vessels plough the eastern tide,
Nor long excursive off at sea we stand,
A cultured shore invites us to the land.
Here their sweet scenes the rural joys bestow,
And give our wearied minds a lively glow;
The tenants of the coast, a festive band,
With dances meet us on the yellow sand;
Their brides on slow-paced oxen rode behind,
The spreading horns with flowery garlands twined,
Bespoke the dew-lapt beeves their proudest boast,
Of all their bestial store they valued most;
By turns the husbands and the brides prolong
The various measures of the rural song;
Now to the dance the rustic reeds resound
The dancers' heels light quivering beat the ground;
And now the lambs around them bleating stray,
Feed from their hands, or round them frisking play.
Methought I saw the sylvan reign of Pan,
And heard the music of the Mantuan Swan;
With smiles we hail them, and with joy behold
The blissful manners of the age of Gold;
With that mild kindness, by their looks display'd,
Fresh stores they bring with cloth of red repaid;
Yet from their lips no word we know could flow,
Nor sign of India's strand their hands bestow;
Fair blow the winds, again with sails unfurl'd
We dare the main and seek the eastern world:
Now round black Afric's coast our navy veer'd,
And to the world's mid circle northward steer'd.

Vasco proceeded on his voyage along the coast of Africa, until he arrived at Terra de Natal, where he first hears of a new country to which ships come. This then is the land of his hopes; here the weary mariner shall be repaid, and the exulting enthusiast return to lay at the feet of his master the key to the Indies. The Poet speaks only of friendly intercourse with the then gentle savages of South Africa, for to the immortal honour of the first Portuguese discoverers, their conduct was in every respect the reverse to that of the Spaniard, in no period of history does human nature appear with more shocking features than in the Spanish conquest of South America.

To establish a traffic equally advantageous to the natives, as to themselves, was the principle the Portuguese professed, and the strictest honour, and that humanity which is ever inseparable from true bravery, presided over their transactions. It was owing to this spirit of honour and humanity, which in the heroical days of Portugal characterized that nation, that the religion of the Portuguese was warmly embraced by many kings of Africa and India. While the Mexicans with manly disdain rejected the faith of the Spaniards, professing they would rather *take the alternative* to escape these cruel tyrants than go to Heavens, where they were told they should meet

them if they embraced their faith. But at that time Portugal was the Empress of the Ocean; her spirit is now broken, and her state diminished.

We will suppose that at any time intervening between the passing visit of Vasco de Gama in 1494, until the arrival and landing of the Dutch in 1660, the heretofore pastoral and peaceful people enjoyed the same arcadian peace our poet so sweetly describes. But with the landing of the Dutch commenced a system of cruelty and persecution of the aborigines, a cruelty and persecution unsurpassed even by Spanish atrocities.

Before briefly glancing at these atrocities, we must remember that the Chamber "At Home," that is in Holland, looked on the Cape as merely a house of entertainment for its outward and homeward-bound ships, deeming the country was "worthless to them on any other account;" so far indeed did they carry this feeling, that they encouraged the idea of separating the promontory from the mainland by a canal, and thus securing to themselves all that would be to *them* valuable!! namely, a watering and store station for their homeward and outward-bound ships, leaving the aborigines to the enjoyment of their native land.

Had the Dutch! had the English pushed their conquests no farther! what enduring and noble effects our intercourse with the natives would have produced. Christianity, and all the blessings of peace and civilization, would have been sought by these tribes, for here, unlike India, we had no bigotted priests, no established and deeply-rooted Paganism to contend with. A Kaffir girl, in answer to the question from the writer, what are the Gods your people pray to? replied with a look of brightness—"We make a garland of the prettiest flowers, and place it on the nearest stone, offering it to *Uiteka*," as she pronounced the word, which means the most beautiful. Here was a nucleus for the Christian minister to work on! Unfortunately the first government of the Cape, an Ex-Greenland, Whaler, and an ex-Surgeon, was unable to comprehend ideas creditable to the "Chamber" as regards their commercial policy, and to their humane feelings *as* men. The wisdom of securing a place of refreshment at the Cape to a commercial nation, trading largely with India, cannot be questioned, and the humane feeling of leaving undisturbed the countless inhabitants of the country none will dispute. Van Riebek, the first Dutch Governor of the Cape, formally took possession of his post in the year 1660. Whoever feels an interest in the subsequent fate of the hapless natives, and reads "The Record" most ably translated by Mr. Moordie, will find a narrative of horrors. This work is compiled from Government dispatches to and from the "Chamber at Home," but we must not omit that a period of years elapses, when no correspondence is on record, and it is fairly surmised that during that period such cruelties and oppressions were exercised that the local Government suppressed these documents.

From the year 1660, when the Chamber entertained the idea of separating the promontory from the main land, we will pass over

to the year 1834, when we find that admirable philanthrophist Sir Fowell Buxton takes up the question of an enquiry into the treatment of the aborigines.

Hitherto we have touched only on the ill treatment the unoffending natives had received from their tyrannical intruders. Now a painful duty compels us to turn to England's own policy, towards the self-constituted masters of the usurped lands, the Dutch. Years had passed away since Van Riebek had commenced his series of atrocities, the Dutch had settled into a partly nomadic, a partly agricultural people; nothing could exceed the scene of prosperity which the colony exhibited when the well-meant but ill-regulated scheme of emancipation of slavery took place. A thousand farms in different parts of the then comparatively small colony nourished its numerous inhabitants in peace and plenty, the slaves indulgently treated, and liberally partaking of the fruits of their labour, exhibited a scene of happiness rarely witnessed in freer states. It is indeed impossible for a mere resident in England to understand the relative position which existed between the slave and his master. The Dutch farmer's house was the very hall of hospitality; kindness and good feeling shone in every honest face; the door was never closed to the weary traveller. Every evening the whole family assembled, and the slaves were to be seen dancing in festive circles. The sound of music, the voice of gladness was to be heard on all sides. It is true that in some cases tyrannical cruelty prevailed, but let us not condemn a whole people; rather let us make comparison with annals of domestic and public crime at home in modern times too. Let us not forget the late disclosures which have been made regarding our Infant Asylum, Workhouses, &c.

The Dutch themselves alone complain in the matter of abolition of slavery, that it was not done gradually, the old slaves have died, where and with whom they had been reared from infancy. The younger children thought that they were free, and consequently to depend entirely on their own exertions for livelihood. This is reviving an old story. We must not forget that the modern Dutch population were the people of the country; their ancestors had, it is true, possessed themselves of the country by violence and cruelty, but these their descendants were the children of the soil, to a pastoral and agricultural people, who had no alternative but the employment of slaves in their large farms, the sudden interference in that most important circumstance of agricultural and domestic help, without an immediate remedy being provided was a ruinous event, ruinous not only to the Dutch and English proprietors, but for a long period, cause of starvation and misery to the emancipated slaves, who had been accustomed to what in England, by men of good family and good fortune, would be called luxuries. Society was for a time disorganized, yet the Cape never experienced those fearful revulsions which convulsed Jamaica on the abolition of slavery. The cause of this difference we believe wholly and solely to be attributed to the almost universal good treatment which the slaves at the

Cape received from their Dutch and English masters. They had no memories of past wrongs, past cruelties to be revenged; they were told in impassioned terms by excited Missionaries, that they should be free as their masters, but with even high wages they could not long exist, for in many instances the farmers found it wise to take to a nomadic life, and existing on the produce of their flocks, abandon agriculture for a life of wandering, the sad realties of which would have cured even Shenstone, that Poet of Delias, Corydons, and Shepherds' Crooks, of his pastoral fever!

Nor was it the Dutch alone who had to suffer. Our English Colonists, who had gone out under the fostering care, as they supposed, of the Home Government, simultaneously felt the shock.

Many of our Episcopalian clergy, with their wives, had found it great comfort to expend their miserably small salaries in a Dutch farmer's house, because they could not afford to live decently in a house of their own; the gentle manner of the educated English woman, and the holy office and learning of her husband, imperceptibly exerting an influence over the household, even these had to seek a home for themselves, or become menials in the house now without a single attendant, for in most cases the slaves were permitted by the masters to marry Hottentot or Bush woman—of course every one knows that all slaves were imported at the Cape—through the whole series of atrocities the early Dutch never attempted to make slaves of the aborigines. Although our old acquaintance, the first Governor Van Riebek, proposed to the Chamber "At Home" that they "should inveigle the women and children, and send them to India and Batavia as slaves," adding quaintly enough, "it is wonderful with what affection these savages regard their wives and children, choosing rather to die in their defence, *or incur our displeasure*, than give them to us for slaves, even with the promise of payment."

By this sudden abolition of slavery the slow, yet steady progress of civilization was stopped, the Dutch farmer's house as well as the English Colonists no longer presented a scene of domestic comfort, (that first grand step in civilization.) No longer did the willing slave girl attend her young mistress, (who was very frequently her foster sister,) identifying her own renown with the superiority of her mistress's appointments; no longer did the shining clock in the hall, or the well polished floor, or the well covered table, bear evidence of the good matron's housewifery, her hands, instead of head, were to be employed, and where yesterday 20 cauldrons of wholesome and dainty food, were preparing, to-day the fire blazes under one, and that tended by the good Frau and her fair daughters, or by the pastor and his wife, as the case might be. These are evils still rankling in the hearts of the old Colonists, English and Dutch, nor did the moral progress of the emancipated give evidence of any good done. There was so much of unsound and unjust policy in the whole proceeding, that one would almost take up the view, (giving all due honour to the noble philanthropists who were

made cat's-paws of), that interested men to carry out a grand political change, had got up this great agitation through the land, taking advantage of the excitement to work even a change of ministry.

It was a melancholy sight in 1844 to see strings of waggons conveying whole families, wending their way through the dreary extent of the colony to Port Natal. Their farms, their homes, their old associations, all abandoned in the hope of establishing themselves in a country where they might escape from a rule they could not understand; and how much was that feeling of melancholy roused into horror, when the colonists heard of the murder of these men, women, and children by the Kaffirs, through whose country they travelled, and who doubtless had handed down, even from the time of Van Riebek, oral tradition of every act of oppression, theft and violence, committed by men of whom these victims were the lineal descendants. Yet even to these days it should be doubted if the thefts of cattle from our colony would *ever exceed* the chronicled number of those stolen, or violently wrested from the aborigines, since the first landing of Christians in the Cape. Of lives taken to be revenged no doubt each tribe possesses an *oral* list. Perhaps in such cases as the shooting of Hintza, the Kaffree Chief, by a colonist, and we believe in the presence of Sir Henry, then Colonel, Smith, an expiation of five lives of that colonist's kith or kin might be adjudged. These people have an oral tradition of all their former greatness and all their past wrongs, and the impassioned eloquence of their bards, or chroniclers, who assume the title and tone of Prophets, appeals daily to the hearts of men, women, and children. In Kaffraria each tree, each brook, each mountain torrent has its oral legend, and the Prophet who shelters himself under the branches of the tree, or bathes his wearied feet in the cool waters of the brook—or raises his voice in inspired unison with the loud voice of the mountain torrent, is the living and energetic chronicler of freedom, and glory, and wrongs—the freedom will only be resigned with death, the glory in ages past had been the glories of the chase, when the lord of the forest fell before the well aimed assegai of the Chief—the wrongs, the mighty wrongs!—all to be traced to the first unsought intercourse with the Christian Van Riebek. In that emigration of the Dutch the Cape lost a most valuable portion of her colonists—the frontier markets soon proclaimed the fact. Colonial produce in each village market became scarce; the prices were so much increased, that it was soon a difficulty to find money enough to supply the wants of a large family. When the very men who had to support that family had heretofore mostly derived the means from employment by the numerous Dutch farmers who came in their huge waggons, laden with farm produce, and bringing their merry wives and families to the "Town Place," gladly exchanging that produce for home supplies of coffee, sugar, &c. never forgetting the bits of finery for the young ladies, or the more substantial household wants of the good old matron.

Many a shopkeeper closed his little store, and wondered what England was doing, to drive away in disgust men, who, although their agriculture was rude, succeeded far better than our more systematic English farmers, at least in matters of Cape agriculture.

Again in the case of our rebel Hottentots, some injustice has been done either to these men, or to those bound to them by ties of intermarriage. A race of men, of nearly European descent had, from the date of the emancipation, located themselves in the almost inexhaustible forests of Government ground, clearing small spots sufficient only for their immediate wants, and gaining all others by cutting wood, and sending planks and beams to Cape Town; or in the form of ready worked material for waggons, into the neighbouring farm stations.

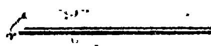
In the district of George alone were 400 of these hardy woodcutters, ready to fight to the death in defence of their homes, or in the cause of a Government which would protect them. But what did our Government do now? America was encouraged to send timber to Cape Town, duty free, while a duty was to be paid on Colonial timber imported into Cape Town! I do not know if this measure still exists, and believe it was only since 1845 or 1846 that it was adopted.

We read of an adventurous Englishman, who sent a whole cargo of *warming pans* to the Brazils, and of the Admiralty once on a time sending from England "a *full* supply of water casks to Canada, for the use of ships of war on Lake Ontario," where it was only necessary to throw a bucket overboard, with which to draw up water of the very best quality. Water exported from Downing Street to Lake Ontario!! and wood invited from America to the Cape, where it is already a weed!! but where, however, it helped to maintain a band of men, who for strength and industry, are equal to the finest peasants of any country. These are men connected by intermarriages with our rebel Hottentots. What care they if the Kaffirs burn down their once-loved forest! "That dog in the manger," who calls on these men to aid in his defence, will not allow them a share of the bone which he cannot pick himself. But all this proves the total ignorance of colonial affairs in those men who issue their mandates from carpeted and snug rooms in Downing Street. The following remarks by a keen observer may be not inaptly borrowed as a conclusion to this discursive paper.

"The system which has been pursued by this country, during the last thirty or forty years, in every thing that was connected with a knowledge of Africa, its people, or its geographical features, has been alike contemptible and reprehensible, and such as is a disgrace to it. A contemptible and interested faction dictated to the British Government what it should, and what it should not do, shut up all communication concerning Africa, except such as its lying vehicles pleased to give, and led the people of England to believe that the barbarism, brutality, superstition, and degradation of four thousand years' standing, had wholly vanished from Africa, under *their superintendence*. That delusion is past,

and an astonished and indignant country finds, that after mis-spending about fifteen millions of money, Africa is left more wretched than ever. So much for the would-be instructors of Africa. Another party, residing with the Government, and with the ear of the Government, took African Geography under its supreme direction, and the consequence was that her vast mountains and cultivated plains were turned into morasses, lakes, or sandy deserts, at pleasure; and her mighty rivers, compared to which European streams are rivulets, were made to stand still, to sink in sands, or disappear in fictitious lakes, to run dwindling through sandy deserts, or to leap over mighty mountains, to run every way but the way they really ran, according as these geographical dictators thought proper; while every information which made for a more rational system, if contrary to their views, was garbled, mutilated, or wholly suppressed, though obtained at the expense of the public money of the country, and the lives of several of her gallant sons. Yet the nation submitted to such quackery and imbecility, until it has become the laughing stock of Europe."

D. E. F.



PROGRESS.

I.

Time *has* been, when the tyrant's lawless might
Ruled over crowds that crushed and helpless lay,
Making his will their law, and force his right,
Like to a vision, *that*, hath passed away—
Doth yet oppression linger? humble worth
With wealthy wrong still sometimes vainly cope?
Freedom shall yet dawn cloudless on the earth—
All Nature's law is progress, wait and hope!

Time *has* been, when the Idol and the Priest
Forbade the beacon of free truth to shine,
Chained down the immortal like a savage beast,
Called bondage, peace, and many a fraud, divine.
Doth superstition yet bear any sway?
Or dark intolerance on earth find scope?
Like other shadows they shall pass away—
All Nature's law is progress, wait and hope!

Time *has* been, when the haughty Baron's pride
Trampled the Serf as dust beneath his feet;
Or when like hunted brute the Helot died,
Unworthy deemed a human fate to meet;

Is social love imperfect yet?—are still
Some chained to hopeless wrong beneath the cope?
A time shall come to purge away the ill—
All Nature's law is progress, wait and hope!

A time shall come when knowledge, like a flood,
Shall sweep away all wrong and sin and shame:
When to all eyes the expedient and the good
Shall in the light of truth be seen the same;
Freedom, content and peace on all to beam—
And love and faith all hearts to all to ope—
A time shall come when this shall be no dream—
All Nature's law is progress, wait and hope.

II.

Because some agents of our onward way,
Work from base motives of a selfish heart;
Because the love of gold, or lust of sway
Dishonour some who therein bear a part;
Or some ungodly, some impure and vile
Claim to be fellow-labourers in the work;
Or motives of base gain, or fraudful guile
In some that aid the cause of progress lurk.

Do not for these the work itself condemn
Or cast opprobrium on its holiness;
It taketh not its colouring from them,
Nor can their evil make its good the less.

Let not that law be still misunderstood,
Of Providence, that to its hallowed end,
Maketh all things together work for good,
And, howe'er meant, all to one purpose tend.

Thus upon earth the pure and the impure
Are made co-agents in their very strife,
The rain of heaven and putrified manure
Combine to raise the corn, the bread of life.

III.

Work out thy part, each human creature worketh,
Some knowingly, some blindly in the dark,
The power that carries on the future, lurketh
In their attempts that aim at their own mark.
Making their very selfishness apply
To things that above all they wish not, dream not,
And their low motives serve a purpose high,
Failing the aims they seek, to answer those they deem not.

Thinketh the tyrant that his ev'ry act
Strikes at the root of Tyranny for ever?
That as a whetstone, every lawless fact
Sharpens an axe all lawless power to sever?
Slowly, but sure, the Nemesis of crime
Leads onward truth to her eternal throne:
Be patient. Progress, and her handmaid Time,
All ill shall rectify, all wrong atone.

But be it thine to choose the nobler measure,
And champion consciously the cause of right,
As digs the miner for the hidden treasure
To bring its lustre speedier to light;
Not because torrents might one day expose it,
Deems he his toil presumption, vain his art!
Nor idly leaves the earthquake to disclose it;
Thence learn thou wisdom, and work out thy part.

IV.

The acorn on the mossy surface shed,
Groweth in ages to a stately tree,
The streamlet trickling from the fountain head,
Swells to a river, ere it reach the sea;
The wind moans lowly o'er the tranquil field,
Ere as a hurricane it thunders wild;
The sage to whom God's secrets are revealed,
First knew existence as a helpless child.

Nought springs at once to full maturity—
The law of Nature is eternal growth—
In mind and matter the analogy,
Holds ever thus from small to great in both;
So took man's social state its rude beginning,
From the first struggles of awakening mind,
To form and power its tardy progress winning,
As reason strengthened, and as taste refined.

And who shall bid its tides be stagnant now,
While still so much remains to make to mend,
While every thing around, above, below,
Advanceth still improving to the end;
Religion's self by the same law hath passed,
From the imperfect towards perfect good.
The Patriarch first, the Prophet next, and last
The Law of Love not yet half understood.

Yes, 'tis in progress still, and so shall be,
Until our sons in some thrice happy day,
Shall in the brightness of the Spirit, see
The hardness of the Letter melt away.

V.

What is that wisdom of Antiquity
To which so many trembling ones appeal?
Marks it a period of man's history,
Endued with powers that we no longer feel?
A Time of Justice, Deity and Light?
Unstained by error, all ways good and fair?
Of wit and judgment ever dazzling bright?
Have such times been? if so, say when and where.

Or is it but priority of date
That gives that wisdom vantage over ours?
Is it the being distant makes it great?
Or having passed away that stamps its powers?
If so, each age must worship that before,
Back ever in its search for wisdom fall,
Till in the dusky reverence of yore
The earliest savage shines the light of all.

VI.

The traveller who follows the wrong path,
Strays more than they who idly still remain,
His toil is vain, the only hope he hath
To tread his weary journey back again:
Such was the wisdom of the antique world,
Mean because sensual, vain because half true,
Feeble because exclusive, but unfurled,
A solemn secret to the initiate few.

Chained down to mere material ends and aims,
Begot in selfishness to end in strife,
A system of expedients, forms and names,
Blind to the spirit-sense in which is life.
How paint they love, but wild and reckless lust?
How glory, but brute force and ruthless sway?
How virtue, but a dream unsafe to trust?
How wisdom? The provider for to-day!!

The Goth but hurried on their wisdom's doom,
It bore within its principle of death,
By its own weight 'twas hasting to its tomb,
Oblivious gulf, whence none awakeneth;
The Goth but broke that slow declension through.
Undid false progress at one desperate leap,
Compelled the Traveller to start anew,
And saved the West from Asia's death-like sleep.

VII.

Oh may no more the brazen trump of war
Peal desolation over smiling lands—
Guiding God's creatures his best works to mar—
'Gainst human bosoms arming human hands—
No more, Oh! God of Love, Oh! never more
May upon earth strife's awful vials flow,
Making with wine of bitterness run o'er
The Orphan's and the Widow's cup of woe!

No more, no more, the creatures of thy hand
Be cut off timelessly in sin, in strife;
Famine and slaughter raging o'er the land,
Which thou hadst filled with all that blesses life.
Not thus shall it be ever, even now
The day-star of the Truth is dawning fast,
The laurel fades on glory's blighted brow,
And Peace is preached on Earth indeed, at last.

What matter if its young and distant ray
Finds still some clouds too dense to struggle through!
A Time shall come when they shall melt away,
And what appears a dream be owned as True.
Our race has passed three stages hitherto,
Its infancy, its boyhood, and its youth,
Each age developing some progress new,
Each more advancing in pursuit of Truth.

Perhaps we are but entering manhood yet,
With a long vista of advance to come,
Before the seal of full perfection set
Makes ready earth for our Millennial home;
Then shall all tears be wiped from every eye,
And the vast Brotherhood beneath the cope
Shall only in good deeds together vie—
All Nature's law is progress, wait and hope.

K.

ANCIENT HISTORY OF THE PUNJAUB.

Hindoo tradition tells that Sita, the wife of Ram Chander, having been carried away by Ravan, a fierce war broke out betwixt the two princes, (deified Rajahs in the Hindoo Mythology,) and ended not until Sita was released, and returned to her home. It happened, however, after her return, that her husband, while out hunting on the banks of a river, saw a *dhoby* beating his wife for absenting herself from home the previous night, and heard him tell her that he would not allow himself to be played upon like Ram Chander, who was content to receive back his wife after her disgrace. The Rajah felt the sting of the reproach, and returning home, ordered his younger brother Luchman to carry away Sita to some wild jungle, and there abandon her to her fate. Thus enjoined, Luchman conducted his brother's wife into the Punjaub, and left her by the side of a pool of water in the midst of a jungle, on the very spot subsequently known as Ram Teeruth, five miles S. W. of Umritsir, a place of worship, with a stone or brick-built tank. Here the deserted lady was found by a solitary fuqueer,* who provided her with daily sustenance, and restored to her arms her two sons, Lauh and Kussa, whom she had borne to Ram Chander, and whom she was compelled to leave behind her, when carried from her home by Luchman.

These two sons of Sita, when they grew up, became men of wealth and consequence, and divided the country betwixt them. Lauh took all the land on either bank of the Râvee, and settled at a place then called Yeher or Yeer, from the number of Hindoo Yeers, or Gudgers, who resorted thither, and had their temporary habitations and droves of cattle on the spot. These temporary sheds Lauh replaced by a permanent village, which after his death was known by his name of Lauh. Kussa, the other brother, took for his portion of the country, the lands lying along the banks of the Ghara, or Sutlej, and there, after the example of Lauh, he founded and gave name to the present town of Kussoor.

The country, even from the northern hills to Moultan, being then chiefly waste land with many thick forests and jungles, was inhabited almost exclusively by the Yahars, or Yeers, a wandering race of shepherds and herdsmen, who lived in *junns*,—large families, moving about with their flocks and herds as they required and could find pasturage. Their general resort, however, especially during the hot season, was the banks of the rivers, where forage was most abundant, and where alone water was then to be had.

These tribes of Yeers were numerous, warlike, and powerful, and occupied most of the country between and along the banks of the Five Rivers ; in fact, the entire country from the Sutlej to the Indus, and up to the base of the northern hills. It is said indeed that this race, or one closely akin

* A reformed Bheel robber.

to it, held the country as far south as the present Hyderabad in Scinde, or even perhaps as far as to the mouths of the Indus and the sea coast. The entire range of the northern hills, especially about the present Ko hi Damaan, from Neorpoor or Bussowlee, was formerly inhabited chiefly by shepherds. And the hills and districts of Pir Punjal, Rutton Punjal, Kussōōl, Chumbā, &c. are to the present day chiefly peopled by shepherds, mostly Hindoos, but some of them, as those of Kaagaan are now, Mahometans.

But though the history of Lauh and Kussa, the sons of Ram Chander and Sita, is in great part purely mythological, yet the people assert that two princes so named actually reigned in the Punjaub, and became lords of large tracts of country. They are supposed to have sprung from low origin amongst the people who emigrated from Hindoostan, about 200 years before the invasion of Alexander, or about the time of Cyrus, 536 years before Christ.

Some Hindoos declare that they, with the inhabitants of all the countries east and south, including China, &c., are the offspring of one common stock of Buddhists, who originally inhabited the country and the Hindoo Koosh, and the ranges west of it, with the immense plains to the north and south, including Persia, Media, Scythia, Parthia, or the present Affghanistan, Turkishtan, &c. They attribute one of the first grand migrations principally to a famine which occurred about 1,200 years before the reign of Cyrus or Kyroo, or perhaps about 1,700 years before Christ. They state further that the migratory spirit acted in two different directions about the same time, the first northerly and eventually towards China, and the other towards the Punjaub, and through it to the banks of the Jumna and Ganges. From this last tide of emigrants it is thought that all Hindostan was peopled.

It is said that about the fifth generation after Lauh and Kussa, their descendants, Khool Rao, king of Lauh, now Lahore, and Khoolput, king of Kuss, afterwards Kussoor, warred against each other in consequence of some quarrel about grazing lands. Khoolput is said to have been the most popular, and strengthened by bands of Yeers from the southern jungles, he advanced against Lahore and Khool Rao; after being twice vanquished, retreated to the northward to "the country of the holy fire," supposed to be that of the present Juallajee. Here he visited many holy shrines in the mountain ranges, and finally settled with Aulooth, prince of "the three-peaked holy mountain," supposed to be the present Tirkota Devee, about 18 miles north or north-west of Jummo. This Aulooth had an only child, a daughter about nine or ten years of age, who was stolen from her home, and whom Khool Rao having restored to her father, subsequently married, and had by her a son, Sodee Ram, who succeeded Aulooth in his sovereignty. When Sodee Ram was twelve years of age, his father, Khool Rao, took him on an expedition for the recovery of his kingdom of Lahore. Sodee Ram being acknowledged chief of the three-peaked holy mountain, the expedition was joined by 200,000 fighting men from the hills, who

from the circumstances of their being described as dressed in black and white bear skins are supposed to have come from the higher regions, probably the snowy ranges of Thibet, &c.

Of these 200,000 mountaineers, it is said, not above 10,000 lived to return to their hills, the rest having perished in the hot and unhealthy climate of the plains.

Khool Rao lost his life in this expedition, but his rival was forced to flee, and eventually became a faqueer at Kashee or Benares, where he became a disciple of the Brahmins and studied the Vedas. He afterwards travelled into the Punjaub, where, himself unknown, he saw and even conversed with his successor Sodee Ram. The new king, however, at length was informed who his visitor was, and he then insisted on being allowed to exchange places with him; and so Khoolputh became once more a sovereign and Sodee Ram became a faqueer, and his posterity for many generations followed the same way of life, and were held in much respect by the people.

When Alexander invaded the country, Porus, or as the people call him Phoor, the king of a large tract west of the Sutlej, and reaching east to the Ganges Phoogaloos king of Kussoor and Lahore, and Sophoos, king of the low country, whose chief cities were Moultan and Chenaut, (the latter on the bank of the Chenaub, the river of Cheenee or China) combined together to check the course of the invader. They were however defeated, and Alexander advanced across the Acescines or Chunder Bagh or Chenaub, and appeared before Lahore. The place was then but a collection of mean huts surrounded by a mud wall. The Ravee spread itself nearly all round the place, its western bed being nearly a mile and a half further west than at present, while its eastern or main stream ran close by the walls. When Alexander was about to cross the Ravee, the inhabitants of the town and of the neighbouring country, without consent of their king, who was a prisoner in Alexander's camp, collected and fought him in a pitched battle close to and west of the walls. As might be supposed, they were soon defeated, and the way into Lahore was open to the conqueror. But he did not cross the river, contenting himself with sending a small body of horse to reconnoitre the country to the eastward. In consideration of the submission of their king, he pardoned the people of Lahore, merely requiring from them guides, some men at arms, and boats to conduct and carry some of his troops down the Ravee to meet the other divisions of his army, which had been ordered to go down the Scinde, Jhelum, and Chenaub, and to unite at the confluence of those rivers.

The scouts whom Alexander had sent to the eastward, returned with a report, that betwixt the Ravee and the Sutlej, they had found nothing but jungle, with a great scarcity of water, and that for four or five marches east of the latter river, they found the country, if possible, still more parched and barren, arid plains or low jungle, without water sufficient even for a small body of troops. This report, and the fact of his troops being almost worn out with fatigue, induced Alexander to determine on re-tracing his steps. He accordingly returned to the Jhelum with such of his troops as

had not been sent down the river, and accompanied by king Phoogaloos himself. Here he embarked with his forces, sailing down the Jhelum till he joined the other divisions of his army, at or near the site of the present Mittun ka kote.

Tradition relates that soon after the departure of Alexander, many princes with large armies arrived in the Punjaub from the eastward, having assembled at the call of King Porus to resist the progress of the invader. These hosts of Hindoos, some of whom it is believed came from the most remote quarters of Hindostan and the Deccan, are said to have amounted to no less than 500,000 men. A great part of them settled in the Punjaub; while their disappointed leaders returned from their bootless expedition to their respective kingdoms and countries. There were, however, among them three brothers, Shoon, Hoon, and Dul, the sons or near relatives of the great Rajah Raihoon Rao, chief of the country now known as Rajpootana, whose capitals were Ougein and Indore. These three princes remained in the Punjaub, and became the leaders of the strangers who now settled there. The former inhabitants and these immigrants agreed well together. The latter introduced the art of agriculture and the use of wells for irrigation, previously unknown to, or at least neglected by, the inhabitants, who lived almost entirely on milk and the flesh of their cattle and of the beasts of the chase. The immigrant settlers, whose numbers are estimated at 350,000, devoted themselves so diligently to the cultivation of the land, that, according to tradition, about two hundred and fifty years after their arrival, the whole country, from Lahore to Moultan and from Kussoor to Wuzeerabad, was cleared of jungle, and the means of irrigation so plentiful that it became a proverbial saying "as plentiful as water and wells." Even to the present day, though a great part of the country has been allowed to fall back into its primitive desolation and barrenness, the traces of wells, canals, &c., in the wild jungles are so numerous as to excite astonishment.

The immigrants from Hindostan and the Dekkan, who settled in the Punjaub and became a distinct tribe, in time came to be designated the Shoonduls, from the names of their three princes Shoon, Hoon, and Dul, and the tract of country which they had cleared and cultivated was also known by the same name. Even at the present day, this district, though now again covered with thick jungle, is denominated the Sundull Bar.

The settlers, while engaged in bringing the country under cultivation, were assisted by the original inhabitants called Yeers, Juns or Puchedhus, who have now mostly embraced Mahomedanism. During a period of two hundred and fifty years, while this improvement was going on in the country, the kingdom of Lahore dwindled away to insignificance, the fourth or fifth successor of Phoogaloos having died without issue, and the city of Lahore itself had again become little more than a large village of poor huts, inhabited chiefly by the Yeers, who pastured their herds in the neighbourhood. The Ravee having about this

time inundated its banks to such an extent as to have carried away almost all the inhabitants, destroyed almost every vestige of the town, and left in its place an extensive waste, whither, as offering abundance of forage for their cattle, the Yeers were wont to resort, building their habitations however on the higher lands in the neighbourhood. This was the desolate state of Lahore for centuries, while Kussoor flourished as the capital of a large territory ruled by the successors of the three princes before mentioned. Of this territory Debalpore, Chunee, Pauk-putton and Moultan were subsequently and at various times capital cities, or the seats of Government.

The Shoonduls in the time of Vikramaditya were considered the most powerful tribe in the Punjaub. At this period that country was more thickly inhabited and far better cultivated than it has ever been since. It is represented as one large garden, or well-cultivated field. Jungle and waste ground there were, indeed, in some places where irrigation was impracticable, or the nature of the land would not allow of tillage; but elsewhere cultivation was carried to the highest point, and the Punjaub became proverbial throughout all Hindostan as the granary of the East.

The Yeers, or old shepherd inhabitants of the country, though they had willingly received and assisted the Shoonduls, never mingled or intermarried with them, the latter considering themselves a superior race, being mostly Rajpoots and other high class people, who looked upon the Yeers as an inferior race of Ghates, Ghauts, Gats, or, as they are now called, Jats.

The old city of Lahore was, as has been mentioned, almost entirely destroyed and washed away by inundation, this event taking place about fifty years before Christ. The name was still however kept up by the shepherds, who built their temporary huts or sheds in the neighbourhood, pasturing their cattle on the rich herbage of the morass which the inundation had formed. Thus, while the country was in its highest state of population and cultivation, Lahore, the present capital, was lying waste and desolate. This fluctuating state of the country, which may be dated from about 300 years before Christ, continued uninterrupted under the Shoonduls until about 140 or 150 years after Christ. At this time, their power had reached its highest pitch; but in the meantime their pride of caste and haughty demeanour towards the Yeers or Jats had inspired the latter with a deep animosity against the intruders. Continual broils and feuds were the result, and much blood was spilt in these quarrels. In these encounters, the hardy Jats generally proved themselves more bold and warlike than their foes, who, though boasting of Rajpoot and other such high descent, appeared to have degenerated from the time they entered the Punjaub and settled down to agricultural pursuits. The dissensions between the two races were thus carried on until about the year of Christ 200, when the Shoonduls, for their security, formed an alliance with Rajah Thillauth Dehu, then reigning over a large tract of country—the whole of the

present Rajpootana extended to the banks of the Sutlej.

About A. D. 240, when open hostilities had broken out between the tribes, the Jats, having assembled near Lahore, so pressed upon the Shoonduls as to compel them to call in their allies of Rajhistan, who, to the number of 50,000, entered the country headed by Hoosth dool Dehu, the son of Thillauth Dehu. A long war now commenced which nearly desolated the land. Thus things went on till about the year 257, when the Jats had managed to contract an alliance with Rajah Hoon, chief of the hills now known as the Salt Range to the east of the Indus, and whose capital was Koh,* situated in the mountain district near the Indus, and one day's march from the present Kona Bagh. The Rajah Hoon was a prince of great renown, and by his aid the Jats encountered Shoonduls and Rajpoots at or near the site of the present Nun Khona, 50 or 60 miles S. W. of Lahore, when a bloody conflict ensued, in which 70,000 fell on both sides. This great battle was fought about A. D. 260, and the number of rude spear heads and other warlike instruments of the time found on the spot, even at the present day, corroborate the story of the engement.

After the battle of Nunkhona, and for about 90 years subsequent, all strife and feuds in the Punjaub seemingly were partially put an end to, and did not or were not allowed openly to break out. But this chiefly through the interference and policy of the then stronger powers, Rajah Hoon of the west, and Rajah Thillauth Deh of the E. and S. E., the latter said then to be reigning over the entire of the immense sandy tract, from the sea or the gulf of Kutch upwards, towards the present Ajmeer, Bhawhulpore, &c. &c. Thillauth Deh's court and seat of government being, it is said, at the Imperial City of *Indhoh*, the supposed site of the present Indore, and by all accounts and traditions, the boundary line of the Great Mahrattah, or Maharaut, or Great Raut Empire in latter years, or when in the height of its pride and greatness, may give a pretty good idea of the extent, site, and boundary of the great Thillauth Deh's Empire. However tradition makes out Rajah Hoon of the west or Indus to have been of equal or even superior power, and his dominions as extensive, though all mountainous, as that of his then rival, Thillauth Deh. Notwithstanding this they both seem for a number of years to have acted as conjoint-mediators, and peace-keepers of the present Punjaub, which was then very likely considered and respected by both those strong and ruling powers, as a kind of neutral tract, as lying between and dividing the dominions of each. But tradition says that by this united mediation of two powerful foreign powers, the Punjaub was much weakened, while its own rulers and chiefs were forced to recede in every point and even act, and were treated more as sub-

* This famous stronghold and hill fortress on the west bank of the Indus, and the ruins and remains of which are to the present day well known under the name of Kaffir Cote or Killah on the heights overhanging the Indus below Isahkhela, was built by the progenitors of Rajah Hoon, and belonged to his principality, and was once the seat of government of his forefathers.

jugated dependants than free chiefs, by both of their master mediators, each of whom kept a considerable number of troops stationed throughout the country. In this state the Punjaub is said to have continued for more than 80 years, which period is well known in traditions by the terms *jug-jogah* or *jug-juggah*, or the period of double rule, and it was only towards the close of that period, of a kind of polite or friendly subjugation, the low state to which both the Shoondulls and Jats were reduced, led each to forget their former rancour and broils, and to think seriously of rallying round one common standard, and relieving their country from the burden and yoke under which it had groaned for near a century. But fortune had partly anticipated their wishes, as tradition has it, that at a period which agrees with about 350 A. D., the then Rajpoot reigning Monarch of Rajpootana, by name Rajah Nerbunse Deh (pronounced Dheh) who was a regular descendant, and great grandson of Thillauth Deh, being hard pressed for means and troops to settle and quell a rebellion which broke out in the most distant and southern parts of his dominions, and which then threatened, and ultimately ended in the civil dismemberment and partition of the vast Empire, which Rajah Vikker, or the great Viker Madyta handed down to his descendants—felt obliged to withdraw suddenly, all the troops he had then in the Punjab, by which act for ever ended the sway or the right of mediatorship of that court and country in the Punjab affairs. But not so the then reigning Prince or Monarch of the old Koh, or as it is pronounced Khohē Hill principality, who considered this as a favourable opportunity to completely subjugate the Punjab. This Prince's father had, it is said, for some reason unknown, changed the seat of Government from Khohē or Koh, on the south bank of the Indus, to Dhehoora or Dheor, in the Wisieree or north Solyman range, (supposed to be the present Dour.) But his son having even at a very early age made some extensive conquests to the northward, said to be even as far as Kaagaan and Ghilghith, again changed the seat of Government from Dhehoora or Dour to the then large fortress of Ooluk, the present place called *Zareth* in the Affreedee range, and not many miles west of the forts of Attock and Khyrabad, and only about $1\frac{1}{2}$ or 2 miles on the left of the road from Attock to Peshawur, and four miles south west of *Akora.*

This Prince, so well known in the Punjab traditions under the name of Rajah *Hodee*, then quite a youth of about 18 or 20, after establishing himself and court at Ooluk, built some forts and strongholds along both banks of the Attock River or Indus, between Kholabaugh and the present fort of Attock. Several of these are to be seen in ruins to the present day, and in particular a high positioned small work just opposite the fort of Attock, on the west bank of the River, and commanding, both the two forts and the Ferry of the River. It to this day strikes and attracts the attention of a traveller approaching Attock from its commanding and high eagle-nested position, and is well known even at the present day as Rajah Hodee Ka Boorj. About the year 360 A. D. this Prince took

formal possession of all the country west of the Jhelum, and for the present satisfied, he retired again at the request of Rajah Ressaalloo, the then reigning Prince of the dominions and capital of the present *Seealkote* or Sulkote, with whom Rajah Hodee had on this occasion made and established a close alliance and friendship. Rajah Ressaalloo, then a man advanced in years, was the second son of that Rajah *Sulwar*, who rebuilt the fortress and re-established the principality of Seealkote or Sulkote. This family was of the Seea caste or tribe, members of which exist, and may be found answering to this description at the present day. But before Rajah Hodee retraced his steps from the banks of the Jhelum with an army of about 100,000 men, he compelled or induced Rajah Ressaalloo to give him the promise of the hand of his only daughter, the fame of whose beauty had been trumpeted far among the countries and chiefs around. Rajah Hodee with this promise broke up his army, and returned to Ooruk; but soon after set off on an expedition against the northern hill tribes of Kaagaan, and there built a strong and large fortress, and erected a considerable town or city close to the present Chunkaree, about 30 miles from Hazarah, on the high road between that place and Cashmeer. The ruins are still to be seen, and are known under the name of *Rajah Hodee ka Mhahile*, or Rajah Hodee's palace. One twelve month having elapsed since Rajah Hoodee's return from the Jhelum, he sent from the palace and fortress of *Chohun*, (the present Chunkaree) to Rajah Ressaalloo, at Seealkote, for the fulfilment of his promises. But the latter, an extremely strict, virtuous and upright man, refused to accede to Rajah Hodee's request, on the plea that since the agreement had been made Rajah Hodee had married other princes' daughters in Cashmeer and Kaagaan, &c. Rajah Hodee, exasperated at this, collected and marched a large army of mountaineer troops from the banks of the Indus straight to Seealkote. Rajah Ressaalloo, unable to stand the field, allowed himself to be surrounded in his fort, against which Rajah Hodee expended all his skill and tact for 5 or 6 months, and considering any further attempt or delay useless, he commenced plundering and devastating the country around, and drawing his army away altogether, marched through and spread over the whole of the Punjab, subjugating both the Shoonduls and Jats, who fled before him—but afterwards met and acceded to all his terms at a place called Saunza-Sung-Sungh or Soong, [this word literally meaning an assembly, or meeting, or *place of meeting, or rendezvous*] then a large village, with extensive ruins, in the centre of a very fine cultivated and extensive level plain about 14 or 15 miles East or East and by South of the present city of Lahore.* Here Rajah Hodee concentrated his mountaineer army, all composed of the Northern Ghauts, Gaundaurs, and Ghuks—the latter tribe was in latter ages termed *Ghukkers*, and by the first Mahomedan invaders, said to be the descendants

* The site of the former and famous Sangala of Alexander.

of some of the remnants of the Greek army of Alexander, who during their stay had married and remained in the country, and had now formed a large and powerful race along both banks of the Indus. Rajah Hodee himself was one of the principal Ghuk, or Ghukker families in the country. However, while Rajah Hodee was encamped at the place of Loom or Lum, the daughter of Rajah Ressaalloo privately sent Rajah Hodee an invitation to come and convey her away by stealth from the stronghold of Seealkote, in which she resided. Rajah Hodee readily complying with this invitation, disguised himself and a few bold followers as huntsmen, in which character they went, and forming an acquaintance, were soon admitted as strangers under the roof of the unconscious Rajah Ressaalloo. Thus, in the course of a month, Rajah Hodee effectually managed to carry away the daughter of Rajah Ressaalloo (whose name was *Saarung*)—to his army and camp at Lum or Loom, whither quickly followed Rajah Ressaalloo in person, who getting authentic tidings, fearlessly *went alone to the quarters of* Raja Hodee to demand his daughter back, or revenge the deed on his enemy. Having pushed himself into the presence of Rajah Hodee, in the midst of a numerous train of armed courtiers and attendants, he first grossly abused and rebuked him for his conduct, and then challenged him forth to fight single-handed. Rajah Hodee agreed, but as the tradition has it, he bared his breast, and moved unarmed up to the infuriated *Ressaalloo*, telling him " I cannot, nor will I ever arm myself against you. Here I am unarmed, you may take revenge or pardon as you like" Rajah Ressaalloo, infuriated as he was, would not agree to strike or kill his unarmed opponent, and after frequently refusing, Rajah Hodee, as a last alternative, ordered his daughter to be brought forth, and given up in charge of her father. This last voluntary act of Rajah Hodee, in the centre of his own camp, and in the midst of 50,000 followers, thus to succumb and humble himself to a lone and helpless man, instantly won over, and so changed and soothed the heart and feelings of Rajah Ressaalloo, that from a bitter enemy he became a sincere friend, and sending for his family, attendants, &c., he himself in person gave the hand of his daughter in marriage to *Rajah Hodee*. The latter was so elated with this circumstance, that he remained at this famous place of *Saung* for a considerable time, some say two years, during which he erected on the former extensive ruins a large town, and built a strong fortress, naming the whole Saarungeree, which name the ruins of those places go by to the present day. They lie in the Sikh Manjah *country, close to Puddana or Purrana*, and 12 or 13 miles east from Lahore. *(See Note 1,)*. Now Rajah Hodee and Rajah Ressaalloo having bound themselves by the closest ties of friendship, all the country of the Punjab which Rajah Hodee had subjugated, he gave and made over to Rajah Kurm, an adopted son of Rajah Ressaalloo—(himself having refused the favour) with the title of *Maleek-ēē Moluk*, or king of kings ; and both Rajah Ressaalloo and Rajah Hodee were preparing to return each to their respective courts,

when suddenly a large and powerful army appeared before Saarangeree, composed of the Punjab inhabitants, Jhats or Jates, and Shoonduls, and headed by Rajah *Depāll* or *Deepāāll*, one of the descendants of the original Kussoor family. After continual fighting and skirmishing for several months, Rajah *Ressaalloo* interfered as a neutral party, and succeeded in inducing Rajah Hodee to retire and return to the banks of the Indus: by this means saving his army from supposed destruction and starvation, which fate certainly seriously threatened them. But by the agreement or treaty which was formed between the contending parties, a solemn compact was agreed to, that Saarungeree and its dependencies should remain in the right and title of the *Seea* reigning family of Seealkote, (the word or term *Seea* implying their caste or tribe). Thus Rajah Ressaalloo, after 12 years absence, returned to his own or original seat of government at Chunkaree, about the year 375 A. D. Rajah Ressaalloo died about 400 A. D., leaving a son who reigned upwards of 50 years, under the name and title of Rajah Paaroo, and who built and founded the large and well known town of Paaroo, with its strong fortress, the ruins of which place are now well known under the name of Paroo Kote, just at the E. N. E. base of the Gundighur hill or mountain in the Hazara district. By tradition and all other accounts, the town and fortress of Paaroo was founded about 440 A. D.

Here it is necessary to return to Rajah Dēh, or Deipaall, and the internal affairs of the Punjab and its rulers. The *Lhou* family or branch had been long extinct, some say from the time of the great battle of Nunkona in A. D. 260, and by this circumstance all the possessions of that branch of the family had fallen into the state of an independent republican community, or patriarchate such as in early days were common over the most part of Asia, and at present are to be seen in their original purity throughout several parts of the upper Eusophzye country, in Kaagaan, and until a very few years since in all the hill ranges about Cashmeer. During this period, and for ages after, the village of *Lhou* dwindled into obscurity, while its two neighbouring villages, the present Eechera and Maajung, were in a far more flourishing condition. In this state of things the name of Lhou was transferred to the *Beike* of the neighbouring villages, so that this site was now termed the Lhou *Beike*. (Beike in the Punjab means any certain rendezvous for the resting and keeping of cattle in the midst of any jungle, marsh, grazing ground, &c.) The Lhou Beike was then the site of the present high mass of ruins, on which is built the Soomun Boorj and the whole fort of Lahore, with other high earthy mounds outside the city, such as the sites of Jemedaur Khoosheal Singh's and the Faqueers Azeez and Nooroodeen's mansions. These mounds which are so common throughout the Punjab appear to owe their origin entirely to the accumulation through many centuries of refuse and offal of every description.

The Kussoor branch of the original reigning family had long since fallen into obscurity, or that

occurrence might be put down from the date of Thillauth Deh's and Rajah Hoon's interference and mediatorship in the Punjaub affairs, and though this branch of the original family was not or could not be said to be entirely extinct, still, on the occasion of the whole country rising in a body to expel and drive out the invader or usurper Rajah Hodee, there was only one solitary member or descendant of the old Kuss family, then living an humble life as a shepherd along the west bank of the Setludge, and who was called upon by the unanimous voice of the natives to head and lead them, on which occasion in his person was renewed the title of Rajah. He was now called Rajah De or Deipaal, and as soon as Rajah Hodee and his army had left the Punjab, Rajah Deipaal founded and built a large town and fort, which he made his future capital and seat of government. This place is at present well known in the present Nekei or Nekah country, as a flourishing village, with an old brick Mahomedan fort, all built on the ruins of the original, but to this day holding the name of Deipaalpoor, on the high-road between Paauk Putton and Lahore, and about 30 coss or 40 miles distant from the latter. While Rajah Deipaal reigned at Deipaalpoor, Rajah Kurm, or otherwise Moluku Moluk Kurm, is said to have reigned peaceably at Saarungeree or Saarungerah, for no less than 60 years, which speaks well for the peaceful and friendly connection that must have existed between him and his court, and that of Deipaalpoor. Rajah or Malik Kurm died about 438 or 440 A. D., and was succeeded by his son *Rajah Han*, who is said to have lived and reigned to an unusual old age, at the latter end of which, or about or after 500 A. D. he waged war with the Court of Deipaalpoor, where then the young *Sirpoo* or *Sarra* Rajah reigned, as the descendant or the great grandson, or as some say the grand nephew by the mother's side, of Rajah Deipaal. This intestine war ended in a few years by Rajah Han being killed in a rash attempt he made in person with a few followers, to surprise and take the fort of Saarungeree, and with his death ended for ever all further sway of the old Kuss and Lhou families—and Deipaalpoor, with all its dependencies, which extended as far south as Moultan, or as some say to the junction of the two rivers Ravee and Setludge, its breadth being from the Setludge to the Jhelum, were now united with, or became a dependancy to, the court of Saarungeree, whose territory advanced up along the banks of the Setludge (which was its boundary on the east,) to the very foot of the hills, while the principality of Seealkote and the line of the Ravee River marked out its boundary westward. The Seealkote dominion is said at this period to have extended to, and included the whole length and breadth of, the two Dooaubas, or all that tract of country lying between the rivers Ravee and Jhelum; the intervening Cheenab River dividing this dominion into two equal parts or Dooaubas, while the entire tract of country west of the River Jhelum along its whole line was during this period, and even for some centuries, in the possession of the Ghuk or Ghukker race of

Kings or Rajahs, generally titled Malicks, descendants of the great Rajah Hoon, and his after-successor Rajah Hodee. Thus the Punjaub plains, as it may be said, were divided into three different and large principalities, and remained without any other important change or revolution until about A. D. 650, when Rajah Belaut, a young Rajah then about 16 or 17 years of age, and the eleventh by lineal descent from Rajah Hodee, with a numerous army of hill troops marched from the northwest hill ranges of Ghilghit, Kaagaan, and Hazarah, (Chunkaree and Parookote being then the two seats of government,) and invaded the whole of the Punjaub. Rajah Belaut, assisted by the sage advice of an aged, but warlike uncle, first attacked, burned, and demolished the town and fortress of Seealkote, and then advanced eastward across the Ravee to the Banks of the Setludge. Thence taking a southerly, or S. W. direction, along the right bank of that river, he over-ran and conquered the whole territory belonging to the principality of Saarungerah, where on this occasion several bloody conflicts were fought. Rajah Zaim, the then reigning prince of Saarungerah, having obstinately opposed Rajah Beraut at the head of 100,000 Shoonduls and Jates retained the town and fort of Saarungerah for twelve months, while his army of Shoonduls and Jates harassed and often reduced to great straits the far more numerous and warlike army of Rajah Beraut. But by dis-union and corruption, the Ghukker prince at last became possessor of the fort of Saarungerah. However, by a treaty the place was neither injured or demolished by the conqueror, and even Rajah Zaim was allowed to retain it as a dependant, while Rajah Beraut, after remaining two and a half years at Saarungerah took his departure, and returned by the lower salt range to the banks of the Indus, visiting the old fortress and city of Kob, the seat and capital of his forefathers.

The legends and traditions make no further remark on the Punjaub worthy of historical notice here until about 125 or 130 years after Rajah Beraut's invasion, when they say that a strange or far distant and powerful hill tribe came from the N. W. beyond the Indus, and kept up a most sanguinary warfare with the Ghukker princes and chiefs along the banks of the Indus, for ten successive years. The chief Ghukker reigning Prince at that period was Rajah *Nir* or *Niraut*, the father of the after far-famed Rajah Sir Copp; the name of the powerful hill tribe that thus warred against him so long, Ghoends or *Ghunds*, said to have come down from the north part of Ghilghit, from either the present Toorkistan, or the Altai ranges, or from Tartary; they are said to have been a most warlike race, and numbered in all about 100,000. They were in close alliance with the Ghaundours, or Ghaunds, a large tribe of which are known to have stretched over the whole of the present lower and upper Eusophzye Country, and most likely the tribe here called Ghoends were of the same race, but a more northern division, as they are represented as resembling them in every respect. However, Rajah Niraut, after ten years holding out against them,

managed at last to form a treaty and alliance with these enemies, and even united with them to invade the Punjaub and Hindoostan, as the latter seemed to be the principal purpose of the Ghoend. However this united army entered and took possession of the Punjaub, utterly devastating the country as they advanced about A. D. 790, and after demolishing Seealkote and many other places of note in the Punjaub, they crossed the Ravee and marched for Saarungerah, where the Shoonduls and Jates, to the number of 150,000 men, attacked this grand army with such spirit as to cause the loss of near one half of it, which induced Rajah Niraut, with his whole troops, to break his compact and go over and join the Shoonduls. After this the Ghoends are said to have made a desperate attack, by which they got possession of and demolished Saarungerah, not leaving the vestige of a standing wall about it. But the Shoonduls and Jates, now assisted by the Ghukkers, managed to weaken the Ghoends, by cutting off all supplies, and harassing them in every other respect, which in eight months so reduced them, that they requested to be allowed a free passage to return to their native country by the same route that they had come. Rajah Niraut was for allowing them this, but the Shoonduls and Jates, exasperated as they were at the demolition of their old capital Saarungerah, and at the loss of a number of their leaders and chiefs, resolved not to agree to their propositions, on which the *Ghoends*, then about 500,000 in number, and suffering under severe illness and want, induced by the secret advice of Rajah Niraut, took their departure, but were so harassed, scattered and cut off by the Shoonduls and Jates, as well as by the inhabitants of all the districts and countries lying on their road, that it is said that not upwards of 20,000 of them ever reached the north bank of the Indus above Chunkaree, which route they took. After this successful repulse of the invasion, the Shoonduls and Jates returned to their homes, while their chiefs or head men placed their seat of Government on the banks of the Ravee, on the site of the former Lhou: close to and on the north-east side of the then existing two large villages or towns, at present called Eecherah and Majung. The nominal head or prince of the Shoonduls at this period was Rajah Kherkuth, while the Jates acknowledged another Prince or head, by name *Thelloo Malik* or King, but both about 790 A. D., had erected their different palaces and small fortresses, surrounded each by a small town or village, but closely adjoining each other, and really united or forming one new considerable town closely adjoining to and forming the north part of a long chain of considerable length by the junction to the southward and westward of the two other old and established towns or villages of Eecherah and Majung. This new town had been on the site of the former Lhou which now, for the first time, took the name of Lahou or Lohou. The ruins and site of this place may be seen at the present day, not far from Anar Kullee, and close to an old Mahomedan building now called—*Chou Boorj.* The ruins are extensive, and are distinguished and known by the natives

under the name of *Rajah ka Mahile*, or the Rajah's palace. They can be easily distinguished from all the neighbouring Mahomedan ruins, or those of later date, since in those ruins I speak of numerous Hindoo, and Hindoo-Scythian, and even some Indo-Greek and Sassanian coins are to be found, particularly after heavy falls of rain, which is not the case with the other ruins around—as it is very unusual to find such in any part, especially in the upper strata of the extensive Mahomedan ruins around Lahore. But such coins may be found and are known to exist on a level with the water or in the lowest strata of the high earthy mounds, forming the present sites of the Summon Boorj and Fort of Lahore, as also some similar heights in the present city.

Rajah Siri Kup (pronounced commonly Sir Kop) is known to have succeeded his father about 795 A. D., and to have changed the seat of government to the vicinity of the present *Ravel Pindee*, where he founded a large city, and a chain of posts and fortresses, the whole known at present by the name of *Mööruth* or Mooruthee—about 9 miles, or a day's stage S. S. W. of *Ravel Pindee*, and adjoining or at the base of a small Hilly range that runs towards the Dhunnee country. The ruins of this place, and several others in the vicinity are well worth the trouble of going, not 9, but 90 miles out of a person's road to see, as also are to ruins of Para Kote, Chunkaree and Koh, all being Ghukker remains. Rajah Siri Kup built numerous small Hill Forts, and repaired the former ones throughout his country, which are said to have extended along both banks of the Indus from Kaagaan down to its main junction, or the present *Mitten ka Kote*, including also all the tract of country between the Indus and Jhelum. A rebellious brother of his built the Fort of Ravel, three miles north of Pindee.* His mother is said to have been of the *Ghoend* tribe or race, and by her intercession all the scattered Ghoends, or the successors or descendants of all those that remained in the country, were collected or invited to collect, and received as a grant the entire of the large mountain, from that occurrence then called Ghoendghur, in former times Ghor, and even Ghor Ghoend, but at present pronounced Ghundah Ghur. Here the Ghoends formed a colony, which in aftertimes became a strong warlike and independent principality—(the inhabitants of Ghundah Ghur are remarkable for their independent warlike spirit and hardihood even at the present day.) This hill is of considerable dimensions, naturally well protected, and in many parts totally inaccessible. It runs parallel with the Indus at an average distance from that river of from 4 to 7 miles, on the plain east bank, the intermediate district composing the Chetch country. The hill itself extends about 18 to 20 miles from the north part of the Hazarah country down or close to the village of *Böraun*, (on the high road between Ravel Pindee and Attock) and divides by

* Ravel Pindee, though now a conjoint name and place, were before two distinct places, but within three miles of each other. But the great and extensive ruins near the present Tope of Manikyala, point out the site of the once famous Taxila.

its breadth, (that being some four to six miles) the Hazarah from the Chetch district.

Rajah Sir Kup is remarkable and well known for his many wives—all of whom he is said to have brutally murdered, one for the sake of the other, and having about 800 A. D. peremptorily demanded in marriage the daughter of one of his dependant chiefs, by name Rajah Ressaalloo, of the town and fortress of Seree, (at or near the summit of the Bokreeala pass, and the ruins are well known under that name at present, about one and half or two miles north of the present Boorjee) Rajah Ressaalloo refused to obey the mandate, and prepared to resist the forces of Sir Kup, while he sent his daughter to one of the Chiefs of Lahou or *Lahore*, as having been previously betrothed to *Thelloo Maleek's son*, likewise demanding troops and assistance from both Thelloo-Malik and Rajah Khirkuth, which quickly arrived to his aid with both Rajah Khirkuth and Thelloo Maleek's son in person. Rajah Sir Kup made a furious attack on the fort of Seree, and fought a bloody battle beneath its walls, with, it is said, only a small body of troops, he bringing only 4 or 5,000 men altogether with him to punish his dependant Rajah Ressaalloo, whereas the troops of his opponents, as united with those from *Lahou*, are said to have amounted to 50,000 men. However, Rajah Sir Kup is said to have gained the day in a second pitched battle fought on the plain at the top or summit of the *Bokreeala Pass*. The battle was short and bloody, and Rajah Sir Kup took such little notice of the affair, that when the battle was over, he collected his dogs and hawks, and went out hunting for *deer*, unconscious of any danger, having in person witnessed that the whole of the enemy, with Rajahs Ressaalloo, Khirkuth and Thelloo Maleek's son, had fled by the mountain passes towards the Jhelum River. However, while in the close pursuit of a deer, having the rashness to follow the pursuit alone, or only with a few followers even to the very banks of the Jhelum river, he was there accidentally met, recognized, attacked and killed, it is said in single combat, with Thelloo Maleek's son. This occurrence now induced Rajah Ressaalloo and Rajah Khirkuth, with Thelloo Maleek's son, to return to *Seree*, where Rajah Sir Kup's troops, hearing of the fate of their chief, immediately fled in great disorder. After this period Rajah Ressaalloo of Seree became independent, and afterwards ruled over the greater part of the present Putwar country. Rajah Sir Kup left a son, who with the rest of the reigning Ghukker family, about 805 or 806 A. D. fled to Paroo Kote and Chunkaree where they were acknowledged. But after Rajah Sir Kup's son there is no proper account or tidings of any of the Ghukker race having reigned over any large tract or dominion. However it is well known that even until the last 20 or 30 years several Ghukker branches of the original family reigned in different parts of the hills and plains about the Putwar country, and in the Harazah and surrounding hill ranges, and it is only a few years since that Rajah Goolab Singh imprisoned the Ghukker Rajah of Kohootee, a Ghukker principality, which took its name

from the once famous *Koh*. Rajah Allygour Khan, of Kawnpoor and the famous Godhera ranges, so remarkable for the independence, spirit and hardihood of their inhabitants, is at present living, and holds some small tenure in his native hills.

About the period I speak of the lower part of the Puttwar and Dhunnee countries were governed by a Rajah or Maleek, or Malik Proan, said to be a nephew of Rajah Ressaalloo of Seree. These two Rajahs were of the Seea caste or tribe, or of the great stock of Seeas, their known original founder being Rajah *Sulwaar* of Seeaskotē. From the year 800 to 900, or for one century, the Punjaub legends say that the Lahore chiefs and maliks were tributary to the Moultan court of Mulls, and though this had been the capital of a large principality for ages, their possessions extending southward, sometimes even to the sea, yet no legends or traditions in the Punjaub speak of its possessions having advanced northwards towards Lahore before this period—still until this period, both the inhabitants and rulers of Moultan were Shoonduls and Ghauts, or Jauts, Jates, &c. But now a little before they made Lahore and the upper part of the Punjaub tributary, a number of the chief men and rulers of Moultan were *Rheathours* and Choohaans. However about 900 A. D. Lahore as well as Moultan itself became dependencies alternately to the courts of Ajmeer, and afterwards to that of Sirhind and Hissar, and thus it remained until about 940 A. D. when *Dada Gungah Buksh*, a Mahomedan faqueer and preacher, made his appearance and settled at Lahore, where he made the first convert of a Hindoo Saad or Faqueer, then residing at the very spot where now exists his zaareth and tomb outside the walls on the S. W. angle of Lahore. This Faqueer, Dada Gunga Buksh, with some others who quickly followed in his footsteps, are said to have made many converts to Mahomedanism, among whom one of the Rajahs or Princes of the then reigning family of Lahore is reckoned. Every tradition speaks of the river Ravee, in its passage of Lahore at this period, flowing in two streams, the principal one being the eastward and now entirely extinct, although the line of that stream is to this day pointed out by many of the intelligent natives in and about Lahore. It stretched from the building at present outside the east of the city, known by the name of *Nou Lekka*, towards the very spot or site of the present Delhi ka Darwaza, (or Delhi gateway of the city), and thence by the site of the present Kutwalee Chobootra, which curiously enough is at present in the very centre of the city, and thence towards the present S. E. angle of the present fortified outline of Lahore, and thence washed the east base of the zaareth, or place now well known as *Dadha Gunga Buksh's* cemetery.

The site in the centre of the present city of Lahore, known as the Kutwalee Chobootra, is particularly marked out as an angle of the river, and as the spot where there existed in former times a dangerous whirlpool, said to have been the destruction of numerous lives and boats.

To return to the history. It should be mentioned that Dada Gunga Buksh, the holy Mahome-

dan pilgrim, preaching his Moslem gospel, and with many others of the same sect who followed in his footsteps, acted as the guides to the numerous Mahomedan invaders who followed in their track. Dada Gunga Buksh arrived, and preached his tenets at Lahore during the reign of the famous Subukthaajee, father of the more famous Mahomed of Ghuznee. About the year 997, Mahomed succeeded to his father in the Ghuznevede dynasty, but had been twice even during his father's life-time, on expeditions against Rajah *Jey Pall*, of Lahore and Sirhind, from whom, on both occasions, he had abstracted sufficient sums to induce his return in each case from the Ravee, without venturing any further. However, shortly after his father's death, about 998, he again marched against Lahore, with a determination to annex it permanently to his before vast Empire, and on this occasion Jey Pall, after being vanquished in a pitched battle on the north bank of the Ravee, retreated with a numerous host of his followers, for protection, to the Island on which the present site of Lahore now stands. But Mahomed was not long in following and giving him battle there, where with the whole of his court, Jey Pall was taken prisoner, and the small town of Lahore was entirely demolished, and plundered by three days' brutal ravages of the conquering Army—which circumstance, together with the news which reached *Jey Pall*, that Mahomed himself, or some of his generals, had intended forcibly to carry away some part of his female household, first had the whole of his wives, five it is said in number, secretly massacred, after which he is said to have destroyed himself by poison; and the fact of Mahomed's having allowed the body of Jey Pall to be burned together with the bodies of his wives, has caused the mistaken report that Jey Pall destroyed himself, by throwing himself on a burning funeral pile—which report the Mahomedan historians themselves uphold, from an unwillingness to cast any shade of blame on the immoral conduct of either Mahomed or his generals. However, this is certain, that immediately on the death of Jey Pall there broke out such a feeling amongst the whole of the Hindoo population throughout the whole country, that Mahomed, principally to allay this feeling for the present, was induced to place Anund Pall, the son of Jey Pall, on the throne of Lahore, with an acknowledgment of his being tributary, and of the full and entire supremacy of the court of *Ghuznee.* The sympathy which Anund Pall and his family met with from the Hindoo population around, soon extended itself so far as to induce him secretly to intrigue with most of the courts and Hindoo princes of Hindoostan, and in the winter of 1008 he threw off the mask, and boldly advanced towards the Indus, with an army congregated some from the most distant parts of Hindoostan, tradition says amounting to no less than 500,000 men. However the Rajpoot and Ghukkur forces, which together only amounted to about 80,000, are to be considered as the only fighting men of the great and tumultuous army, which having crossed the Indus, under the greatest privations and want of provisions, kept skirmishing for some two months

with the Mahomedan army, which had fortified or entrenched itself at the mouth of the Khyber Pass, and at the gorge of the *River Loonda* (or Cabul River.) However, at the end of that period, the two armies came to a general engagement, at the very first onset of which, it is said, that the great body of Anund Pall's large but half famished army were panic struck and fled, while the Rajpoots and Ghukkers succeeded in keeping up the contest for two days, when Anund Pall's elephant, on which he rode, in a charge of a body of Mahomedan horse spearmen, fled with his rider furiously over the plain, carrying dismay and confusion through the ranks of his own army, which now soon wavered and fled, leaving the Mahomedans the victors of the field. In spite of this mishap Anund Pall so managed affairs, that it was not until after his death in 1029 that the Punjab became a part of the Ghuznevede dynasty, as it was only in one of the last of Mahomed's famous expeditions to Hindoostan, that Lahore and the Punjab was reduced to a province of the Ghuznee dynasty, and on Mahomed's return from his famous expedition to Guzerat, the Jates and Mulls of the lower part of the Punjaub cut off a great part of Mahomed's army, and succeeded in plundering a great part of the riches which Mahomed had taken during that campaign, especially that part of it which was going through the different passes of the Solyman range, straight towards Ghuznee. In the beginning of Runjeet Singh's reign, he became possessed of a small gold idol found in the Indus, near Dera Gazee Khan, which was averred and judged to have belonged to Mahomed's spoils of the Guzeret temples.

Mahomed was the first to build anything like a regular fort at Lahore, the foundation and site of which, though small, are well known and pointed out to the present day, in the centre of the present city. A well, which is said to have been the first one sunk or made by Mahomed at Lahore to the present day, yields perhaps the purest and best water throughout the city of Lahore, and is situated within the precincts of the foundation or site of the old fort. The curious bricks that compose the foundation of this well and fort, as well as some other now deep sunk ruins in and about Lahore, are invariably four to six inches in thickness, and one and a half to two feet square, and the lower foundation of the well shows that instead of the present circular form of wells, they were then formed exactly square.

Mahomed was succeeded by Moosa or Mousaoudh, and Ibrahim, the first and second with Byeram are the principal princes of the Ghuznevede dynasty, which managed though reduced to maintain itself, and keep the Punjaub and Lahore under subjection until that dynasty was finally extinguished in A. D. 1174 by Mahomed Ghoree of Ghour, the successor of Allah-ool-deen, who pursued into Lahore, *Kusseroo* the last Prince of the Ghuznevede dynasty. Lahore and the Punjaub were now transmitted to the Ghoreian dynasty, which rose and fell with *Mahomed* Cuttub-ool-deen, originally a slave, who was viceroy to Mahomed Ghoree. He died in A. D. 1210, and was succeeded by Aalthoomash, who was

also of the same extraction as his predecessor. During his reign Zingis the Great appeared on the stage of Asiatic warriors and invaders, but did not trouble India or the Punjaub. Aalthoomash died in 1236, and then followed a confused succession of Mahomedan Princes, who almost claimed right to Lahore. Rizzia Begum, the daughter of Aalthoomash was perhaps one of the most conspicuous, who was finally put to death, and succeeded by Mahomed, the second younger son of Aalthoomash, after whom Balin his Vizier took the reins of Government, who died in 1286, and was succeeded by *Keikobad*, grandson to Balin, who handed over the government to *Nizam*, a favourite.

But Keirah his father not allowing this, Keikobad was in a manner induced to reign until murdered, and was succeeded by Feroze, an Affghan Chief; Allah, in like manner murdered and succeeded Feroze, who was his uncle, in the year A. D. 1295. It was during his reign that the *Moguls* or *Mongoles* first made any attempt upon India, and their first attempt was met and completely defeated close to Lahore. Allah is said to have been poisoned, and was succeeded by his son Mubaruck in A. D. 1316, who in 1320 was murdered, and succeeded by a slave named Thugleck, who was killed by the fall of a brick parapet in 1324, and was succeeded by his son *Junab*, under the title of Mahomed Third, who died in 1351, succeeded by his cousin Feroze Third, who died in 1390, and in 1397 or 98, the famous Timour, or as Native pronunciation has it Theimour, commenced to overrun India, and a great part of Asia, and in 1413, when Timour died, Seizer, viceroy of Moultan and Lahore, seized the reins of Government as representative or successor of Timour. Mubaruck succeeded and reigned until 1430, when he was assassinated by his Vizier, which was followed by the two short reigns of Mahomed Fifth, and Allah Second; who were succeeded by Bheloiee or Belole Shah, who reigned 38 years, and died in 1471. About this period, the Punjaub is said, from the weakness of Mahomedan reigns, to have enjoyed a kind of independence for some years, until Baber, a son of the great grandson of Timour, and who, by right of inheritance, reigned over the distant territory of Kokan, seated himself on the throne of Delhi, in A. D. 1526, and here ended the different and successive dynasties of the Patan Sovereigns and Princes, who held so long sway over the Punjaub, while they occupied the throne of India, and with Baber commenced the great Mogul dynasty, the whole particulars and details of which are so accurately mentioned in history as to require no further remarks here, the Punjaub and Lahore having comprised one of the principal Soobahs (viceroyalties,) or dependent principalities or divisions of that great Empire.

Having now brought this subject to a close, as a general remark I would say that the Punjaub and its neighbouring northern countries contain much important matter, and many sites and places which must be allowed to have every right to the most remote antiquity, and on the whole offers a rich field to the researcher of

antiquity, and possesses, moreover, the great advantage of holding out a fair promise, as I might term it, of removing many doubts, and of joining or tracing the long lost link between the ancient histories of the eastern and western world, between which a close connexion and reciprocal knowledge it would seem long existed, even in the earliest days of the world. It must therefore be regretted that even up to the present day so few efforts in this line should have been made, that I really believe that the very site of the once far-famed *Sangala* of Alexander, though only one short stage from Lahore, has never as yet been at least purposely visited by any European.

A. G.

Note 1.—The name of Cyrus under different Indian or Native appellations, both of Mahomedans and Hindoos, is to be met with throughout India, and always attached to such remarkable and particular relations of traditional facts and legends, from Khorassan or Persia, even eastward to the Indian Ocean or the mouths of the Ganges, as to favour the conclusion, that the arms and power of that great Prince of the East had at one time extended over the whole, or most part of that great tract of Southern Asia. But in some of the more legendary tales, especially among the descendant tribes of the aboriginal races in the N. W. parts of India, there is a distinct allusion made to even a far greater migratory movement, or a great, and as those legends say, the original and first grand invasion of India, some ages even prior to that of Cyrus, and even some of the itinerant and other tribes north of Cabool, or in and around the chains of mountains both south and east of Toorkistan, as well as about Ghilgit and Ooskoordoo, go so far as to state this first or original migratory movement as coming from, as those legends say, the far west. This they would wish to corroborate by specifying the name of the great leader of this grand movement, which in the northern hills or chains of the Caucasus, and even in most of the surrounding districts is termed generally, or even invariably, Sath, Seth, or Suth, and in some places *Saa*, Sahah, and Seh, or Seheh; but it must be considered that those legends and names, which in some places are found to be extremely revered and considered sacred, exist chiefly amongst those tribes which have stood out against the strong tide of Mahomedanism, and are found still to retain their original tenets and creeds. But all of these may be included under the names of Buddhists and fireworshippers, and even throughout the whole of India the word Seth or Suth is confounded and revered as one of the names of the Indian deity Siva or Shib, and in some places as an abbreviation of Seeta or Seetha the wife of Ram Chunder, and in those countries (I speak of the legends of the numerous tribes who adore and revere even to the present day their principal deity, under the name of *Seth*, Seeth, or Suth,) may answer and account for the general, and as Europeans consider, the original appellation of the term Scythians, given to the original tribes of those northern regions, which may be thus considered as a change of the word or term *Seetheeans* or *Setheeans*, as professing to be as they certainly were the followers and worshippers of Seth. But the fact that *Seth* by the legends of those tribes, though revered as their principal deity, is said to have originally come from the far west, and to have led or headed an innumerable host of either *invaders* or migratory population, at a period distinctly pointed out as antecedent by several ages, and quite distinct from the mention of the arrival and invasion of Cyrus, strongly leads to the suggestion that Sesostris, who is mentioned in Classic mythology as the

original conqueror of India under the name of Bacchus, is the person alluded to, and thus revered in the legends, fables and religion of those tribes even to the present day. Nor is it likewise less remarkable, that all the idols and representations of the god or deity going under the appellations of Seth or Suth, and to be met with in all the northern regions which were formerly included under the name of *Scythia*, are to be found invariably to strongly correspond with the same representations and idols of the god Siva or Shib in India.

It may be no less worthy of remark, that the female personage Seeta, or Seetha, who is represented as the wife of Ram Chunder, and mother of Lhou and Kuss, is stated as being of foreign extraction and parents, she being only an adopted daughter of Rajah Junnuk, the supposed and confirmed founder of the city of *Oojein*, which famous place has taken its name from that Prince. The construction put on this event, or the manner of its relation in the Hindoo holy writings or Shasters, in a manner fully corroborate the assertion of this fact as it is plainly related by the legends. The fable is, according to the Shasters, that Rajah *Junnuk*, while with a golden plough he was ploughing his lands, chanced to come upon an earthen vessel, (in modern times it would have been a basket or cradle,) which on examination, to his surprise was found to contain a female infant, which he took home. Having no offspring of his own, he was induced to rear up the child with the greatest fondness and care, and adopted it as his daughter, under the name of Seetha, and when Seetha afterwards, as the wife of Ram Chunder, was carried away to *Lunka* by *Raon* or *Roun* Ram Chunder, with the aid and assistance of the great Princes *Soogreen-Honimaon* or *Hunamaun*, Ungud Nell and Neell, all of whom are represented to have possessed the forms or heads of monkeys, but whom the legends fully shew to have been foreign Princes at the head of their foreign troops, and to have been depicted as monkeys merely from their mischievous or otherwise active and warlike disposition, and principally from the strange contrast, and perhaps great wonder excited by the appearance of strangers and foreigners with red or fair, perhaps beardless, faces, with woollen or sheep skin caps, and perhaps clothed in the same manner. However it is mentioned as a fact both in those legends as well as in the Hindoo Shasters, that on account of the great services they rendered in rescuing Seetha, she gave them on their departure, not only her thanks and blessing, but also by supernatural power ordained what she is said to have then foretold, and promised them that their future successors should become the wisest, craftiest, and wealthiest on the globe, and likewise foretold that in future ages they should reign over India or the east for the space of 300 years, under the name or appellation of a race called Muns, *Munns*, which tale is now curiously enough appropriated and construed by the Hindoos of the present day to answer for the European conquest of India, the promised race of *Muns* being considered to be no other than the present Fereengees. The place assigned from which the *Raukugh* tribe of Hunamaon, &c. had come from or existed at the time of Seetha and Ram Chunder, is denominated as comprising a range of hills, skirting the sea coast, then called *Gondum* or Gondum Purbuth. Might not this be the site of the present state of *Goa*, and is not there a trace of similitude to the appellation of Hunamaon and the word *Yemen*, which is the term applied, and by which name the natives of India know or signify for ages past, the western empire of Syria and Assyria, in the same way as the word *Mugrul*, *Mugrool* signifies the west, as being derived originally from the word Oorub or Ooroob, under which title the oldest Indian legends and traditions signify the present word Arab, or country of Arabia? But accurately following up the legends and traditions of those countries I have before cited, as well as those of the northern parts of the Punjab and about Ooskrdoo, Kaagaan, and Gilghit,

&c. it is a fact that they represent, that originally or even before the time of Cyrus, the whole or entire ranges and different chains of mountains, which stretch from the confines of Persia westward and north westward towards China and Tartary, though of different names, still originally all bore the terminations of *Taugh*, *Tugh*, *Tang* or *Loo*, for instance *Oosp Tag* (at present Uztag); Mooz Tang, (from which the present Mustung); Ool Thang, (the present Ul or Altai), *Uk Thaug*, &c. &c., and again *Khoo Khopfe Loo*, Seema *Loo*, Hei or Heemaloo (the present corrupted and changed Hymalya); Lohee *Loo* (the present *Kooloo*) most of which names are still retained in their original purity by the natives of those hilly and distant districts, which have proved inaccessible or unviolated by the footsteps of the invader or stranger. The much and far-famed Rajah *Khush* or *Khushub*, is said to have flourished about the time of Cyrus and many of the legends identify them as being one and the same person, as they all agree as to the period being the same, and from whom so many famed places and countries have taken their names, such as Cashmeer, (properly Khushmeer), Kashgar, (properly Khushgar, Hindoo Khush.) The famous city of *Kūā* or *Khaasee* Kussaall, (an extensive hill district by that name north and north-west of Jummoo), Kussoor, and among the list the Hindoo traditions of Hindoostan themselves place *Goolketree*, which they say should be properly termed *Khoorketr*, at the same time allowing that the word Khoor signifies and means its founder, the great conqueror Cyrus, Khoor, Kheir and Kheiroo being allowed to be the Indian appellations for that Prince. Some of these Hindoo traditions assert that the Prince named Kheiroo, so famed for his wars and exploits against the Indian Prince *Paandoo*, though they allow him to be also a foreign invader, was antecedent to the Prince they call Koor, and whom they represent as the founder of Khoorketre, and by which they allow that two different princes of the same name, have been foreign invaders of India. But to return to the subject. The Legends represent that the term Hindoo Kush or Khoosh has been of later date, and has been made to signify or represent a part of that chain of mountains which altogether is said originally to be known under the names of Oosp Taugh and *Mooz Taugh*. The eastern part is still retaining the latter appellation, while the name of the *Oosp* Taugh ranges has been lost by the final expulsion or extirpation of the Oosp race, who are said to have originally inhabited, in conjunction with the Mooz race, that entire and extensive range. The extirpation of the Oosp race is said to have been consummated by the famous *Khushub*, after whose name those ranges have since gone under the appellation of *Hindoo Khush*, and all the legends and traditions of all those parts agree, that the different appellations of Khooshub, or Khoosh-Khush, Kuss Khaash, Koos, Khoor, Kheir, and Kheiroo, as also Kheiroom, Eiroom, Eeraam, Eeran, and Heiroon, all represent or signify one and the same personage, or his rule and dominion, and under those various names, the traditions point to one and the same series of exploits or line of invasion.

The traditions of that entire maze of mountains which stretch from the north of Heerat towards Baameean, will be found to represent that the great Kheir or Kheiroo, having first sent as a holy pilgrim a personage whose name is much revered even to the present day in those parts, afterwards came himself from the far west, with a large and numerous army and followers.

By those traditions it is allowed that the present Anglicized appellation of Khirgis, is and was originally *Khore Kush*, and that the derivation of that name, which they hold in many parts even to the present day, owes its origin to the fact of that tribe being the great enemies, and the destroyers or extirpators of the Khoosh or Khush tribes, or, in other words, those that effected the destruction or downfall of the dominion of Cyrus in

those parts. Thus also the Khoosauks-Kaaseeks, (Anglicized Cossack) are allowed to have been originally termed Kuss, or Khoosh Mauks, meaning literally the children of the mothers of the Khush race.—According to tradition Moor Moh and Maul, were the founders and heads of the Oosp and Mooz Hill tribes, but those tribes, in particular the Oosp, were destroyed and scattered east and south by the invasion and dominion of the Khush race, and although their descendants and remnants again returned, still tradition speaks of them, especially the Oosps, as being finally or again subdued by Sekunder (Alexander) who compelled them to retire to the south and south-eastern hilly tracts, and in this locality that tribe may be traced even at the present day, now inhabiting an extensive tract of hilly country under their original name of *Oosp Zyes* or Oosp families or children, though the Mahomedans construe it into Eusoph *Zye*, as if wishing to make them out as the children of Joseph; and there is no doubt but that the two tribes of the Oosp and Mooz may be traced as identical to the Aspii aud Musicani of Alexander. But to return to traditional fact, it appears that the *Ul* or *Ooltaugh* ranges (Altai mountains) were the original cradle of a large and powerful northern family called the Ull or Ooll tribes, who having made a settlement in the present *Hindoo-Khush,* have been the origin of the present extensively used term *Ooloose* in and about the north part of Cabool, and throughout the Kohistan, and whose origin must be considered the notable *Ull* or Oolmauk race of Tartary—Thus the present powerful tribe of *Oozbauk* (Anglicized *Usbeg* or *Usbek),* but whose proper and original name is Oozmauk, the 'm' having been displaced, but still only partially for the 'b,') are considered and allowed to belong to the scattered tribe of Oosp, but who have again held sway throughout the most of that extensive tract, which must be considered as the original abode and cradle of the Oosp or Usp race. The English denomination or word Tartar is to be found pronounced even at present in its original purity in different secluded and hilly tracts of Northern Toorkistan and independent Tartary as *Thaugh Thaugh!* the repetition or double word being used there as a general signification and indiscriminate expression for the whole of the inhabitants of the Northern ranges of North Eastern Toorkistan and Independant Tartary, especially the mountainous districts of Great-Kashgaar. Thus also the Anglicized term *Huzarah* is found in its native simplicity in the hilly, or high and secluded Huzarah districts and mountains, as Oozar or Oozaarah, the inhabitants of which parts profess themselves as originally belonging to the Ooz or Oosp, or Usp race—by which it would seem that the Aspii of Alexander must have been a numerous and powerful race. Thus the Zariaspa or Zariuspa of Alexander is literally and plainly the conjunction of the words Zaar or Zar, or Izar-ee-oosp, meaning the wild country of the Oosps or Usps, and the *Euaspa* of Alexander, by dividing it into *Eu-usp,* will plainly show it to be the waters or stream flowing through the Usp or Oosp country, as the Guraws signifies the stream of Ghaur, or Gorebund.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF CARDINAL RICHELIEU.

PART IV.

HIS DEATH AND CHARACTER.

After being confined to his bed for nine months, Cardinal Richelieu was seized on the night of the 28th November, 1642, with a violent fever, attended with cramps in the side. As he continued to get worse, he was twice bled in the course of the 30th, and in the evening his niece, the Duchess of Aiguillon, and his kinsmen, Marshalls Brezé and La Meilleraye, arrived and occupied apartments in the palace. On the following morning he was comparatively free from pain, and even seemed likely to recover. But in the afternoon he began to spit blood, and experienced great difficulty in breathing; and during the ensuing night he was again twice bled. Next day, no improvement being visible, public prayers were offered up for the sufferer, in all the churches of Paris. The King himself came from St. Germain to visit his dying Minister. "Sire," said the Cardinal with a firm voice, "behold our last adieu. In bidding farewell to your Majesty, I have the consolation of leaving your kingdom at the highest degree of glory and reputation that it has ever attained, and your enemies baffled and brought low. The only recompense for all my toils and services that I dare ask of your Majesty is the continuance of your gracious protection to my nephews and relatives. They will receive my blessing only on condition that they never withdraw from the fidelity and obedience they owe your Majesty, and from which they have vowed never to depart."

A long conference ensued, and Richelieu earnestly recommended the King to retain his present Ministers, and to make choice of Cardinal Mazarin as his own successor. Louis XIII. readily promised to be guided by his advice, and, before he retired, presented to the patient with his own hands the yolks of two eggs one of the attendants brought in.

Shortly afterwards the Cardinal demanded of the physicians how long he had still to live. "Fear not," said he, "to tell me your real sentiments. You speak to one perfectly resigned to the will of God, for life or for death." They replied that they saw no ground for immediate apprehension, but that they could form no decisive opinion within a week. "All is yet well, then," he answered. But in the evening he gradually relapsed, and blood was for the third time twice taken from him. "Monsieur Chicot," said he, addressing one of the King's physicians, "I conjure you, not as my medical attendant, but as my friend, to speak to me with an open breast." "Monseigneur," was the reluctant reply, "it is my belief that in four-and-twenty hours you will either be well, or no more." "This is speaking as one ought to do," said Richelieu: "I understand you."

He then confessed himself to Dr. Lescot, recently nominated to the Bishopric of Chartres, and asked for the Viaticum, which was immediately brought by the officiating Priest of St. Eustache. As he entered the room, the Cardinal exclaimed : "Behold my Lord and my God, whom I am about to receive. In His presence I protest, and I call Him to witness, that in all I have undertaken during my ministry I have only had in view the welfare of Religion and the State." Some hours afterwards he received the extreme unction, and the Priest hesitating to put the usual questions to so high and learned a dignitary, Richelieu hastened to re-assure him. "My Pastor, speak to me, I entreat you, as to a great sinner, and treat me as the simplest citizen of your Parish." He then recited the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed ; from time to time kissing with great fervour a small crucifix he held in his hands. In reply to an inquiry as to his belief in all the articles of the Roman Catholic religion, he promptly answered : "I accept them all without any restriction, and had I a thousand lives, I would sacrifice them all for the true faith and our holy Church."

"Monseigneur," resumed the Priest, "do you forgive your enemies ?"

"Yes, from my very heart," replied the sick man, "and as I pray God to pardon myself."*

His chamber being crowded with Prelates, Lords, Abbés, and Gentlemen, the Priest besought him to bestow upon them his last benediction : "Alas !" he sighed, "I am not worthy to do so : but since you command me, I will receive it of you to deliver again to them."

Next day, the 3rd of December, the physicians pronounced his case utterly hopeless, and abandoned the field to an empiric, named Le Fèvre, who boasted of possessing a certain marvellous water and pills of equal virtue, with which he boldly undertook to arrest the progresss of mortality. The medicine he gave afforded momentary relief, and at four in the afternoon the Cardinal received a second visit from the King, who remained nearly a whole hour by his bed side. He was then suffering so much pain and so prostrated in strength, that even the strong heart of Louis XIII. was moved to compassion. Continually did he ask how much longer the agony would continue. "Not that I am weary," he would say, "of enduring whatever comes from the hand of God, but because I would pray for grace to enable me to bear with patience whatever is in store for me."

But notwithstanding the sufferings of his bodily frame, he retained sufficient mastery of himself to issue with calmness and foresight his instructions to the Secretaries of State, who came to receive his orders until the very last. Of the ministers Desnoyers and Chavigny he took an affectionate leave, and presented to each a ring of great price. He then commended himself to the prayers of the Prelates who were in the room, and addressed them with the utmost serenity of voice and countenance. His tranquilli-

* Some writers, however, relate that he answered : "I have never had any save tho[se] of the State," but the former version appears the more natural.

ty, indeed, quite scandalized the Bishop of Lizieux, who observed aside to one of his friends: *Profecto nimium me terret magna illa securitas.* Father Le Mairat, the superior of the Jesuits, soon afterwards brought him some relics, and solicited his blessing for himself and his society. The Cardinal at first excused himself on the plea of unworthiness, but at length complied with his reiterated request, while he prayed him to leave the relics as a means to spiritual strength and consolation.

Having taken a second pill towards the evening, he was enabled to pass an easy night, and on the following morning another dose of the vaunted medicine was administered, and for a while it seemed to restore him to life and health. At 10 o'clock he received the Abbé de la Rivière, and a gentleman who came to inquire after his health on the part of the Queen and the Duke of Orleans. To their compliments he replied with remarkable readiness and self-possession, but almost instantly afterwards suddenly relapsed. Perceiving that the Duchess of Aiguillon was overcome by her feelings, he kindly advised her to retire. "My niece," he said, "I am very ill. Leave me, I conjure you. Your tears affect me. Spare yourself the anguish of seeing me expire." Father Leo, a Carmelite Friar, then approached and exhorted the dying man to a pious frame of mind, and holding the crucifix to his lips, pronounced his absolution. By this time the Cardinal had lost all power of speech, but he pressed the hand of the Friar, and evidently listened with unction to his admonitions. Dr. Lescot, who had been sent for by Marshall Brezé, now arrived in haste; but he had hardly commenced reciting the prayers appointed for persons in the last agony, when the Cardinal feebly murmured—*In manus tuas, Domine,* and expired. Father Leo closed his eyes, and turning to the byestanders, addressed them in these words: "Sirs, thus passeth the glory of this world. You have lost the best of masters. Pray to God for grace to imitate—not the greatness of his life, but—the example of his death."

The body of the deceased Cardinal having been opened, the Surgeons discovered that both lungs were diseased, and that two abscesses had formed within the chest. His biographer and panegyrist, Aubery, relates that all the organs of the understanding were double or triple the size of those belonging to ordinary men, "which was regarded by the most able anatomists as a prodigy of Nature, and as a necessary cause of that remarkable strength of judgment so greatly to be admired throughout his conduct." This assertion, however, has startled many writers of the last century, and Father Daniel particularly expresses his astonishment, that "any one should venture seriously to report a fact of this nature. It never has been," he continues, "nor is it yet known which are the true organs of the understanding. No able anatomists, therefore, could have said that Cardinal Richelieu possessed them in a double or threefold measure. Apparently it was only a popular rumour founded, perhaps, on some remark of the Surgeons, to the effect that they

had found the brain in a very healthy condition."

Armand—Jean du Plessis, Cardinal Richelieu, died at noon of the 4th day of December, 1642, in the 58th year of his age, and the 18th of his ministry. Of the merits of this eminent statesman posterity has formed a more favorable judgment than could be fairly expected from his cotemporaries. But even during his lifetime the greatness of his character was fully appreciated by foreign princes and ministers, whether enemies or allies, and not a single political movement occurred throughout Europe without his indirect participation. Since his death the highest testimony has been borne to his merits by one who was no mean observer of mankind. Peter the Great, on visiting the Church of the Sorbonne, paused in silence before his tomb, and at length apostrophised his unconscious ashes in such words as these:—"Great man, wert thou still living, I would this moment give thee one half of my empire on condition that thou shouldst teach me to govern the other half." Richelieu's policy indeed must have been peculiarly pleasing to the proud spirit of the Czar, for it aimed entirely at raising the royal power far above all control or scrutiny.

In his early youth he had applied himself with diligence to theological studies in the hope of rivalling the controversial reputation acquired by the Cardinal du Perron. But his ambition soon took a different direction, and he boldly plunged into the troubled sea of politics. While attached to the household of the Queen Mother Mary de Medicis, he silently but surely laid the foundation of his future greatness. By some writers he has been accused of ingratitude towards that unhappy Princess, but it must be borne in mind, that he long submitted with patience to her unjust suspicions and reproaches, and ever treated her with marked respect. The best apology for his conduct may be made in his own words.

He was in the habit of saying that he had three masters, whom he was willing to serve each in his proper order, but so that the last should not take the place of the first. When he discovered that no considerations could turn aside Mary de Medicis from measures fraught with certain detriment to the State and Kingly power, he at once chose the path of duty, and devoted himself to the service of his sovereign.

The dignity of the throne had been grievously impaired by the long wars of the League, and the great lords had in many instances raised themselves to a height that brooked no control. The unclouded understanding of Richelieu was not long in perceiving that a kingdom thus divided against itself could not long endure the assaults of foreign, or the treachery of domestic foes. It contained within itself the germs of a speedy dissolution. The turbulence of the Huguenots afforded a specious excuse for the formidable armaments of the Catholic nobles, nor would it have been safe to have humbled the latter until the fortified cities held by the former had been reduced to obedience. This conviction led to the celebrated siege of La Rochelle, where the Cardinal displayed the

resolution and dogged perseverance that so essentially belonged to his character. The Protestants were within a very short space of time compelled to lay down their arms, and submit themselves to the unconditional clemency of the King, but Richelieu could spare the vanquished, and, after razing their fortifications, and revoking the anomalous privileges they had extorted from the fears or gratitude of former monarchs —he allowed them to enjoy the unrestricted practice of their religion. He was in truth no bigot, nor did he scruple to direct the arms of Gustavus Adolphus, the champion of Protestantism, against the allied sovereigns of Austria and Spain, the zealous supporters of the Roman Catholic faith. To adopt his own words, addressed to the Marquis of Mirabel, he could distinguish between a war of religion and a war of the State, and he was not to be deterred from his purpose by the timorous remonstrances of divines, or the superstitious pedantry of schoolmen.

The prostration of the Huguenot faction was speedily followed up by a firm resistance to the exorbitant demands of the powerful aristocracy, who had well nigh reduced the regal office to an unmeaning pageant. Having once marked out his course, Richelieu adhered to it throughout without deviation or pause. The Duke of Montmorency perished on the scaffold. The Duke of Guise fled into Flanders, and the Duke of La Valette crossed over to England. Even the imperious Duke of Epernon was at length awed into respect, and in the remotest provinces of the kingdom a simple *lettre de cachet* was as sure of being literally obeyed, as if it had been backed by a formidable army. To achieve this effect the Cardinal pursued a course of unmixed severity. He was inexorable to tears and entreaties, inaccessible to fear, and utterly impracticable to corruption. No consideration could affect his inflexible will. Tenacity of purpose was perhaps his most striking characteristic, as well as the main-spring of his success.

Having humbled the nobles, and raised the King to a degree of absolutism long unknown in France, Richelieu next directed his attention to the depression of the over-grown power of Austria and Spain, which threatened the liberty of entire Europe. The conjuncture was favorable to his views, for religious dissensions had disturbed the internal tranquillity of either empire. He eagerly availed himself of the opportunity, and though he did not survive to behold the termination of the Thirty Years' War, he had at least the satisfaction of knowing that France had nothing more to fear from her hitherto dangerous neighbours. The loss of Amiens in the reign of Henry IV., and the terrible inroad of John de Werth in his own time, pointed out the necessity of removing the frontiers of the kingdom to a greater distance from the capital. In this also Richelieu was completely successful. Arras was wrested from the low countries, Roussillon from Spain, while Brisac on the Rhine and Pignerol in Savoy not only extended, but secured the territories of France.

It has been objected that these numerous and expensive wars

were not a little fomented by Richelieu's selfish ambition, and that to keep himself at the head of affairs, he was ready to sacrifice the peace of Europe and the true welfare of his own country. There is perhaps some truth in this. Richelieu had identified himself with his own ideas. He had *willed* the humiliation of the proud nobles at home, and of the inveterate enemies of his native land abroad. This double object he ever kept steadily in view.

To further its achievement he did not shrink from exposing himself like the meanest soldier at the siege of La Rochelle, though he exhibited an anxiety bordering on pusillanimity whenever the fabric of his power seemed to totter to its fall. During the illness of Louis XIII. at Lyons, on the memorable Day of Dupes, and when Cinq Mars was aiming at his ruin, his resolution seemed entirely to forsake him, and he yielded to almost abject fear. His removal from office would inevitably have involved the annihilation of his well-laid schemes, and the fruits of so much thought and perseverance would in an instant have been destroyed. The weakest point in his political system was, probably, his total disregard of the lower orders of society. He appears scarcely to have recognised their interest in the great sum of the State. His eye was fixed aloft, and rarely did a glance alight on the many millions that in reality constituted the French nation. It was not reserved for him to appreciate the power of the mass, nor did he foresee the important part that the third estate was destined to play on the world's changing and troubled stage.

The charge of cruelty and vindictiveness that has more than once been brought against the Cardinal has in no instance been substantiated. Marshall Marillac suffered the extreme penalty of death for crimes that may not have merited so terrible a chastisement, but he perished not so much for his own misdemeanours as for an example to other generals, who were only too wont to divert to private purposes the treasures and influence intrusted to them for the public good. His brother, the Keeper of the Seals, was in truth a bitter enemy of Richelieu, and his disgrace was indispensible for carrying out the Cardinal's vast projects. But here again it was not so much the person, as the idea, that was vindicated. Richelieu, though he keenly felt even the puny attacks of pamphleteers and libellists, could forgive a personal foe, but he showed no mercy to those who opposed the development of his political system. "I never venture"—he observed on one occasion to the Marquis de Vieuville—"to undertake any thing without having well considered it in all its bearings. But when once I have formed my resolution, I go straight at my object. I throw, I mow down every obstacle, and then I cover all with my scarlet mantle." It was thus that the unfortunate De Thon met with his premature fate. The Cardinal had discovered that it was not sufficient to punish the leaders of a conspiracy—their agents, subalterns, and accomplices must also be warned by some striking example, that no crimes against the State could now be perpetrated with impunity. De Thon was perhaps opposed to the more

culpable objects of the conspiracy of Cinq Mars, but he was well aware of the treaty entered into with a hostile power, and yet he had neglected to reveal this treason. His death was the consequence, and a salutary terror must thus have been inspired into the more timid but equally dangerous malcontents, who, under the shelter of some prominent name, laboured to undermine the credit of the Minister.

Towards the King, Richelieu ever conducted himself with a degree of respect that bordered on cringing hypocrisy. One evening Louis XIII. was leaving his apartment, in earnest conversation with his Minister, with the intention of visiting the Queen. At the first door Richelieu paused to allow the King to precede him. "Pass on, pass on," exclaimed Louis in a bitter tone; "are not you the master?" The Cardinal, without appearing to notice this little sally of temper, snatched a flambeau from one of the pages in attendance, and walked on in front, saying: "Sire, I cannot pass before your majesty, except in discharging the office of your humblest menial."

In the commencement of his career he was unquestionably the object of a sincere attachment on the part of the King, but the jealous disposition of Louis XIII. could ill brook the overshadowing reputation and genius of his Minister. At the same time he was so well aware of his transcendant abilities and incorruptible fidelity, that the threat of retiring into private life was always sufficient to alarm him into a patient acquiescence with the wishes of the Cardinal. The princely magnificence of Richelieu's household also frequently gave umbrage to the severe taste of that Monarch, but sound policy required this ostentatious display of wealth and power, to impose on the vulgar and to recompense the faithful. Never was there a more kind or generous master. His dependants were devoted to him from affection as much as from interest. He asked only implicit and unreserved obedience, and for this reason he often employed ecclesiastics to conduct warlike enterprises as well as missions of peace. But while he demanded perfect submission from others, he himself was slow in deferring to the authority of his spiritual chief, the Pope. Frequent were the disputes between the Cardinal and the Supreme Pontiff, and the former even hinted at confining within yet narrower limits the papal power in France.

Like all men born to command, Richelieu possessed an intuitive knowledge of character, and never failed to select those most worthy of his confidence. During the larger portion of his ministry, he enjoyed the zealous co-operation of the Capuchin, Father Joseph, to whom he was more than once indebted for counsel in deliberation, and for warm encouragement in adversity.

While directing the energies of his mind to the affairs of the State, Richelieu found time to patronize literature and men of letters, and was mainly instrumental in founding the French Academy. An anecdote has been often repeated respecting his jealousy of Corneille, but if thus much of littleness may truly be marked against him, yet more praiseworthy becomes the spirit of impartiality that induced him to continue his protection to

the author of the Cid, notwithstanding the differences that existed between them.

In the despatch of public affairs he was indefatigable, although his health was always delicate. During the last few months of his life he was unable to bear even the motion of a litter. A wooden chamber was therefore lightly constructed, containing a bed, one chair, and a small table, and covered with a rich damask cloth, over which a waxed covering was drawn in wet weather. Richelieu intended to have employed peasants to carry this elegant cage, but his guards claimed the office as an honorable privilege, and in the heaviest rains eighteen of them might be seen with bare heads cheerfully bearing on their shoulders their noble burden. He usually retired to rest about eleven o'clock, and slept for three or four hours, when he was awakened, and his writing case brought to him, except when he preferred dictating to his Secretary, who slept in the same room. At six o'clock he again closed his eyes, but failed to rise between even seven and eight. While his dispatches were being transcribed, he was careful not to allow his Secretaries more time than barely sufficed to make a single copy, lest they should preserve or transmit to others what he thought proper to keep secret. Finding that the daily recitation of his breviary occupied more time than he could spare from his Herculean labours, he obtained a dispensation from the Pope, and ever after repeated a much shorter form of prayers and devotional exercises. His Holiness at first accorded only a verbal permission, but Richelieu would not rest satisfied until he had extorted a written authority, and even the promise of secrecy. For although he himself ever adhered with scrupulous fidelity to his promise, whether given to friend or foe, he entertained by no means a favorable opinion of the candour and veracity of mankind; nor while his own word remained unimpeachable, did he hesitate to make use of the craft of Father Joseph, or the suppleness of Mazarin. On the principal festivals of the Church he celebrated High Mass in person, and every Sunday he communicated in the presence of his Confessor, his Almoner, and several officers of his household and guards. He himself, however, frequently complained of his own lukewarmness, and reproached himself with a want of true devotional feeling.

The best summary of his life may be found in his *Testament Politique,* written by his own hand when he was hourly expecting his dismissal through the intrigues of Cinq Mars. The bulk of his immense property descended to his nephew Armand de Maillé, but he also bequeathed to the King his Palace in the Rue St. Honoré, together with the costly decorations of his private Chapel, besides the sum of one million and a half francs — £60,000 sterling—which he had held in reserve to provide against extraordinary emergencies.

The news of his death being reported to Louis XIII. he remarked with an air of indifference: *Voilà un grand Politique mort!* So great, indeed, that for some years after his death, the Government continued to proceed aright from the impetus he

had given to it, although the helm of State was directed by the feeble hand of Anne of Austria, aided by the unstable and injudicious counsels of Cardinal Mazarin.

A DOMESTIC IDYLL.

As on her faithful Edward's breast Emilia's head reclined,
He gazed on her with tenderness, while fear came o'er his mind;
For he thought her perfect features shewed a presage of decay,
And "Oh the lady of my love," he said, "she fades away!"
The sun of this wild land is bright, but deadly is his face,
And poison loads the gales and rains of all the livelong year;
My labours too are fameless here, all joyless every feast,
My soul is sick for freedom from this weary, weary East,
Oh! for the breeze so pure tho' chill, the sun tho' weak, so kind,
A crust of bread from day to day with health of frame and mind,
And the voices of our children never absent from our hearth,
And gladness in the garden plots where bees and birds make mirth,
And in the end the old church-yard with two green mounds of earth,
"Ah! not from you," the lady said, and her timid eyelash fell,
"Oh! not from you those false weak words my own heart knows so well,
We were not born for happiness in this stern world of toil,
Nor are we of the forest growth whose souls are in the soil,
Whatever land we start from dear the goal is still the same,
And he who steers for duty's light must never think of fame;
Our fates are but our motives, and (if this is any balm,)
Think if an age of pleasure can be worth an hour of calm;
Of deep and settled peace of mind, which, when the day is done,
And the weary march is ended we may watch the setting sun;
So if duty be a burthen, 'twill be lighter borne by two,
And if you will struggle on love, I will struggle here with you."
He kissed her ample brow, as sweet peace came o'er his breast,
And let not any seek to know (I cannot tell) the rest;
If he lived to share with her he loved a few bright years at least,
Or one or both have left their bones to moulder in the East;
Or whether they enjoyed, or not, what wordly men call bliss,
'Twere vain to ask, and vain to tell, the moral is not this.

H. G. K.

EMIGRATION AND SCENES IN A NEW COLONY.—NO. IV.

IMBEDDED in fern, we lay gazing into the bright heavens, where, from her high place, the moon now shed a volume of light on the forest-covered hills of the Peninsula. Bright beyond discription is such a night at the Antipodes, and they alone can realize its full beauties who have stood on Australasian ground, and beheld the scene I so faintly endeavour to picture. The atmosphere was filled with the silvery hue, and the Queen of Heaven passed through the vast space alone. Immense as was the distance to her, one looked far, far beyond, up to the stars that shone sparkling down, and beyond them again the strained eye peered, till the entire firmament became white with the lustre of constellations. The moon's rays fell on the calm bay below, and ran in a line of light over the waters, to which the dark tracing of the hills gave a reflection so deep and transparent, as to defy all imitation of the pencil. A little way above us, the unblemished snow threw back the rays, sparkling like a thousand gems, and above that the gloomy forest rose against the pure sky, taking fantastic shapes, and conjuring up legends and tales of strange deeds. It was a scene of romantic beauty, and one that raised romance in a matter-of-fact mind. But George's mind as well as body was asleep, and the solemn stillness that pervaded Nature was broken alone by his loud snores. With closed eyes, the more active Lloyd meditated on the resources of the country, and what would best pay,—a thought never absent from his mind. Little cared he for the dangers I had recounted; and I verily believe he had not heard one word of the tale I told, for suddenly he asked in his abrupt manner: "I say, Douglas, what induced you to emigrate to New Zealand?" Disgusted with the want of interest thus coolly displayed, I answered pettishly: "Pipe-clay."

"Pipe-clay!" exclaimed he, rising in astonishment, "what has Pipe-clay to do with New Zealand?"

Douglas.—"Very little, and that is one of the reasons I came here; the love of soldiering I once felt has been grilled out of me in India, and the illusions of my younger days are gone. I have no right to hold my place when all is lost that gave it interest, whilst there are hundreds who go through life, soldiers in every feeling, till death. These are the men that reflect credit on the service, that give a tone to the army which soldiers should have, but from me the dreams have fled, and others perhaps equally delusive have usurped their place. Nature chalks out lines of life for different men, and they do well who obey her dictates. It is more honest as well as wise to pursue a life suited for me, and let another better qualified fill my place in the army."

Lloyd.—"I have no faith in all that. Education makes men what they are, and Nature is so pliable, that she can always be shaped by will!"

Douglas.—"Let it be so; but tell me if Nature has assumed a shape, what is the use of altering it? And if education makes men what they are, how comes it that I turn willingly from a life I have for years pursued, to its opposite?"

Lloyd.—"For the simple reason that you find the one does not pay, and you think the other will."

Douglas.—"Every thing is measured by that standard by you, which, my boy, you will one day find false."

Lloyd.—"Do you mean to tell me, you have other reasons than your material welfare which lead you to settle on that dreary plain?"

Douglas.—"Yes, my own inclinations, and, I am not ashamed to confess it—a tinge of romance.

Lloyd.—"What are the inclinations that induce you to prefer a savage to a civilized life?"

Douglas.—"I suppose they are savage too,—at least my female relatives have often told me so. If I had to choose, with enough bread in either case, I would prefer riding over that plain, to walking the pavé of London; I would prefer breathing this pure air, to the mists and dirt of the Metropolis; I would prefer the freedom from all the absurd restraints of fashion that meet one at every turn in a densely crowded society, to the conventional usages of high civilization; and I prefer the glorious scenery of this country to all the works of man's hands, were every one crowded into a single city."

Lloyd.—"You are singular at least in your tastes."

Douglas.—"Not I, indeed; I have met hundreds who feel as I do; and thousands who are blasé, and tired of their very existence would too, if they only knew what the life was."

Lloyd.—"And what is the life. A hut on a great plain, an independent shepherd, and his more barbarous half ill-cooked food, an ill-made bed, no table cloth, tin plates, perhaps tea in a kettle, and one eternal ba! ba! ba!" Here Lloyd imitated the cry of a sheep, which seemed to strike on the drum of George's ear with effect, for it brought him into a sitting posture, and with a cold shiver he stood up.

Douglas.—"A man meets here the respect due to him [illegible] his own good qualities, from independent men the only respect ever worth receiving; there is no necessity for your bed being ill-made, and your dinner ill-cooked; nearly all the necessaries of life can be grown here in abundance, and of excellent quality. Where will you get better potatoes, bread, meat of all sorts, fruits and vegetables, cheese, butter and milk? all around your own door; and tell me, where will you get such an appetite to eat them? If sheep farming pays, why can't you have your books, your house neatly furnished, and all the comforts and even elegancies of life? The great charm of the life is health, and having nothing but healthy enjoyments around, they grow on you, not pall."

Lloyd.—"Men accustomed to society and a life of excitement could not endure such an existence."

Douglas.—"Why, only just now you said, Nature was pliable and to be shaped by will; but

Nature has here given the will the mere excrescence of civilization has to be removed. How different are the tastes of men. I never could, and I am sure I never will, like the dull routine of morning calls, when I have been seated opposite a lady I never saw before; were it not for the eternal change and variety of change of English weather, I would be at a loss for something to say, and I am sure others feel as I do, for this universal topic is the never-failing subject. That the Lady could derive any pleasure from this conversation, it is ridiculous to suppose, or that I am enjoying myself, seated there, puzzling my brains for something to say, is equally absurd to think. Yet you see people going the rounds, saying in the one house exactly what they said in the other. Well, when all these interesting people, myself amongst the number, meet at dinner, a more stupid party can scarcely be imagined, and as Englishmen don't now drink the buckets full of wine they once did, their icy reserve remains unfrozen, and in all their proverbial coldness they retire to bed. A ball is less stupid because it is less formal; to go through the absurdities of a quadrille, and talk the very essence of nonsense to a pretty girl, may be amusement to a very young man, but it can scarcely amuse one who has arrived at my time of life. Girls go with pleasure, mammas go to bring the young ladies out, young men go to meet the young ladies, and their seniors go, because they have been accustomed to go, and if they stay at home they must stay alone. The only society that one really enjoys is that of one's dear friends and intimate acquaintances. All the rest is vanity of vanities; and I say such a society can be formed here, aye, and is now being formed. There will be a bond of friendship between the enterprising people who are making this settlement, that time can only strengthen, and then quite as good as I ever met or ever want to meet."

George, who had been looking vacantly around, and shivering as the frosty air gave him a right to shiver, now declared that he would be hanged if he stood there listening to us talking what he was pleased to term, "rot."

Bright as was the moon, the light was still deceptive—the descent steep and irregular—and, oh horror! when we did arrive at the foot of the hill, we found the tide at its height, and the beach covered up to the rocky mountain. Holding on by clefts in the side of the steep hill, jumping from ledge to ledge, and wading up to our waists, we at last reached the valley at the head of the bay. But our course to our friend's house was stopped by the stream flowing by the hill in the centre of the valley, the channel of which we found filled with water from the sea. In vain we looked for the house we had passed on our way to Akeroa; no wonder, for it now stood on the plains of Christ Church. Thick fern threw a dark shade on the ground and hid its irregularities. I walked cautiously on, but I walked on the edge of a water course, —an old bed I suppose of the stream. Suddenly I felt myself descend rapidly with the loose earth on which I stood. And when I looked up from where I lay, I saw the gigantic figure of our Kentish man looming against

the clear sky. "Good heavens, if he fell on me, my life would instantly be squeezed out." "Holloo you," I cried gruffly. The voice seemed to come from beneath his feet, and he started back, then up I got, and asked him to lend a hand, and I was pulled out not much hurt, and not a little alarmed. The twinkle of a light up the valley showed us where its owner lived, and for that we bent our steps, again to intrude on a private family, and again to meet a hearty welcome. Nor were we the only ones there benighted, two or three of our fellow passengers were seated round the fire. After supper our beds were made on the floor before the blazing logs, and soon we all were sound asleep. Our return to Lyttelton was just in time to witness a "Southerly burster!" as these storms are there called. A small misty cloud came stealing over the hills at the head of the harbour, a few gusts passed down the bay, the sea began to break heavily on the beach, the sky became murky, and half an hour after the appearance of the little cloud all business that required communication with the shipping was at an end. Any sailor ashore must there remain, any landsman aboard must ride out the gale in the ship, a good boat only could have lived in either of the sou-westers I saw. The ship I was in drifted nearly a mile down the harbour, though both anchors were on the ground, all the cable paid out, and the men up all night, striking yards. For eighteen hours it blew a hard gale of wind, one or two schooners were driven ashore, another sunk, and several small boats were knocked to pieces. It rained heavily all this time—one could scarcely imagine a more desolate-looking place than Lyttelton during the gale. The wooden houses are not proof against water driven with such violence; it penetrated the doors, windows, roofs, was in the drawing rooms, bed rooms, sitting rooms, kitchen; in short every where. The rivulets came thundering down the hills, and the blue bay changed to a muddy hue. For some days after, the weather was again heavenly. Parties from the ship roved over the country, and the men were busily engaged in carrying the cargo ashore. The harbour of Lyttelton is liable to short chopping seas, that rise from little cause. One day the long boat shoved off from the ship heavily laden. One of these seas got up, and as she was broadside to it, the waves broke over her gunwale, and gradually deepened the already over-deep boat. The second mate steered for the shore, and took no notice, though the water was up to his knees. The men in the pinnace, towing the long boat, pulled away. It was no business of theirs, and they did not care a rap whether she sunk or swam; but the Captain on the way to his ship saw the danger, and running down ordered the mate to keep away before the wind. "It's all right, sir," answered the booby, and so it was, had he added—for the bottom, for as he spoke, she gave a lurch, and down she went with a lot of my traps on board. The Captain seized the astonished mate, and dragged him into the gig, whilst the equally astonished men ceased pulling, and all watched with anxiety the rope that bound the sinking to the floating craft: luckily it was long enough to al-

low the one to rest on the bottom, whilst the other swam on the top. Though fate had thus deprived me of half my things, still half remained, and my whole destiny had yet to be accomplished. In the harbour lay a brig called the *Torrington.* She was bound for Akeroa, and I arranged to go round in her. No one dreamed of another gale following so fast on the heels of the last. The weather looked bad, and the glass rapidly fell, but the blue Peter flew at her mast head, and fearing she might sail without me, I had my remaining baggage carried on board. I had succeeded in this, and reached the shore myself, when on came the second gale. If the former was a storm, this was a hurricane. The wind howled over the attic, where ranged in berths, like those of a steamer, some half-dozen of us slept. I was roused up by the violent motion of the house, which literally rocked to and fro; the floor was deluged with water, and the breeze swept down the room with a force sufficient to blow away any clothes not made fast. Presently some one entered. "The *Pauline* is again ashore." The day before, the *Pauline* had been got afloat, after great expense and trouble, from the place where she had been stranded by the last gale. Another person entered. "The *Torrington* is drifting fast." My luck pursued me still. She had an equal chance of being driven on as hingly beach, or on the rocks to the left of the little bay. If she had gone ashore on the beach, she would have been little injured, so of course she went on the rocks: a hole was instantly made in her bottom, the foremast had been cut away, the main-mast now went by the board, and she became a total wreck. She carried a cargo of notions, which, when afloat, were set in motion by the rocking of the hull, and great boxes of merchandize, dashed into small pieces whatever they came in contact with, and broke up themselves, spreading their contents in one heap of damaged goods. News of other crafts going ashore came quick, till morning dawned, and dawned on a scene of ruin and dismay it is difficult to exaggerate. When the sun set, a goodly array of shipping lay off the Town, and proudly the infant settlement pointed to the type of her prosperity. When it rose, one solitary little cutter strained to her cable, as she was brought up with a jerk on the top of one wave, and showers of spray flew up as she dived headlong into the next. With this exception the bay was cleared. The large vessels had drifted down the harbour, and were hidden by a headland, called Officer's Point, the rest were strewn along the beach, high and dry, as if the wind had not only driven them ashore, but up the beach, a dozen yards. The wind and tide had risen together, and most of the vessels had been blown ashore when both were at their height. The most dismal wreck of all was the Brig; made of tough wood she still held together, though articles covered the beach that had escaped through holes in her bottom. Fragments of casks and boxes, mixed up with the rigging and masts, formed a sort of platform between the vessel and the rocks, the drift of breaking waves flew over her, and was driven with the rain into the faces of the spectators, amongst whom I stood. The

cold wind blew through one with an icy chill, and as I turned to go, I became painfully conscious, that the dripping clothes on my back were all the wardrobe I possessed. To make matters still worse, the Hotel-keeper told me that not by any possibility could he furnish me with a berth in the garret, and that I had occupied it the night before only by dis-possessing one better entitled. "Such are the pleasures of a life in a new country," I muttered, as I turned from the inhospitable Inn, and drenched and cold, I took my way through the miserable streets.

I am the more particular in detailing these unfortunate events, for they show two plain truths, which are often, but never should be, lost sight of by those who emigrate to a new land. A man cannot there create a home as easily as he can take possession of that prepared for him by his fathers, nor can he find an Eden on earth. It will appear unnecessary to the generality, stating facts so plain to the commonest understanding, but not so to those who have seen how many emigrate with Utopian and absurd ideas. There is a great difficulty in conveying to the mind of an untravelled Englishman what life in a new Colony really is. This lies principally in separating from his every-day existence those conveniences for each want with which England abounds. It is seldom that the emigrant, impatiently scanning the horizon for a glimpse of his new home, can form in his mind a true picture of what he there will lose, and what he there will gain. The truth of this is often seen in a series of letters from any one family commencing from the voyage out to the final settlement in a comfortable house, mixed up with the every-day details, of life at sea. The writer shows his buoyant hope, and the ardour with which he looks to entering on the scene of action. Then comes his first disappointment, the disagreeables and hardships that meet him at every turn, and often, too, the overthrow of his most cherished ideas; his next letter is the hurried production of time stolen from a life of labour and activity, allowing no space for grumbling, and occupied solely in detailing his work and its object. His epistles by degrees show he is losing the strong interest first felt in every thing connected with his old home, and that what is lost in the old is gained in the new. He begins to urge the emigration of his poorer friends and relatives, and when they arrive, the chances are they also go through the same round of disappointment, hard work and final contentment and prosperity. It is vain to deny that some break down on the road, for it is a truism that there is no position in which a body of men can be placed but that some will fail. As one who has advocated to the best of his ability emigration to New Zealand, I have often been asked for instances of success, and as often a string of failures has been brought to my notice, but these questions only prove the truth that frequently people skip over a sum-total, and bring up before a fractional part. The rise of any Colony is but the proof that individual enterprise has there prospered. The position now occupied by the settlements of Australasia is the great sum-total of the success of individuals there, and the failures are the ex-

ceptions to a general rule. I consider it as next to certain, that a man of common sense and industry, with a small capital, should succeed in a rising Colony. "It may be said such a man will succeed anywhere." I deny that. In England hard work would give him his bread, but little would stand between him and a workhouse, though a great barrier between him and independant means. In a Colony this position is exactly reversed. And there lies the attraction to the new land. Glancing at the failures brought forward, one generally sees they consist in foolish parents endeavouring to get rid of as foolish sons. To suppose that a wild young man sent out to a Colony, with a considerable sum in pocket, is likely to prove an instance of success, is to suppose that human nature is liable to a great change, and that such a change is to be wrought by removing the lad from every influence of control. Absurd as this is, it is often done, and the friends of the young man tell doleful stories of the failure and its cost. But this is not the worst of it. These people do not always tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. The victim himself makes out a case of hard work and privations endured in the Colony; his friends exaggerate the sum he received and squandered, and all combine in fathering on the settlement the results of mis-management and debauchery. I am convinced that out of every three instances of failure, this is the cause and origin of two; and the other proves that we carry the ills to which we are liable at home to the Colony with us—shipwreck, fire, failure of banks, over-speculation, together with the fluctuation of prices, observable in all new lands. Again, one is told of an uncle or a cousin who went to Sydney, Hobart Town, or some such formed city—"Well, how is he getting on," one asks? "Why, he seems to live, but I am not aware that he is doing much better than he would do at home." Now here is an honor done a city, of which it is quite unmindful. A gentleman deigns to reside in a place like Hobart Town, possessing the same conveniences as an English Town, with a far superior climate, and his material position is only a little benefited. Really gentlemen should be careful how they throw themselves away. Speaking seriously, they who study the question will see that great advantages are to be derived from emigrating to a well-chosen colony, but that these advantages are only to be purchased at the cost of considerable personal inconvenience. To many these inconveniences would render the life most distasteful, but others would endure them with pleasure to gain an object, and a scene on which they could exert the energy of their minds and bodies. The readers of this Magazine will not have the difficulty experienced by their countrymen, who have never left home, of realizing in their minds a true picture of life in a new land. They who have conquered and occupied provinces of this mighty dependency, may well smile at the difficulties and hardships encountered by the first Colonists of a Settlement in New Zealand. It is the fashion to picture life here as a life of luxury, and one that unfits men for the hardships of a Colony. What-

ever may be the hardships in a new land, I believe there exists no greater delusion than the luxuries people suppose we may enjoy in this. No one can deny that some men here perform an immense amount of mental labour, and others at times endure a great deal of bodily fatigue; that these men are likely to break down under the hardships of a Colony is a supposition I cannot entertain, and one it is an injustice to a gallant army to believe in. It may be that a long residence in India enervates the frame to such a degree, that the energy is wanting to push one's way up in a new land, but it is to be hoped that such a length of residence will at least secure a competency for the victim of the climate; if so, and he makes New Zealand his place of retirement, what he loses in the conveniences of an old country he gains in climate, but if these years have been passed in India without securing the sequel of his life from want, with such examples before us, the sooner we all emigrate the better. Let us consider this question without exaggeration, for it is one of great and growing interest and well worth the study of all. Is New Zealand adapted as a final home for officers retiring from the Indian armies, whose means would induce them to pitch their tent in another land than England? I say that not only is the country adapted for such an emigration, but better adapted for it than any other country on earth. I have three reasons for saying this; first, the climate is the most healthy and the best suited to the constitution of Englishmen. Secondly, the material advantages gained there are *at least* as great as in any other land in the world. And finally, because the soil is so fertile, the situation so good, that it must eventually grow into a mighty nation. If a gentleman weighing the pros and cons of the case, comes to the conclusion that his means are not sufficient to enable him to live in comfort in England, he looks abroad for a country where his means will be sufficient, and the climate such as he would like. There are three distinct lines of life open to him. The growing colonies of England,—rough, manly, and noble, the Channel Islands, and Towns of the continent of Europe, smooth, easy, and without an object; and the sanitaria of the Himalaya, the peak of the Neilgherries, &c. In every new land will be found the objections raised to New Zealand, and if these objections weigh down the advantages of that land, it is not likely any other of our colonies will suit a gentleman from India.

The Channel Islands have been frequently pointed out, and their advantages summed up, and what are the advantages to induce gentlemen to make a home on these rocks? Why, bread is cheap, mutton, beef, wine, tea, sugar, are cheap; few taxes have to be paid, and they are within a short distance of England. Now these are great advantages to men having a settled income, who are content to exist, and do nothing but exist; and the same may be said of many cities of the Continent, with this in favor of the Channel Island, that there one lives under the English Flag, under English laws, speaking the English language, and amongst English people. When a man feels his energies are used up,

that he can do nothing, and is fit for nothing, he is right to go and live there, or even on a peak of the Himalaya; but I do hope that they who feel that their career has not ended when they quit the shores of India, will weigh well the advantages of the Colonies before they make their final decision. I have more than once heard the exclamation—What, bury yourself in New Zealand! Oh, how dreadful! Very dreadful indeed must it be, to bury yourself alive amidst the bright glories of Nature, and breathe an atmosphere not one nor all combined of the so-called luxuries of India can equal, and see around you rise the young plants that are to grow into a nation. To root your name and family on a fertile soil, and to help to raise up for England a strong and worthy son, and this to be compared to the dead flat of life on a rock! For what purpose can a man live, perched on a hill of the Himalaya? Amidst the clouds, in the heart of a strange land, for strange India must ever be to every Englishman. Is it to rear in an uncongenial soil, fruits, and flowers and trees; is it to see a society flit before him, bowing and bidding adieu for ever, with nothing to strive for, nothing to gain, alone, and without an object, to die, and leave behind him to perish too, the exotics he has reared. More selfish than can be expressed is such a life—a heart thrown back on itself, a man without a friend, and an exile from his country. Truly one's energies require to be well-grilled out ere such a proposition could be listened to, but with scorn. All I ask for New Zealand is that the advantages held out by these islands should be well considered before the final step be taken. They have hitherto been passed over in ignorance. There are many, no doubt, that scarcely any consideration could induce to make up their minds to die and be buried far away from their birth-places. Against such a feeling nothing can be said, for it must be respected by every one. I write for those who have yet to choose the place to which they will retire, for those with whom I have for many years been associated, to forward their welfare and advance the interest of my adopted country, I am persuaded this can be done by directing the attention of these gentlemen to that land. In doing this, I think I cannot err, for no one will be rash enough to decide, because one man gives a strong opinion in favor of these Islands. If I have been the means of placing this question of emigration in a new light to some of my brethren in arms, and creating or adding to the interest felt by many for New Zealand, then I think I have done some good, and I have seen with no little surprise that even what I write can become of interest when backed by facts so strong, and directed to an object so good. It would be worse than folly to try and disguise the drawbacks, to paint the country as an Eden. It is not by deceiving people one can ever advance the interests of the settlement; on the contrary, it has a directly opposite effect. The curse of a new land is the emigration of men not fitted for emigration, and I am of opinion that a surplus fund should be reserved in creating a new settlement for the sole purpose of sending back the discontented; if I

said grumblers, I am aware that a very large proportion of the whole would be under the necessity of returning; but we all know there is a great difference between grumbling and discontent in an Englishman. I cannot conceive a man being deceived in the idea he forms of the plains of the Middle Island of New Zealand. Can he not imagine a long chain of hills, looking something like the Himalaya, seen from the plains of India, rising far on his right, and stretching away before him, sinking with the horizon on his left, if he stands near Christ Church? The country lies around him flat as any portion of India, without an object on which the eye can rest, save the mountains, the sea and the rivers, which near the sea roll sluggishly on. I speak of what it was a year and a half ago. In that short time the face of the land has changed; then solitary wooden houses dotted the bare plain around; now bright green breaks the monotonous colour of the scene; now sheep and cattle give life to the then inanimate space; now roses and honeysuckles twine up the walls of the then lonely houses, and forest trees and young shrubs break the vast view; now carts and carriages pass along a good macadamized road, and rattle over the iron bridge that spans the Heathcote; now the peal of Church bells sounds over the plain, and the swell of the organ rises up to heaven with the chaunted service from the Church of the Town. They alone can judge truly what Saxon energy can do, who have seen the full force of its work on such a field of action as I have endeavoured to describe. If I ever doubted, that doubt is gone. I now know it is good for those who would raise themselves above living from hand to mouth, who would benefit their families and society, to take part in such a work, and as long as I remain in India, which I trust may be but a short time, I will not cease to advocate a scheme which carries on its face such marks of excellence. I must now resume the thread of my story after this sad digression.

When I left the hotel, I went straight to the house of a gentleman I had but heard of a short time before. All I knew was that he had once served in the army, and that introduction I thought, and rightly thought, was sufficient in a new country. A freemasonry springs up amongst people in a colony, which is the reverse of the cold reserve in England, as if they banished with the air they then breathed the frigid aspect that bids men keep aloof. What one would have done under the same circumstances at home I don't pretend to say, but as the night had set in dark and lowering, and the rain was driven against the houses with a pattering sound one could hear far away, I never for a moment doubted what my course should be, and certainly that course was not far out that led from the storm-swept streets to a pile of blankets before a blazing fire. When I awoke next morning, a brilliant sun shone through a calm and clear atmosphere,—so bright was the air, so pure and blue was the heaven, so cheerful and gay all nature looked, no contrast could have been more complete than between that day and its predecessor. But far from cheerful were the countenances of my fel-

low colonists that gazed from the wharf on the consequences of the gale. Few men had any experience of this part of the country, and for all the colonists this was the first winter. Well might they ask each other, can a settlement thus fearfully visited thrive? Within a very short period two gales of unexampled severity had blown over the land, strewing the beach with wrecks, and the hills with the carcases of newly imported sheep. Vessels with stock from Australia were driven away, some failed to reach the harbour again, and all suffered more or less in the loss at sea. The danger of introducing stock from Australia was magnified. Sheep rose in price, and shippers became careful how they dropped their anchor in front of the town of Lyttelton. Yet these two gales were an exaggeration of a very doubtful cause of calamity; that they did harm is a fact, and that some of their successors may do still more harm we may well believe, but it is no less true that they may be easily foreseen, and the danger avoided, and I for one am far from viewing in the light of a calamity the chief reason of New Zealand possessing the most healthful climate in the world. I had heard a good account of a place called Pirakie, as a run for sheep or cattle, this harbour being situated on the south-east of Banks' Peninsula. Lloyd returned with me to Akeroa personally to inspect the ground. George had expressed a wish that the devil might fly away with the hills of the Peninsula, so we left him to repose on the renown as a traveller he had already gained. Crossing the harbour below the village of Akeroa, we ascended the hills where they lose the wooded character. The country on the other side sloped gradually from the range on which we stood to the sea, ending about four miles away in bluffy headlands; valleys ran parallel to each other, commencing with some little rivulet, and gradually widening and deepening as they neared the sea, till streams, where a fisherman would expect to find trout, ran brawling through the gloomy chasms. New Zealand is certainly wonderfully well watered, in fact I feel sure no country of its size sends to the sea so plentiful a supply. The ninety-mile beach presented a graceful curve, its gleaming sands and roaring breakers showing the whole sweep from the hills of the Peninsula till lost below the horizon, as a fit back-ground for so grand a line, the great Alpine chain stretched away, whiter in its fresh covering of snow than the breaking waves on the beach. Keeping too much to our left, we had to push our way through fern up to our necks and across two ravines several hundred feet deep, filled with brush-wood. After three miles of this fatiguing work we came to an open grassy country covered with tu-tu and anise. I have already observed that the tu-tu shrub acts as a poison on sheep or cattle unaccustomed to it, and as they greedily eat it, there is no little danger attending the introduction of these animals to a country where this otherwise nutritious plant abounds. We kept nearing the sea, in the hopes of escaping the fern and the ravines above, but unfortunately the ravines by a simple process of nature, grew into deep vallies, while the hills, nearly as

high as ever, ran boldly forward to meet the Pacific. Suddenly we came to the edge of one of these tremendous gorges; just below us the sea broke on the beach; the hill opposite, as high and as steep as the one on which we had halted, was about three hundred and fifty yards away; the ground below was apparently quite level; some deserted huts stood close to the beach, where lay an old worn out boat; around were strewn the bones of whales, and all told that there had been a station. We crossed the valley and ascended the hill, nearly a thousand feet high, and the ascent so difficult, that hands came into play as well as feet. Two more of these gorges did we pass, and night came stealing over the scene, still nothing of Pirakie could we see. I had fully determined that no vision of blankets and fires should induce me to breast another hill, but this was not put to the test, for again we found ourselves standing with a deep valley at our feet, and a light that gladdened our hearts, twinkled up from a hut below. As we approached the cabin, a native woman bounded like a hare from some cover, and disappeared inside, and immediately after an old sailor came forward to welcome us. His was the only occupied house at Pirakie, an ancient man-of-war's man was his comrade, and a tall savage Yankee sailor, who had just deserted from a whaler, was his guest. Speaking a few words of Maori to the native woman, his wife, as I afterwards learned, she occupied herself at once in preparing potatoes, and putting plates on the table, whilst the whaler cut some chops from an old billy goat, which I had twigged at my entrance, and looked on with suspicion. Although so hospitably tendered, the kindness of our host could not alter the goaty flavour of the billy, nor could his apology turn the water into tea, but luckily my case was full of cheroots, in one of which I sought consolation. If our entertainment lacked material comfort, our kind and intelligent landlord supplied in abundance food for the mind. Grouped round the fire, these three sailors, from the eyes of one of whom scarcely any shore had been hidden, each, when the other had finished, took up the conversation, and tales from the wars of the first Napoleon to tragic scenes in the Islands of New Zealand flowed in rough but graphic sketches. It was strange to hear in that lonely place events described that now occupy the pens of historians. Listening with interest to the different stories, I did not notice a low humming noise that sounded from a corner of the room, but when I turned to ascertain the cause, I saw the Maori woman seated on a low stool, with a book before her, reading in a sing-song tone in her own musical language. I glanced at her husband for an explanation. "She's a little cracked, poor thing," he said, "and she is now, as always engaged, in saying her prayers." The old saying, that light shines through a crack, struck me forcibly when the whaler had made the remark.

"Do you think," I asked, "that the natives really understand the doctrine of our Saviour?"

"The Missionaries wish the people in England to believe they do," he answered. I give the substance of his words. "And no doubt they are often deceived

themselves. The Maoris are cunning fellows, and know on which side their bread is buttered; they are Protestants when the Bishop comes with blankets, and Roman Catholics when the Priest arrives with tracts; they sing Psalms with the Methodist Parson for Bibles: in short they are whatever is most profitable for the time being; and the Preachers are so ready to believe in the effects of their own eloquence, that they do not doubt the truth of the professions."

"But still," I observed, "they eagerly attend Church and school where nothing tangible is to be gained, and always pay the greatest respect to the Clergy."

"Because," said the whaler, "they have intelligent minds, and grasp at any chance of exercising them; like all savages they are lazy in body, but like no other savages they are active in mind. To lie basking in the sun, and at the same time work his intellect, delights a New Zealander. They learn for learning's sake, and in a generation or two as a nation, they will be good Christians, and probably better educated as a people than any other in the world. I have been off and on this coast for twenty years; I have always found them a prying and inquisitive set, and wonderfully quick in picking up every thing; in a few weeks they would know enough of our language to be understood; in one voyage they would ship as able seamen; now they do the whaling work of most of the stations: work that requires as true an eye, as stout a heart, and as strong a frame as any I know; and though hard fellows to bargain with, they are kind, forbearing, and hospitable neighbours."

"How do you account then for the cruel massacres of boats-crews that have so often disgraced this coast?"

"There are two sides, sir, to a story," answered the whaler. "If English people have been startled and horrified at the accounts which have appeared in the papers, the Maoris too have brooded over as great atrocities committed on them. When I first arrived in this Island, a boats-crew thought no more of shooting a native than I would think of shooting a wild dog. You won't find such an entry in the log as this,—'Sighted New Zealand; landed for wood and water; party of natives approached, fired on them, and killed two men, one woman, and a child;' and even if such an account appeared, no notice would then have been taken of it. Yet a tremendous sensation was created when the story of the *Boyd* was told, and very naturally too, for it was the worst case for the Maori that occurred; but when the whole truth is known, it does not tell so badly for the natives after all. The Captain had a native chief on board, whom he ordered to work as a foremast man; the chief indignantly refused, so the Captain tied him up and flogged him. He first orders a chief to lower himself in the eyes of his people, and break the rules of his country, and when the chief refuses, he grossly insults him, and does both—then he crowns his folly by touching at the part of the country of which this man is a chief. There was but one way in which this insult could be wiped out in the eyes of himself and his tribe, and of course they

adopted it; but I believe the chief tried to save the crew and sacrifice the Captain only. A set of armed savages dancing on a deck, and giving loose to their passions, are not likely to observe any nice distinctions, and they killed the entire ship's company but two. These two owed their lives to the insulted chief. One of them was afterwards exhibited, I hear, in England, and did not tell the plain and unvarnished truth. He said he was detained at the village where I was, with a party sent from a station at the Bay of Islands, to prevent a battle between two tribes, with one of whom he was. We asked him to join us, but he would not."

"You must find it very lonely living in a gloomy ravine like this?"

"Lonely enough, sir," said he; "but I remember the time when seven whalers lay in that little Bay, and sixteen or eighteen at Akeroa, that was in the good days of whaling."

"What is the reason of the change?" I asked. "Have the whalers forsaken the coast?"

"They are not so numerous as they were, but that's not altogether the reason. The fall of oil since the introduction of gas has lessened the profits of the trade, and the colonization of the islands has driven the whalers elsewhere for cheap supplies. I believe they saw more fish this year at Rhodes station than for a long time before, but they were unlucky in losing some whalers that broke away from their anchor."

Next morning we breakfasted on the old billy, and started for Little River. The pasture on the hills we crossed was good, anise being everywhere abundant, but the gorges with which the country was intersected detracted greatly from the value of the land. No flocks could be kept together, and no number of shepherds could prevent the sheep from breaking their necks down the precipices. The walking was similar to the day before, but by the advice of the sailors, keeping nearer the Akeroa range we avoided the deeper gullies, and got on better. After crossing several spurs we crowned a hill some three thousand feet high, and the valley of Little River, with its lake and wild highland scenery, lay before us; far away we could catch sight of the plain, the great mountain range, the ninety-mile beach, and the sea, forming together a grand and imposing picture. Away up the valley, noticed only by the rising smoke, stood the station of Mr. Smith, a lonely object on a lonely scene. Dark rocks frowned down on the hut, the black, fire-burnt ground, the scorched trees, the brown fern, and the dark shade thrown by the hill behind, while the sun was setting, made up in its savage beauty a landscape worthy the pencil of Salvator Rosa. A stream ran down the valley, and joined by another from a valley on the left, entered a lake which filled up the entire breadth between the steep hills, and winding in a curve with them was hidden from the view. The rays of the sun streaming full in our faces, told the lateness of the hour, and showed the necessity of descending the hill at once. We stood on a steep rock; below, the descent appeared smooth and easy. I proposed to get down the precipice, but Lloyd determined to go round. We separat-

ed each to take his own road. Plateaux like high steps made a succession of little precipices of some eight to ten feet deep, down each of which I dropped, the only danger being that I might roll over the next. Whilst pausing on the brink of one, a fine old goat rose as if by magic from the ground below; as I gazed on him the fern around became alive with his clan, full twenty sprang up as wild as the Swiss Chamois; for a few seconds they looked steadily at me, then disappeared as suddenly as they had risen. All this surprised me much; but when in a little time after I stood on the spot they had occupied, the nature of the ground at once explained the mystery. Thick fern hid a mass of large stones with which the hill side was covered, and my task became doubly difficult to make my way over such ground, and through such a vegetation. Before I reached the foot of the hill, the sun had set, but I saw rising from the borders of the lake the smoke of a fire, a welcome sight to one wearied, bruised, and footsore. The ground changed by the banks of the lake from stones and fern to mud and reeds, now covered with a heavily falling dew. Twilight had faded into night before I approached the fire, and an uneasy feeling crossed me, that the people there assembled might be natives. The idea was far from pleasant, for I had no notion in that case what sort of a welcome awaited me, and I had a great notion that my fare would be again potatoes and water. As I neared the place, suspicion became certainty, and I was surrounded by a crowd, who issued from two huts that, tired as I was, I could have cleared at a jump. At once I was assailed by a volley of questions. Where had I come from? Where was I going to? Smith's house far up valley, night dark, lake dangerous, river to be crossed, &c. Stop with Maoris, potatoes, blanket, &c. I was shown into a hut, and very curious I was to see how they all stowed themselves in the two. Stooping low I entered, and after stamping on many toes managed to get to my place. In the centre a fire of white well-dried reeds burned with a clear bright light, consuming nearly all smoke, and leaving a fine powder. The natives were grouped in a circle around with their toes close to it, seated or lying in every attitude on blankets spread on the ground. At first I thought fuel must be scarce, but I soon saw the fire was fed by experienced hands, the flame never ceasing, and keeping an even temperature in the hut. Like any other Englishman my first impulse was to seize on some sticks, and at once raise a blaze that would give warmth to my limbs, but I checked the feeling, and patiently waited in hopes a hot potatoe would create a diversion in my interior. The potatoes came at last, and were passed round in a basket like those used by carpenters for tools. The best were picked out for me, and a well-thumbed bone of pork handed up. This was a dainty, and for me only, but the marks of teeth with which it was covered, coupled with the suspicions with which I regarded it, was too much for a stomach already exhausted by fatigue. Whilst trying to seem as if I thought it nice, a chief enter-

ed, and my neighbour on the left, who spoke good English, whispered—chief. I looked but saw nothing to distinguish him, save more dirt on his blanket, and some extra tatooing on his face. The chief took his place next me, winked both his eyes, nodded his head, shook hands, then turned a hungry gaze on my bone, which with great glee I gave him. For a moment or two his blue lips were glued to it, and when he handed it to his neighbour, most of the meat was gone. In a very short time my right hand neighbour was sucking the bare bone, it had gone round the circle. Some of the young men were nicely dressed in English clothes; two women sat together at the opposite side. One, a pretty young girl, looked wickedly across the fire at me, then amused her companion; at the result of her observations both laughed immoderately. A great bull-headed young man took up the conversation when I entered, and never ceased talking, and in a tone of voice intended, one would think, for the ears of Mr. Smith three miles up the valley. It is under such circumstances that a cheroot spreads its soothing influence over the frame, consoling you for the want of meat and drink, and comforting you for the necessity of making the ground your bed, but the cup of enjoyment is often dashed from the lips, and this was literally my case. No sooner had I lit my cheroot, than the bull-headed Maori stopped the harangue in the full tide of his eloquence.

"Give me cegar," said he, holding out his hand. What could I do? He was one of my hosts, so I gave him the sole remaining one, and with a sigh leant back, and took a long pull—alas! that it should have been my last; for whilst gazing pensively on the fire, the hand of the chief was suddenly stretched out, and in an instant the weed was transferred to his blue trap. My indignant gaze of astonishment was answered by a wink and a nod; my right hand neighbour whispering: "Maori custom," and I saw it was, for the bull-headed native's cheroot was already travelling round the circle, and long before the *butt* reached my informant, my weed was following the same course. Robbed of my only consolation, I lay down on the bare ground: but every effort to forget my sorrows in sleep was unavailing. The frosty night conveyed a chill to my wet clothes, which penetrated through me; some kind Maori threw over me a dirty, a very dirty blanket, but in vain I courted sleep. When I again sat up, the two women were gone, but another entered, the wife, as it appeared, of my right-hand neighbour. I entered into conversation with him, and he told me the party had but just assembled to collect the eels of the lake, which they expected soon to burst its barrier and empty itself into the Pacific, leaving vast quantities of eels, celebrated for their flavor, to be picked up in the mud. Both this lake and Ellesmere are formed by the surf on the beach, throwing up a barrier to the river, the waters of which accumulate till they burst through the sand bar, and are again formed and emptied with surprising regularity. This Maori, his wife and child, lay down close to me, and the chief on the other

side stretched out his legs till his toes reached my ribs. Thus comfortably hemmed in, I again endeavoured to compose myself to sleep; but the voice of the Maori sounded in my ears, at one time threatening as well as loud, then earnest and slow, now quick and animated, accompanied with fierce gestures, whilst those of the company, who answered not by snores, grunted approval or nodded assent. Once the voice was intercepted, the hut was violently shaken by a dog, seeking a warm berth, now and then a dissentient voice from the other hut, only added vigour to the overwhelming flow and tone of our speaker's language, which sounded throughout the night-dwelling as it appeared to me for hours on one word, which would be constantly repeated. Oh, how I longed to push my fist down the bull-headed's throat! Prudence however taught me it was unsafe to revive a taste that might end in my being cooked for breakfast. But every night has an end, and morning broke, and a gray light stole over the wild mountain scene. With that light I arose and bid adieu to the hut, convinced that I never had passed, and praying that I never again might pass, a night so uncomfortable.—M.

THE DAY-SPRING—A DREAM.

After the heat and labour of the day
I journeyed forth alone, my horse's rein
Loose on his shoulder, for the way was short.
It was a broad and cool and shaded road,
Lit by a tremulous glimmer, till the moon
Rose o'er the right-hand plain, with length of shadow.
Deep thickets, hill arecas, and young palms—
The cry of beasts from far, nearer the song
Of naked boatmen on the sacred river,
The holy river flowing hard at hand,
And now and then the barbarous clash and shout
Raised to some local Moloch; these, and more
Of unfamiliar sights and sounds, by night
Companioned me along on either side,
And told me sadly of an alien land.

And soon the place and house I sought was gained;
And when I laid me down upon my bed,
The visions of my sleep came fraught with all
That I had seen in journeying from the town;
And in the spirit-world they took a form,
Haply more true to the intuitive sight—
The vision of the soul—than theretofore
Their elements had seemed to the eye of flesh.

I saw two spirits by a river's shore,
Under a palm tree; one a shape of pride,

And on her bold bright brow a look she wore,
Of hope, and high defiance, and beside
The gathered wisdom of a thousand years,
Kindness and courage, doubts she could not hide,
And traces of a few, but recent tears.
A darker form, with movements soft and slow,
Crouched at the pale one's feet, and neither slept,
Nor truly woke, and seemed at times as though
She smiled, and yet, in spite of laughter, wept,
And still had no acquaintance with her woe.
And sometimes, with an idly busy hand,
Made images and figures in the sand;
Whereto the other—"The years come and go,
Awake, arise, O daughter of the land!
Thine images are dust, thine eyes are blind,
Or see alone the things they should not see,
Thy knowledge is but ignorance; the wind
Speaks more intelligible things than thou, to me:
Thy sons are subject to the strongest hand
That cares to hold them in a brief controul;
Thy daughters scarcely know they have a soul;
Arise, and follow me, O daughter of the land."

Whereto the other, raising her meek head,
That hung before all listless,—"O let be,
I do not slumber; neither am I dead.
What have I done to win such words from thee,
Whose eyes are wet with revel, hot and wild,
Whose knowledge is oppression and despair,
And brings with all its vaunted range of ken,
Fear to the brave, and sadness to the child;
Whose men are lawless, and whose women share
The orgies and the phrenzy of the men.
I war not with my fate, which thus has given
The labour of my sons, my fields, to thee,
But many paths may all conduct to heaven,
Take thou thine own, and, ah! leave mine to me."

"Sister!" she made reply, "thy words are vain:
The sun, which rose here, on Creation's morning,
Sunk in the west to you, shall yet again
Arise ere long, and put to flight your scorning;
Behold yon line of light upon the horizon."
Whereat I turned, and saw the light bedizen
The cold night with a narrow belt of gray;
And as the swart nymph rose, her forehead caught the ray."

Amen! my heart sighed, bring, O God, the day.

H. G. K.

Selections and Translations.

FABLIAUX.

The Knight and the Chatelaine of Vergy.*

THERE is a class of persons who affect great pretensions to loyalty, and so well conceal their true character, that one is led to trust in them; but when it happens that any one has disclosed himself to them, so that they know his love and his doings, they spread themselves over the country, and make him the butt of their laughter and ridicule. Thence it comes to pass, that he who confided in them, loses all joy and happiness. For by how much the greater is the love, so much the more disconsolate are true lovers, when one of them believes that the other has divulged what ought to have been kept concealed. Often times much mischief thence arises, and true love is brought to an end with great grief and shame, as happened in Burgundy to a generous and valiant Knight, and to the Lady of Vergy.

The Knight had so long wooed the dame, that at length she accorded him her love on this condition, that in the day and hour he betrayed her confidence, he should for ever lose the enjoyment of her company. To carry on their intrigue in secrecy, they devised that the Knight should hide himself in a certain corner of the pleasure grounds at the time appointed, and remain there until he should see a little dog coming towards him. And that he should then hasten without delay to her chamber, where there would be no other person, but only the dame. Thus they arranged their intercourse, so that excepting themselves, no living thing knew of it.

Now, the Knight was fair to look upon, and courteous, and for his valour was highly esteemed by the Duke to whom Burgundy belonged, and often times he went to his court, so often indeed that the Duchess became enamoured of him, and made him such show of love, that if his heart had not been fixed elsewhere, he could not have failed to perceive her passion. But do what she would, the Knight never seemed to notice her love, either little or much. So much was she chagrined by this, that one day she took him aside and began to reason with him in such words as these:—"Sir, you are valiant and generous—so say all—and rightly do you deserve to have a mistress, placed in such a high position as may bring you honour and profit." "Madam," he replied, "I have not yet turned my thoughts to such a subject." "By my faith," she rejoined, "too long delay may prove injurious—therefore do I

* Ci Commence de la Chastelaine de Vergi, qui mori por loialment amer son ami. In 950 lines. The Queen of Navarre has incorporated this graceful tale among those of the Heptameron Français. Many passages have been abridged in the translation.

counsel you to choose a mistress of high quality, if you see that you are favored by such an one." "Madam," he answered, "by my faith I know not well what is this that you say, nor to what all this leads. I am neither duke nor count, that I should aspire so high. Nor should I do my duty, did I apply myself to seek the love of a lady so sovereign." "Far greater marvel than this," said she, "has happened heretofore, and may well do so again. Tell me, if you have observed that I, who am so highly honoured, have bestowed my love upon you." To this he promptly replied: "Madam, I cannot tell—but this I know, that I would have your love with honour and truth. But Heaven preserve me from such love, if it should turn to the dishonour of my seignor. Never, nor in any way, would I undertake such treason as to work so disloyal and villanous a wrong against my liege lord." "Fie!" cried she in vexation. "And who ever asked you to do so, Dan puritan?" "Ah! dame," said he, "well do I understand you, whatever you may say."

No further converse then did she hold with him, but great wrath and fury she nourished in her heart, and she resolved to be avenged on him.

Thus was she full of anger, when at night she laid her down beside the Duke, and she began to weep and to sigh. And the Duke presently asked what ailed her, and commanded her to tell him immediately. "By my faith," she answered, "I grieve that no great man knows who is true to him, and who is false, but they confer the most favors and benefits on those who afterwards prove traitors to them, and never do they find this out." "I know not, Dame," said the Duke, "why you should say so—but of this I am certain, that never will I suffer any traitor near me, if I detect him." "Well, then, may you hate him,"—and she named him—"who has not ceased this live-long day to pray me to accord him my love. And he declared that these thoughts had long been in his mind, but never before had he dared to tell me of them. Then I determined, fair Sir, to acquaint you with it as soon as possible—and it may be true that he has long fostered this idea, seeing that he has never loved another—at least, never have we heard of it. Now, I call upon you to guard your honor, as you are bound to do." The Duke, to whom this seemed a grievous outrage, made answer: "I will see to that, and without loss of time."

Ill at ease was he all that night, nor could he sleep, for thinking of the Knight, whom he had so greatly loved. For truly did he believe that he had done a misdeed, and most justly had forfeited his affection, and thus all night he laid awake. Next morning he rose up early, and called before him the Knight, who had been so cruelly traduced. Then he took him to task, the two being together alone. "Certes," said he, "it is a grievous pity, seeing that you have such prowess and beauty, that there should be no loyalty in you. Greatly have you deceived me, for I have long believed that you were of good faith, and every way true, in return for the love I bore you. I know not whence hath come to you the traitorous thought to beseech the Duchess and require of her a criminal passion. Foul wrong have you done me—worse may never be. Go forth immediately from my land, for I dismiss you for ever. And I altogether forbid you to set foot in it again, for if ever I catch you hereafter, you shall certainly be hanged."

When the Knight heard this, he was seized with such grief and terror, that all his limbs trembled, for he bethought him of his mistress, whom he never more could enjoy, if he went into banishment. Besides, ill did he brook that his lord should unjustly deem him a disloyal traitor. Thus he was in great discomfort, and counted himself for a lost man. "Sir, for the love of heaven," he exclaimed, "do not believe that I ever dared to hold such thoughts against your honor. Wrongfully do you impute them to me, for never did I entertain them,

and basely has he acted, who told you this." "It nought avails," said the Duke, "nor do you gain any point by denying it, for the Duchess herself told me how and in what manner you prayed and intreated her, like an envious traitor—and perchance you added many things that she passed over in silence." "Madam has said what pleased her," he replied all aghast; "nought avails me that I deny it—nought avails what I say, and yet there is nothing I would not do to prove that this never happened." Then the Duke remembered him of what his wife had said, that she had never heard of his loving any other dame or damsel: And thus he spake unto the Knight. "If you will promise me by your loyalty, that you will tell me truly what I shall ask of you, certain shall I be whether you have done what I suspect." The Knight, who vehemently desired to win his seignor from the ill feeling he had conceived towards himself, and who dreaded nothing so much as to be forced to leave the country, where dwelt the one so dear to him, replied without hesitation that he would do whatever the Duke asked. And the Duke took of him his oath and said: "Know for a certain truth, that the affection I still bear you in my inmost heart, will not suffer me to believe such foul reports of you. Never should I have regarded what the Duchess laid to your charge, did it not make me doubt and hesitate, when I look on your countenance and equipment, and other such things, by which one may divine that you love some dame. And yet no one has ever discovered your love. And, besides, when I consider that it is my wife herself who tells me that you intreated her, I cannot be mistaken, and the affair must be really so, unless you will assure me that you love "par amours" in another quarter, and will recount to me the whole truth of the case. But if you will not do this, you shall go forth of my land without delay, as a perjured traitor." Then was the Knight sorely troubled in mind, and he knew not which to choose. If he revealed his love, he would lose his mistress; and if he kept silence, he would be perjured and foresworn to the Duke, and would at the same time lose his country and his mistress. For his country indeed he little cared, but to be separated from the dame he so tenderly loved, was worse than death, and this he feared more than all things when he thought of the great joy and solace he had experienced in her arms. Thus was he like the Châtelain de Coucy, who says in one of his songs:—

> Par Dieu amors grief m'est à consirer*
> Du douz solaz et de la compaingnie,
> Et des samblanz que me soloit† monstrer
> Cele qui‡ m'iert et compeingne et amie;
> Et quant regart sa simple cortoisie,
> Et les douz mos qu'à moi soloit parler,
> Comme me puet en cors le cuers durer?
> Quant il n'en part, certes trop est malvais.

In like anguish was the Knight, and whilst he remained thus pensive, the water of the heart came to his eyes, and flowed down his cheeks. The Duke no way rejoiced to behold this, for he judged that there must be something he dared not acknowledge. Then said the Duke hastily to him: "Clearly do I see that you do not confide in me as you ought to do. Do you think that if you entrusted your secret to me in private, that I should discover it to other folk? Be assured that I would sooner let all my teeth be drawn out one after the other." "Alas! sir," he replied, "I know not what to say, or what will become of

* (Me priver.) † (Solebat.) ‡ (Etoit.)

me. But I would rather die than lose what I must lose, if my lady should find out that I had betrayed her to any living soul." And the Duke answered: "I promise by my body and soul, and by the love and faith I owe you for your homage, that never in all my life shall the tale be repeated to any creature breathing, nor shall any hint be given, either great or small." "Sir, I will then avow to you that I love your niece Madame de Vergy, and she returns my love as much as can possibly be." "But tell me," asked the Duke, "does no one, but yourselves, know of this affair!" "No one, sir, not a creature in all the world." "This never can be," exclaimed the Duke. "How then do you meet? How know you the convenient hour and place?" "I will conceal nothing from you," replied the Knight, "since you already know thus much of our secret." Then he related all the circumstances of the affair, and the covenant that was made between them in the beginning, and the manner of the little dog. On this the Duke required him to let him be his companion the first time he went to visit his lady love. And the other consented, and said, that he should go that very night. So the Duke promised that he would not be offended at his presumption, and agreed to accompany him. Then they appointed a spot where they should meet on foot, as soon as the night began to fall, for the dame lived hard by.

At length they set out together on their journey, and walked until they came to the garden, and not long did they tarry before they beheld the little dog coming towards them. And he ran up to the Knight, who greatly caressed him, and followed him towards the chamber of his mistress. And the Duke went after him at a little distance, and concealed himself the best he could. With a lofty and wide spreading tree he covered himself as with a target, and much care did he take to hide himself. Thence he beheld the Knight approach the chamber. And his niece came forth and met her lover in the meadow. And he heard and saw the appeal she made, full of joy, saluting him with her lips and throwing her fair arms around him, and a hundred times she kissed him before either of them uttered a word. And the Knight kissed her again and again, and embraced her, and said: "My lady, my mistress, my hope, my heart, my dear delight, my only love, believe me I have never ceased longing to be with you, as I now am, ever since I was last here." And she replied: "My sweet lord, my sweet friend, my sweet love—not an hour, or day, but your absence pains me. Now nothing grieves me, for I hold all that I desire—for you are generous and joyous, and very welcome are you." To this he made reply: "And pleasant are you to me." All this the Duke overheard, for so near was he, and his niece he easily recognised by her voice and features, so that all doubt was removed, and he knew that the Duchess had told him an untruth. Pleased at heart was he to find that he had done nothing of the wrong he had at first suspected. * * * * *

Next morning the Duke met the Knight, and embraced him, and made great rejoicing over him, and said: "I promise alway to love you, and never again will I distrust you, for you have told me nothing but the truth, and the Duchess spoke falsely unto me." "Sir," answered the Knight," for the love of Heaven I pray and beseech you, that you will please to conceal this affair. Then shall I have joy and comfort, and shall die without blame, seeing that no one will be acquainted with it, save only you." "Say no more about it," cried the Duke, "rest secure that the secret will be kept close, and that never will it be spoken of by me."

That day at supper the Duke showed the Knight more attention than heretofore, and such anger and hatred did his wife thence conceive that she rose from table, and made a show as if she were seized with ill-

ness. Then she went and laid down, but ill was she at ease. And the Duke, when he had eaten enough, and had feasted and entertained his guests, visited the Duchess, and sat down by the side of her bed. She then gave orders that none should remain in the room, save him alone. When all was done as she commanded, the Duke inquired how this illness came upon her, and what was her ailment. She replied: "So guard me Heaven, before I sat down to supper, I fully deemed that greater sense and judgment were in you, than that you should hold him so dear who seeks to work me foul shame and despite—such sorrow and anguish did I thence conceive, that longer I could not stay." "Ah! my sweet friend," answered he, "never can I believe you, or any other creature, that this really happened. Know, therefore, that I acquit him entirely, for I have learned of a certainty that no such thought did he entertain. Further, do not you seek to enquire." Then the Duke left her, and she remained pensive. Not a day as long as she lives will she let him be at rest, until she shall have discovered what is the matter about which the Duke forbids her to ask. Not long will the prohibition hold good, for already within her breast she has contrived a plan by which she will be sure to overcome, if only she be content to suffer until night, when she will hold the Duke in her arms. Thus then she held her peace for a while.

And when the Duke went to lie down, she drew to one side of the bed, pretending that nothing was so hateful to her as to have him beside her, for she knew that the best way to master her husband was by seeming to be offended. As soon as he attempted to kiss her, she said: "You are false, treacherous, and disloyal to make such professions of love, though you never truly loved me in all your life. And this long time I have been foolish enough to believe your speeches, for oftentimes you have declared that you loved me with a perfect heart. But to-day I clearly see that I have been deceived." "Indeed!" cried he, "and how, I pray you?" "In that you said to me," she replied, "that I must never presume to ask you what you had just discovered." "To what do you allude, Dame?" "To the lies and enchantments which that false recreant makes you believe. But little it matters to me to know about this, for it no way avails me to love you with a loyal heart. Never did I see, or hear anything, that I did not at once disclose to you. But now it is evident that you conceal from me your own thoughts. Never again shall I have such confidence in you, nor the same feeling towards you as heretofore." Then she began to weep and to wail, and to feign great sorrow, so that the Duke had compassion on her, and said: "My sweet sister, ill can I bear your anger and resentment, but I may not tell you what you seek to know, without great villainy." "Sir," she replied, "I see well that you do not believe that I can guard your secret. Do not then tell it to me. But truly it is surpassing strange that neither high nor low ever before heard anything that you had confided to me. And I say unto you in all honesty, that never will it so happen." When she had said this, her tears again began to flow, and the Duke embraced her, and kissed her, and was sad at heart, so that he could no longer refrain from betraying himself. "My sweet Dame," he said, "I know not by my soul what to do. But so much do I trust in you, that nothing will I hide from you with which my own breast is acquainted. But I pray you, speak not of it again. For be assured of this, that if ever you betray me, you shall die." And she answered: "I agree to this, for never can it happen that I shall wrong you." Then, moved by her tears and his own affection for her, he told her all the story of his niece —how he learnt it first of all from the Knight—and how he stood in the corner of the garden, where there were only they two—and how the

dog came to them—the beginning and the end he told her, nor did he keep back any thing of what he had seen or heard. But when the Duchess knew that the Knight loved one of inferior quality, while he treated her offers with disdain, she looked upon herself as mortally aggrieved, and as good as dead. No semblance of this, however, did she make, but she readily consented that, if ever she revealed the smallest tittle, the Duke should hang her from a beam.

Long did the days appear to her, before she could speak on this subject to her, whom her soul hated, because she was mistress to him who had slighted and affronted herself. So she confirmed her purpose until a seasonable time and place should be offered for disclosing to the niece all that was now confined in her own breast. But no occasion presented itself until the feast of Pentecost, when the Duke held his Cour Plenière, and summoned to his presence all the ladies of his domains, and especially his niece, who was the Châtelaine of Vergy. And when the Duchess beheld her, all her blood curdled within her veins, as if she were the most hated being in the world. But well did she dissemble, and she greatly caressed her, though much she longed to speak out what was burning in her heart, and the effort to repress it caused her no small pain. When the tables were removed, the Duchess conducted the ladies into her own apartments, that they might adorn themselves in private, in order to go with becoming air to the Carols.

Then the Duchess could no longer refrain, but said as if in jest: "Châtelaine, be particular in your attire for preux and fair is your lover." And she replied all simply: "I know not what you mean, lady. But of a truth I have no desire for any love that shall not be to the honor of myself and of my lord." "I believe you," answered the other. "But how learnt you the art of teaching little dogs?" The ladies who were present heard the question, but knew not to what it alluded. Then with the Duchess they returned to the hall, where the Carols were prepared. The Châtelaine remained alone. Her heart was troubled with doubt, and her cheek grew pale. Within a closet she entered, in which a little girl was lying at the foot of the bed, but she did not observe her. And the Châtelaine threw herself on the bed, grievously lamenting. Sadly she bewailed and bemoaned herself and cried: "Fair sir, what can this be that I have heard? The Duchess reproaches me with having taught my dog. This she can only know, I am sure, from him whom I love, and who has betrayed me. Nor would he have told her, had he not enjoyed great familiarity with her, and loved her more than myself. Well do I see that he never cared for me, since he has so easily broken our covenant. And yet I loved him, as never will another, and of nought else could I think for a single hour, by night or by day. He was my joy and my solace, my delight, my contentment, and my comfort. When I saw him not with my eyes, how grateful to me was it to think of him! Ah! my friend, whence came this? What can you have become, since you have been so false to me! Truly I always thought you were loyal to me, and I loved you more by one-half—so help me Heaven!—than ever I did myself. Never did I anticipate this, for neither in thought nor in word did I ever wrong you. Why then should you hate me, and so villainously betray me! For the sake of the love you bear to another, you have forsaken me, and have disclosed our amours. Alas! my friend, much do I marvel at it, for never such was my heart towards you. If all the world had been offered to me, heaven and earth and paradise, I would not have taken them on the condition that I must lose you. For you were my riches, my health, and my joy, and nothing could grieve me so much as to know that you no longer loved me. Ah,

true love! And who could think that *he* would cause me all this sorrow, who used to say, when he was with me, and I did all in my power to meet his wishes, that he was altogether mine, and that he held me for his lady-love. And so softly did he say this, that I verily believed him. Never did I think that he could find in his heart anger or hatred, against me, for the sake of a Duchess or a Queen. To love him was so pleasant to me! By my own feelings I judged of his. I fancied that he loved me in like manner, and would be my friend all his life. For well do I know that if he had died before me, I should not long have survived him. Far rather would I be dead with him, than live if I may never behold him. Ah, true love! Was it right of him thus to betray me? He knew our covenant, that if ever he revealed our secret, that self-same hour he should lose me. And now that I have lost him for whom I mourn, life has no more charms for me. Therefore do I pray God to give me death, and to have mercy on my soul, as I have truly loved him, who has brought all this upon me. I beseech Him also to confer honor and renown on him who has so cruelly wronged me. For my own part, I freely forgive him. Death is sweet, since it comes from him, and when I think of my love, it does not pain me to die." Then she held her peace, after that she had murmured with a sigh: "Sweet friend, I commend you to God." On this, she writhed to and fro—her heart failed her—her countenance changed—with anguish she swooned—and laid pale and colourless on the bed, dead, without life.

Meanwhile, her lover knew nothing of all this, as he remained in the hall where the Carols* were celebrating, and all were dancing and diverting themselves. But nothing that he saw pleased him, for nowhere could he see her to whom he had consigned his heart—at which he greatly marvelled. Then he whispered in the ear of the Duke: "How comes it, Sir, that your niece is not present at this merry-making?" And the Duke looked round the hall, for he had not before missed her, and he took the Knight by the hand, and led him to the chamber. When he found her not there, he commanded and enjoined the Knight to search the closet, for his intention was to leave them together to solace one another with kisses and embraces. And the Knight was grateful to him for it, and straightway entered the closet where his mistress was lying on her back, discoloured and livid. Immediately he kissed and embraced her, for the opportunity was favorable, but he felt her lips were cold, and herself pale and stiff. Then he saw clearly by the appearance of the body that she was dead. And in dismay he exclaimed: "What is this? Alas! my mistress is dead!" And the little girl, who had been lying at the foot of the bed, sprang up, and said: "Sir, I well believe that she is dead, for she has prayed for nothing else ever since she came here, on account of her lover, about whom and a certain little dog the Duchess had rallied her. Sorrow for this has proved fatal to her."

When the Knight heard that what he had told the Duke had brought about her death, without measure he bewailed himself. "Alas! my sweet love, the most courteous, the most loyal, and the best of women. Like a false traitor, I have caused your death. It was just that some misadventure should befal myself, but not that you should suffer. But I will do justice on myself for the treason I have wrought." Then he drew from its scabbard a sword that was hanging from a nail, and pierced himself to the heart. Thus he fell upon her dead body, and presently bled to death. And the girl ran out of the closet when she beheld his lifeless corpse. Horror seized upon her, and she related to the

* Karoles.

Duke, whom she met, all that she had heard and seen. Nought did she conceal, and she told all she knew about the dog that was trained.

And the Duke was as one beside himself. In haste he entered the chamber, and from the body of the Knight drew forth the sword with which he had killed himself. Then he hurried back to the hall, and kept his promise to the Duchess, and smote her on the head with the sword he carried in his hand, nor did he first utter a word, for fierce passion possessed him. And the Duchess fell at his feet. Sadly troubled was the festivity, and the Knights who had been so joyous were sore amazed. The Duke then rehearsed the whole matter to the Court. Not one was there that did not weep, when they saw the two lovers who were dead. With grief and sorrow they all separated. Next day the Duke caused the lovers to be interred in the same coffin, and the Duchess by herself. But never again did he smile. And he took the Cross and passed beyond the sea, nor ever did he return home, for he became a Knight of the Hospital.

Thus all this trouble and sorrow arose, because the Knight so far forgot himself as to reveal what he ought to have kept concealed, and which his mistress had forbidden him to disclose if he wished to retain her love. From this example we may learn that we ought carefully to preserve the secret of our love, and always keep this history in remembrance, lest we lose it by the like misadventure. To make it public is of no good, but to keep it to ourselves is worth much in all points, and in all estates, whether high or low. He who does so fears not the assaults of false, felon, inquisitive, prying individuals, who meddle with other peoples' loves.

The Ungrateful Son.*

Fully seventeen years ago it happened that a rich man of Abbeville left his native town, he, and his wife, and their son. Wealthy he was, and comfortably supplied with all things. In this he acted like a prudent man, because he was at enmity with people more powerful than himself, and he feared to remain among his enemies. From Abbeville he went to Paris, where he lived in tranquillity, and did homage to the king, and became one of his men and burgesses. The good man was wise and courteous, of a happy disposition was the Dame, and their son was no fool nor clown nor badly disposed. Much were they esteemed by their neighbours in the street where they dwelt, and oftentimes they visited them, and paid them respect.

Many folks without spending any thing of their substance can make themselves beloved, and great commendation do they acquire, simply by speaking politely and kindly, for who ever speaks fair, will be fairly spoken to, but who ever speaks or acts rudely, must expect the like return. Thus the good man dwelt seven years in Paris, and bought and sold the articles he understood, and not only did he save his own chattels, but he gained over and above. Truly a wise merchant was he, and a merry life did he lead until he lost his companion, who had lived with him more than thirty years.

Now he had no other child than the youth I have already mentioned. Sorrowful and depressed did he remain by his father's side, and often regretted his mother, who had brought him up with kindness. As he lamented over her, he swooned

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* La Houce Partie, by Bernier. In 406 lines. This tale also has been translated into German.

away, but his father comforted him, and said: "Fair son, your mother indeed is dead. Let us then pray heaven to pardon her sins. Dry your eyes. Wipe your face. Tears will avail you nothing. We must all die, be assured of that. We must all pass that way. No one can outstrip death. But you, fair son, have much ground for comfort. You are a fair young bachelor, and in condition to marry, and I am now far advanced in years. If therefore I could find a match that was suitable, I would bestow much riches upon you. For it is too long a task to look for real friends. You would not have them until it was too late. None will you have on this earth, unless you conquer them by force. So that if I could find you a wife, who was well-born, possessed of numerous friends, uncles, aunts, brothers, and cousins-germain, of good family and position—then, when I saw your advantage, I would gladly place you there, nor would I leave you in want of money."

Now in that neighbourhood there were three Knights, who were brothers, of high lineage both by father and mother, prized and esteemed in arms, but they had no heritage, for all they had was pledged, lands and woods and tenements, in order that they might attend tournaments. On their property they had raised eighty livres on usury, which greatly distressed them. The eldest of them had a daughter, but his wife was dead. And the damsel occupied a fine mansion opposite the house of the citizen. This mansion did not belong to his father, for her mother's kinsfolk had secured it, so that it could not be pledged, and it was worth twenty livres Parisis a year. So the damsel was possessed of friends and influence, and the citizen demanded her in marriage for his son. And the Knights asked him about his possessions and his wealth. And the other answered them frankly: "I have in goods and money 1,500 livres. I should be a liar, did I boast of more. This I have loyally acquired, and the half will I give to my son." "This cannot be accepted, fair sir," replied the Knights. "Were you to become a Templar, or White Monk, or Black Monk, you would give all your wealth to the Temple or Abbey. Never can we allow this—no, sir, no, by our faith." "How then; tell me." "Readily, dear fair sir, whatever you can gather together we will that you give your son, and that he be possessed of all, and that you assign all over to him, so that neither yourself nor any one else shall be able to reclaim it. If you are willing to let it be so, the marriage shall be made. Otherwise, we cannot let him have our daughter and our niece."

The good man thought awhile, and looked upon his son, but little availed him the reflection he made. Then he answered and said, "Sir, I will fulfil your wishes in all that you demand. If my son have your daughter, I will give him all that I am worth, and I say in the hearing of you all, that I do not desire to keep anything for myself, but let him take all, and let all be his. I invest him with it, and make it over to him." Thus the good man, before all who were present, stripped himself of all that he had, so that he was as bare as the wand that is peeled, nor had he the money to purchase a single breakfast, if his son refused to give him one. When he had uttered these words, the Knight took his daughter by the hand, and gave her to the bachelor, and he then espoused her. For two years after that, they lived together quietly and peacefully, the husband and his lady, until she bare him a fine little boy. Well was he fed and delicately brought up, and much care was taken of the mother.

All this time the good man remained in their house, but truly he had given himself the fatal stroke, when he despoiled himself of his goods, to live at the mercy of another. In their house then he continued to dwell full ten years, until the child had grown old enough to understand what he heard. And many a time

it had been mentioned before him what his grandfather did, in order that his father might marry his mother, and never did he forget this. The good man had now become old, and infirmity made him lean on a staff for support. Gladly would his son have gone to buy the sheet to enshroud him, for he wearied of his long life. The dame, who was proud and haughty, could not endure him. Much did she disdain the old man, for he was very opposite to her habits. Never did she cease saying to her lord: "Sir, I pray you, if you love me, send away your father. By the faith I owed my mother, I will not eat another mouthful, whilst he remains in the house. Therefore do I beseech you to dismiss him." "Dame," he replied, "I will do so."

Thus, fearing his wife, he came to his father and said: "Father, Father, get you gone. I tell you we can no longer put up with you here. You must go elsewhere. Ten long years have we given you to eat in this house. Now make haste, rise up, and be off." The father wept bitterly when he heard these words, and often cursed the day and hour, that he should have lingered so long in the world. "Ah! fair son," he exclaimed, "what is this you say? For the love of God bear me honour enough to let me remain at your gate. I will lie me down in a little space. I ask of you neither fire, nor carpet, nor counterpane—but without these, under that outhouse, let them spread me a little straw. Do not drive me forth from your house, nor grudge me a little bread. I ask no more than my daily bread. Do not deny me that. Better will you expiate your sins by doing me good, than if you were to put on sack cloth." "Fair father," he answered, "it is of no use to sermonize—so be quick—off with you—or my wife will go out of her senses." "Fair son, whither will you that I go, for I am not worth a sou?" "Go into the town, where there are ten thousand more who live by fortune. Great must be your ill luck, if you don't find there your food. Every one awaits his chance. And perhaps somebody who knows you, will afford you shelter." "My son, what can I expect from those to whom I am nothing, when you, my own flesh and blood, who owe me every thing, thus cast me out of your house." "Father, I can do no more for you —nor have I the will to be any longer burdened by you."

Then the old man had such grief, that his heart was well nigh breaking. Feebly he arose, and in tears went forth out of the house. "Fair sweet son," he sobbed, "I commend you to God, since I must needs go. But my heart trembles within me, and I dread the cold. If I am too little clad, it will kill me. Give then a blanket, with which you cover your horse, so that the cold be not too sore upon me." The other longed to get rid of him, so he called to his child, and said: "Fair son. I command you, if you find the stable open, to give my father the cloth that is on my jet black horse, if he likes it, to make himself a cloak, or robe, or blanket. Let him have the best." The child, who had a sharp wit, cried out, "Come along, grandfather." Then the good old man went with him, oppressed and bent down with sorrow. And the child found a blanket, the longest and the widest, and he doubled it down the middle, and cut it as well as he could, and handed his grandfather one half. "What shall I do with it, my child? Why have you cut it? Your father gave me the whole blanket. You have used me cruelly, for your father commanded you to give me all of it. Truly, I will go back to him." "Go where you will," answered the child, for you will get no more from me." Then the old man left the stable, and complained to his son, and said: "Every thing goes against me. Why do you not correct and chastise your child, for he does not fear or respect you? See how he holds back the half of the blanket." "Bad luck befal you!" exclaimed the father, "give him the whole of it immediately." "That

will I not do," said he, "for how then shall you be paid? I keep the other half for you, nor will you receive more from me, when you are old, and I get the upper hand, I shall serve you as you have served him. As he gave up all his possessions to you, so will I have all yours. If you let him die in misery and wretchedness, so will I act by you, if I live and grow up."

His father heard him, and sighed. And he began to ponder and reflect. From the words of the child he took warning. Then he turned to his father, and cried aloud: "Father, come back. I have fallen into a foul snare and a great sin. But this must not be. I make you master and lord of my house for ever. If my wife will not be at peace with you and love you, then will I cause you to be served elsewhere. I will make you comfortable with both pillow and counterpane. And I swear to you by Saint Martin, that I will drink no wine nor eat any meat, but that you shall have better. You shall dwell in a circled room and by a good fireside. You shall have a robe like mine. With good faith did you act towards me, therefore am I abundantly rich, and with your property, fair dear father."

Be cautious, then, all you who have children to marry. Never give to them more than you can recover from them. Never trust to the gratitude of your children. When parents can no longer aid themselves, they are liable to disappointment and chagrin—and wretched is he, who lives dependent on another.

The Man who saved his Neighbour from Drowning.*

A Fisherman was one day on the sea in his boat, tending his nets. Looking straight before him, he saw a man on the point of being drowned. Lightly and quickly he sprang on his feet and seized a boat-hook, with which he struck the other on his face, and knocked out an eye. However he dragged him into his boat, and took him ashore, and left all his nets. To his own home he led him, and caused him to be well served and attended, until he was wholly recovered. Sometime afterwards this man thought within himself that he had lost an eye, and met with a sore mishap. "This clown," said he, "has spoilt my eyesight, though I never wronged him: therefore will I lodge a complaint against him, to punish and annoy him." Then he went and complained to the Mayor, who appointed them a day when to appear before him. When the day came round, they both appeared in court, and he who had lost an eye spoke first, as was only just. "Sir," said he, "I am plaintiff against this man, for that he three days ago violently struck me with a boat-hook, and knocked out my eye. Let him then give me compensation for what I have suffered—I ask no more." The other presently replied: "Sir, I cannot deny that I knocked out his eye. But I will tell you how it happened, and you will see if I am to blame. This man was in peril of his life, being nigh drowned in the sea. Then I went to his aid, and struck him with a boat-hook. But I did all this for his good, and thus I saved his life. I have nothing more to say, except to pray you to do me justice." Then all were astonished who heard him, and knew not how to pronounce judgment. But a fool, who was in the court, addressed them and said: "Why do you hesitate? Let the good man who spoke first be put again into the sea, where the other struck him on the face. And if he

* Du Preudome qui rescolt (*recolligit*) son Compère de noier. In 77 lines.

escape by himself, the other must make good his eye to him. It seems to me that this is a just sentence." All who were there present cried out together, that he had well spoken, and so the judgment was pronounced, that it might not be changed. But when he heard that he was again to be cast into the sea, where he had suffered so much from the cold and the buffeting of the waves, he would not agree to it for all the world, but acquitted the honest fisherman: and much was he blamed for his conduct.

Therefore do I plainly tell you that he loses his time who serves a churl. If you save from the gallows a thief, who has committed a crime, never will he love, but ever will he hate you. A bad man is never grateful for benefits, but forgets and takes no account of them. On the contrary, he will be alway ready and willing to requite evil for good, if he have the power.

The Covetous Man and the Envious Man.*

Once upon a time, now more than a hundred years ago, there were two companions, who led a very bad life. The one was so full of envy, that you could not fancy any one more so. The other was so filled with covetousness, that nothing could content him. Covetousness is a vice that oft-times leads to shame. Covetousness lends on usury, and gives scanty measure to increase its gains. Envy is just as bad, because it will let nobody rest in peace. One day these two were riding together, when they overtook St. Martin in the open country. A brief space was he in their company, before he discovered the evil dispositions that were implanted in their hearts. Then they came to two frequented roads, which a chapel divided. St. Martin here addressed them, and said: "Sirs, at this church my path lies to the right. You ought to be well pleased to have met me, for I am Saint Martin, the *preudome*, whoever of you shall ask of me a boon shall straightway have his wish—but he who demands nothing, shall have twice as much." The covetous man thought to himself, that he would let the other form a wish, since he would then receive twice as much for himself. "Ask for something, fair comrade," cried he, "for you will certainly obtain whatsoever you desire. Be liberal in your wishing, and if you know how to form a large wish, you will be rich for all your life." His companion, whose heart was full of envy, would not pray for what he really wanted, because the other would have twice as much, and he felt that he should die of grief if it were so. Thus were they a long time together, without asking any thing. "Why do you wait for evil to befall you?" exclaimed the covetous man. I shall have one half more than you. So, make your demand, or I will beat you as never was ass beaten at Pont." "Sir," replied the other, "I will ask for something, rather than you should harm me. But if I pray for money, or other good thing, you will get twice as much as I shall. That shall not be, if I can help it. Saint Martin," continued he, "I require of you that I lose one of my eyes, and that my companion lose both, so will he be doubly tormented." Forthwith their eyes fell out, for well was the promise kept. Of four eyes they lost three, nor did they gain any other thing, save that the one became one-eyed and the other stone-blind. Evil to him who pities the fate of these men, for verily they were of bad alloy.

* Du Convoitox et de l'Envieus. In 86 lines.

"De deux Menestriers, l'un convoiteus et l'autre envieus," is the title of one of the fables of Ysopet-Avionnet, published by M. Roberts, from the MSS. 7616, supposed to have been written about the year 1333.

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Staunton's Chessmen, in handsome Carton Pierre Boxes, with Book of Games, ... Rs. 50

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Messrs. THACKER, SPINK & CO. have just received a fresh supply of the above Medicines, in Globules:—

Boxes containing	59	Medicines	Rs.	40
"	36	"	"	25
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DOUBLE-BARREL GUNS,

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SUPERIOR DOUBLE BARREL GUNS, beautifully finished, and fitted with Apparatus complete, in neat Oak and Mahogany Cases.

MESSRS. THACKER, SPINK & CO. having received instructions to close the consignment of the above, beg to offer the only three remaining Guns, at the greatly reduced price of Co.'s Rs. 300 each, Cash.

HEALTH FOR ALL!!!

THE time has now come when the public health in India must be more attentively considered with a view to its preservation and improvement. Notwithstanding the number of Medical Gentlemen employed in the Country, it is a well known fact that hundreds of our Countrymen are annually consigned to an early grave, or compelled to return to England with shattered constitutions; no class of people on earth are so physicked—aye—and physicked with *poison* too—and yet with hundreds of Doctors within the three Presidencies—and medicines innumerable—the mortality in India is greater than in any other of our Colonies. The average age to which persons live in this country is 40 years. Another startling fact is, that one-half of all the children born of European parents in India, die before they reach their fifth year, and in many unhealthy Stations a large portion of these die within the first year.

What can more clearly demonstrate the fact, that while the Residents in India have been physicked by a large standing Army of Doctors, they have not been taught the best mode of preserving their health. One truth must be clearly understood and consistently acted upon, namely, *that all the diseases to which the human frame is subject, arise from an impure state of the blood.* Let this vital principal be freed from impurities, and disease cannot take place.

PURE AIR AND PURE BLOOD.

The relationship between pure air and pure blood is very intimate. The office of the lungs is to decarbonize the blood. Previously to its passing through those organs it is of a dark black colour, in consequence of its being charged with Carbon; it is then termed *venous* blood. When it comes into contact with the oxygen of the atmosphere, it is purged from the Carbon and changed to a beautiful crimson; it is then termed *arterial* blood. If the surrounding air be foul, charged with miasma of Carbonic acid gas, which has escaped from the lungs of individuals or from putrid matter, it is impossible that the blood should be changed from venous into arterial. The object of the blood is to convey a *replenishing* principle to every part of the human frame for the purpose of repairing the waste which is constantly going on. But if it has come in contact with impure air, it gallops through the system, charged—not with health and vigour—but with a *disease-engendering* principle: hence low, intermittent fevers, dysentery, cholera, and other fearful diseases.

AN EFFICACIOUS REMEDY FOR ALL DISEASES.

Now if disease arise from the cause thus described—who can question the philosophy—or doubt the efficacy of the "Hollowayen System." Unlike Doctors in general, he shows how disease may be prevented, or if its presence be detected, he shows them what is the cause. Of course, he says, "If you are suffering from disease, take my Pills." For while Professor Holloway's Pills are perfectly free from *poison*—they are at the same time charged with a powerful disease-exterminating principle. Being taken into the system—they assimilate with the blood, and the vital fluid is thus charged with an element, which wages war with every unhealthy obstruction—a work of emancipation commences, and most pleasuring are the results.

COMPLAINTS OF THE LIVER, THE LUNGS AND THE STOMACH REMOVED.

The *Liver* hitherto morbid in its action is freed from unhealthy secretions, acrimonious bile is carried off, and along with it distressing pain in the right side, and a burning sensation at the Stomach, the sallowness of the skin vanishes and is succeeded by a healthy liver. The *Lungs*, which had been held in thraldom by vitiated humours, causing a constant hacking cough, is set free by the use of these Pills, so that respiration becomes easy.

The *Stomach*, in which impurities had been allowed to accumulate, causes nausea, violent headache, indigestion, nervousness, burning sensation and acute pain, bowel complaints, sleepless nights, and a host of other evils, the stomach is completely cleaned of its misery-making occupants, by a few doses of this extraordinary medicine.

MALIGNANT CHOLERA ROBBED OF ITS VICTIMS.

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This supposes health and favourable circumstances. But should any of this matter be thrown back into the system, proportionate disease must necessarily ensue. You spend some time in a heated place, or drive out visiting during the hot months, and the pores of your body become open and sensitive; you go in this state under a punkah, or perhaps lie down on a couch right before the "tatties," and fall asleep. The pores are suddenly closed—perspiration is obstructed, and the waste matter remaining in the system becomes a fruitful source of disease and pain. The next morning your eyes swim, your voice is husky, and you feel pain, and you exclaim, "What a beastly country! I have taken cold from just sitting near the tatties," and then how do you act? You do not as you ought, at once seek to free the system from impure obstructions, but you content yourself with some mere palliative, you lose some of the first unpleasant sensations, but the impurities still lurk within you? Every now and then you feel twitching, torturing pains in your limbs; but those pains are sent in mercy, and their language is—" You

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